

# PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. V.—MAY, 1855.—NO. XXIX.

## THE LAST WORD OF GEOLOGY.\*

ABOUT a year since we took occasion, in a brief article in this Magazine, to glance at the general principles on which modern Geology is founded, and to notice very cursorily the important work of Professor Hall, yet in progress under the patronage of the State of New York. The appearance of the two other standard books cited below, one containing the most thorough examination of a particular group of fossil relics ever made within a limited district, the other a general survey and resumé of the facts collected by geologists working in the older rocks over the whole hitherto explored area of our globe, forms a fair occasion for a second paper on a subject in which an intelligent interest is more widely felt every year.

The Silurian system is now understood to embrace all the strata containing relics of organic life, from the first traces of animated existences on our planet up to a certain, or rather an uncertain limit, defined most distinctly as that at which the remains of fishes begin to occur in considerable abundance. At this point it merges into and is covered by the strata of the second great period, during which fishes abounded, and plants became common, and reptiles made their appearance. This "Devonian system" (embracing within it the old red sandstone) is covered and succeeded by the carboniferous system,

containing most of the known beds of coal. To these succeed the yet later series of strata which geologists have conventionally divided into the Permian, Triassic, Jurassic, Cretaceous, and Tertiary systems, each, wherever found, lying above its predecessors, and the contained fossils of each later formation showing an advance more and more towards that condition of things which, in the upper and newer Tertiary, merges into the historical period of Man, and connects itself with the present.

Left, as we are, without trustworthy data by which to estimate, even approximately, the duration of the periods during which these great piles of matter, with their organic contents, were formed in the old ocean beds, our geological chronology is but a rude one; and its periods, like the dynasties of old Egypt, may be imagined indefinitely longer or shorter; though there is no doubt of their real existence, and any reasonable restriction of their limits must leave on the mind the vague impression of enormous cycles. We can only speak of them indefinitely, as in human history we allude to the dark ages, to the period of Roman empire, the epoch of early Egyptian civilization, the centuries of Celtic or Pictish barbarism. The antiquary can refer the relics which he finds, generally to some such period, yet he often knows not, within many centuries, the lapse of time since their

\* *Système Silurien de Bohème*. Par J. BARRANDE. Vol. I. Trilobites. Prague, 1853.—*Siluria*. The History of the oldest known Rocks containing Organic Remains. By SIR ROBERT MURCHISON. London, 1854.—*Palæontology of New York*. By JAMES HALL. Vols I. and II. Albany, 1847, 1862.

fabrication. The dates of some historical events seem to oscillate for a thousand or two thousand years, now appearing quite within the light of thirty centuries, now sinking back into the dim and indefinite shadows of the dawn of history, which prevent even a random estimate of the distance from which their ghostly outlines loom and flicker on our vision. Thus it is with geological periods. No one can say whether the epoch of the coal formation dates back one million of our years, or seven, or seventy millions. These epochs are like the distances of the stars, and all we know is that some are far more distant than others, and that the nearer, though infinitely remote, seem close at hand compared with those which lie on the limits of our perception.\*

The reader may therefore assume any lapse of time which pleases him, since the old Silurian strata were laid down, particle by particle, by the primal ocean. We have only to say that there appears to be a bottom to the Great Cemetery, a geological *ne plus ultra*, below which no relics of organic life are found, at which the geologic record begins. The previous leaves of "the stone book" are blank, and these first decipherable inscriptions commence the chapter of the Silurian system. It

is thus written on the successive layers of a series of slate, sandstone, shale, and limestone strata, piled to the thickness of from four thousand to twenty thousand feet, and its characters are the fragments of the living forms of its parent sea.

Since its formation, it has been in many places covered by newer deposits, so as to be buried far below our reach. In many places the ocean still rests upon it. In many places where it has been raised above water and bared of more modern masses, it has been so baked and changed by the earth's internal heat, so doubled up and distorted by the crumpling of our globe's crust, or so worn away by the action of the elements, and swept seaward to form newer systems of strata, that it is only here and there that we find portions of it well preserved for our examination. In England and Wales it is sadly distorted and broken up, though distinctly traceable both in its stratification and its fossils; it is well seen in Scandinavia; and extensively developed in North Russia, though concealed by wide plains of alluvial earth; in France, Spain, and on the Rhine, it has been successfully traced and studied. Hitherto, however, its best exposures are in the northern United States, and in Bohemia.†

\* Efforts have been made to obtain some idea of the actual amount of time elapsed during the geological history. One means of calculation has been drawn from the belief that the plants of the coal formation must have required a temperature of 22° Reaumur. The mean temperature of the coal districts being now only 8° Reaumur, it is considered that the earth has lost 14° of heat by cooling since the carboniferous epoch. By such experiments as have been made in regard to the cooling of rock, and the radiation of heat, M. Unger has calculated that for the earth to lose 14° of Reaumur would require nine millions of years. M. Hibert reduces this to five millions. But supposing the whole earth once to have been in a melted state, the time which must have elapsed, in its cooling to its present condition, is fixed at the liberal allowance of three hundred and fifty millions of years.

Another form of calculation occurs to us. Wherever strata are formed, it must be from the waste of existing land. Consequently, an average deposit of one foot of rock (supposing the sea and land to be equal in area) implies an average reduction in the height of the continents of an equal amount. Thus if we know how fast the continents have been worn down, we can tell approximately how fast the sea has filled up. Now the Mississippi is estimated by Mr. Lyell to discharge annually 5700 millions of cubic feet of earthy matter, which is an average waste from its basin of about one million square miles. A little calculation shows that this amount of waste implies an annual reduction of the surface of this basin to the amount of about 1-7,534 of a foot, or one foot in about 7,500 years. At this rate, to form an average deposit of ten thousand feet of fossiliferous strata over the globe (which is, perhaps, a fair random estimate of its real thickness), would have required seventy-five millions of years, which would thus be the age of the lower Silurian strata. Other estimates of the discharge of solid matter by the Mississippi vary from that we have quoted. Some are one third less, which would give a slower rate of wear to the continent, and increase our seventy-five millions to one hundred. The highest estimate makes the sediment of the river seven times greater than that adopted above, and would reduce our seventy-five millions to only ten. On the other hand, the sediment of the river is only half the weight and solidity of ordinary rock, and it would require two cubic feet of it, when condensed, to form one of such as the old strata. Moreover, if the proportion of land to sea be estimated as it now is, only one to three, this supposition would require three feet of waste from the land to fill the sea one foot, and thus would extend our estimate of time threefold. Our figures therefore stand at 10, 20, 60, 75, or 100 millions of years for the age of the oldest trilobites and fossil shells; and if this calculation proves nothing else, it shows the vagueness of all attempts to reduce to our measures of time the vast but indefinite periods of geology.

† The appreciation which is now bestowed on our remarkable development of the older rocks, and the labors among them of American geologists, is fairly stated in an article on Sir R. Murchison's book in the *London Quarterly Review* for October last. It is understood to be from the pen of one of the first authorities, Prof. Edward Forbes, whose untimely death has lately disappointed so many hopes, and called forth so many tributes of regret in Europe and America. We extract a few sentences:—

"North America might almost be said to be the head quarters of Silurianism. A glance at the ex-"

The traveler who turns aside from his forty-mile-an-hour race through New York, at Utica, to spend an afternoon at Trenton Falls, visits a spot where some of the most interesting layers of this old deposit are laid open to our view. The West Canada Creek has not only removed the beds of gravel and clay which usually conceal the rocks, but has worn a deep and precipitous chasm through the hard strata, exposing their edges in all to the depth of two or three hundred feet. Some seventy or eighty feet of this thickness lie between the head of the staircase and the black, foam-streaked pool below, every successive layer older than that above it, and each one formed by the gradual accumulation of many years. Past the fern-draped and moss-covered edges of these layers the visitor descends, step by step, lower and lower into the records of the past, until, reaching the broad, level platforms of rock which extend along the brink of the swift amber current, he can sit down, and, closely examining the water-worn black limestone, see in it the dead and petrified shells and corals and trilobites which lived in the old Silurian days. No pleasanter hours are within our remembrance than those spent on these rocky ledges, where the mind alternates from the mystical interest of the past to the fresh beauty of the present; where the monotonous roar of the torrent mingles with your reverie until it seems the murmur of the old Silurian ocean itself; until, raising your eyes, suddenly appear the gray precipice, the solemn hemlocks, and the white sheet of the cascade, and you are recalled to the living charms of a spot which is left with most regret after the longest familiarity.

This is one locality of the Silurian strata, one point where the oldest tombs of the Great Cemetery lie open, and where its remains are abundant. Yet the visitor who expects to gather a large collection of fossils in a few hours or

days will be disappointed. Here the shells and corals lie, not as on the coast of Cuba, where in half a day we may examine miles of beach, where at a glance the eye can sweep over many yards, and where the soft sand permits us to pick from it with the fingers whatever object may attract our attention. No. These relics are not so easy of collection. Those which, like the trilobites, were composed of many pieces, nine times out of ten before they were buried, decayed and fell into fragments. The shells and corals also suffered more or less from decomposition, some of the larger shells being almost unknown in an entire state. And then with what an iron gripe does the rock hold them—penetrating every pore and cavity, adhering to every roughness of the surface, enveloping closely every spine or projection. The collector is tantalized by the sight of so many a fossil which is beyond his hope, projecting from some obstinate pile of layers, of many ruined by the wear of the elements, and of those which he attempts to secure he sees the greater portion fall into fragments under his hammer. A day of hard labor enables him to break up only a few cubic feet of rock, and but a small proportion of its contents will be secured in any tolerable condition.

When in addition to this difficulty in collecting, we remember that it is only in limited localities, quarries, cliffs, or ravines, miles asunder, that these old deposits are accessible to us; that probably not one square yard of an hundred thousand can be seen at all, we may wonder that so much has been accomplished in their examination, and that Mr. Hall has been able to recognize and describe three hundred different species of fossils from the lowest one-third of our Silurian strata. It is only by years of constant devotion to the pursuit, that so great a portion of these old-world relics have been recovered, and so much learned of

lent map appended to Sir Charles Lyell's travels will show how vast are the regions there occupied, even superficially, by Silurian deposits. Exceedingly prolific in organic remains and varied in mineral character, these beds have furnished the subjects of some of the most excellent geological-treatises that have appeared during the last ten years. They are too numerous to be cited. It certainly is one of the most striking features of the science of the United States, that geology has taken root there deeply, and has flourished, perhaps, beyond any of the sister sciences. The American geologists have gained a world-wide fame, and deservedly. Their works are text-books in Europe, and standard members of our scientific libraries. A considerable number of these excellent monographs have been published at the cost of different States of the Union, whose local governments have thus shown an advanced and enlightened spirit, and a just appreciation of the advantages that must accrue to their citizens through the timely development of the resources of the land. We have much yet to hope from the onward-striding pace of American geology."

their nature and relationship to living forms.

The results of such labors in remote portions of the globe are now being connected into one great system. The work of Sir R. Murchison gives a *coup d'œil* of the present state of knowledge of the Silurian rocks throughout the world, traced out and identified as they have been by the peculiar character of their fossil remains. The same families of shells, corals, crustaceans, and encrinurites characterize them in all regions yet explored, and more especially do the trilobites mark and define these strata. It is true that these fossils vary considerably in remote districts, yet their general correspondence is well marked. As we find at the present day, that in comparing the living shells of the British and American coasts of the Atlantic, about one-third are identical on both shores, while of the remainder a large proportion are of analogous or corresponding forms, and but few are widely different; so among the fossils left by an earlier ocean in remote districts, we find some identical throughout, being species which lived in all parts of the ancient sea; many others more restricted in their extension, but represented beyond their own limits by very similar or related forms; others still, very peculiar and confined to narrow localities. Thus, when we find a large proportion of the fossils of one rock in America identical, or closely similar to those of another in England—especially if a similar correspondence is traceable between the succeeding or preceding also—we are warranted in concluding that these rocks are nearly cotemporary in date. Such a correspondence is evident between our Niagara limestone and shale and the Wenlock limestone and shale of England. The identity of many of their fossils proves that when these masses were forming at the ocean bottom, three thousand miles asunder, the same billows rolled and the same living forms inhabited them in the remote regions where are now the fertile plains of western New York and the green hills of Shropshire.

We have not room to follow out this subject, but we have said enough to indicate the manner in which the cotemporary age of strata is traced in different countries and continents, and to show how we recognize the old Silurian

formations, wherever portions of them remain accessible to our scrutiny. Thus it is, that, in North and South America, Europe, Asia, Australia and Africa, the stony records of the first period of organic life on our planet have been found, and, to a considerable degree, connected and identified with each other.

We know, by such investigations, the comparative ages of continents. The Alps and Himalayas being made up of rocks not older than the Jurassic period, while Northern New York appears never to have been covered with newer deposits than the Silurian; we may know that the former have been raised during comparatively modern times, being geological parvenues, while our Adirondacks are of the very first families of mountains, a relic of the earliest dry land of the older world. Their heads have been kept above water from the most ancient period; the trilobites crawled round their subaqueous slopes, while the Trenton limestone was beginning to settle from the sea; and since then, they have seen the whole series formed, carboniferous, secondary, tertiary and all. No wonder that they are deeply furrowed and worn. Thousands of feet of their hard granite have been washed away by rain and storm, and Mount Tahawus is now but the mere stump, the remaining core or nucleus of the pile which once stood there, overlooking the primal ocean.

Tennyson, in finally disposing of his sleeping beauty and her prince, recognizes the superior antiquity of this part of our planet:

"And on her lover's arm she leant,  
As round her waist she felt it fold,  
And far across the hills they went,  
In that New World which is the Old."

This poetical use of a geological fact comes appropriately from an author, who, in his Princess, tells us of his heroine, how she one day

"—rode to take  
The dip of certain strata to the North,"

and saw, projecting from the sheer edge of the cliff,

"The bones of some huge bulk that lived and  
roared  
Before Man was——."

He, too, not only ornaments the walls of his ideal hall with the customary ar-



mor and antlers, but spreads round its pavement, among the

"Carved stones of the Abbey ruin in the park, Huge ammonites, and the first bones of Time."

We subterranean philosophers owe a special debt of gratitude to Tennyson, who has introduced us to the best literary society, so that the hammer and basket may be borne even on the slopes of Parnassus.

But we have not yet spoken of M. Barrande's book, which lies before us in its full bulk of nearly one thousand quarto pages, accompanied by fifty plates; all admirably printed and engraved at the ancient city of Prague. We have shown that it is only by the most energetic and persevering research that the relics of Siluria have been collected and illustrated. Mr. Hall's book is an instance of this, being the fruit of fifteen or twenty years' study under the patronage of an enlightened State. This book of M. Barrande's is another, the result of twenty years' exploration in Bohemia, under the patronage of an enlightened prince, the Comte de Chambord, formerly M. Barrande's pupil. Private purses are rarely deep enough to enable their owners to go far with such enterprises, and it is equally honorable to the patron and the explorer, when the union of means to scientific zeal and ability is thus made to subserve the noble object of the acquisition of knowledge, and its diffusion among men.

M. Barrande's book is devoted entirely to the trilobites of Bohemia, other fossils being postponed to future volumes, and it certainly seems to be an exhaustion of the subject. The Silurian rocks of Bohemia (considering only the fossiliferous strata apart from the lower masses which are barren of organic remains) extend nearly N. E. and S. W., with a length of about fifty miles and a width of fifteen, the capital city of Prague lying within their north-eastern limit. The strata are, in the lower part, slates and sandstones; in the upper portion, limestone prevails extensively. Volcanic agencies have mingled among the layers large masses of trap rock, and the strata are so tilted up from their originally level position as to form a sort of basin, the strata dipping towards the centre, at an angle of from  $30^{\circ}$  to  $45^{\circ}$ , sometimes as steep as  $70^{\circ}$ ,

and in some instances standing on edge, perpendicularly.

In these features of small extent, isolated position, and steep inclination of the strata, the Bohemian Siluria contrasts strongly with ours. In New York, the rocks of equivalent age lie nearly horizontal, as when first deposited, and spread away in vast unbroken sheets, hundreds of miles within the limits of this State, and many hundreds beyond, through Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Canada, traceable to the Mississippi on one side, and to the lonely island of Anticosti on the other. The same fossils may be found in them through all this extent, and the strata cover each other in unmistakable succession, undisturbed by faults or uplifts. These features give the greatest value and trustworthiness to observations here made, rendering them free from the errors into which the student is often led in disturbed regions.

The Silurian basin of Bohemia has not these advantages, but they are compensated by the abundance of its fossils, especially its trilobites, which render it, in the words of M. Barrande, "a Silurian California." Its limited extent has enabled him to explore it most thoroughly. We quote his own account of the manner in which he has reaped his harvest.

"We have devoted many years to the exploration of the surface of this field, in order to establish the extent of its fossiliferous portion. During this time, we have collected and noted everywhere—in quarries, in ravines, in all localities where the rocks are laid bare—all traces of organic remains which came under our observation. Having thus formed an opinion as to which strata and localities promised us a harvest of fossils, we organized, since 1840, a systematic exploration to make up for the insufficiency of our own arm and hammer. In different districts we successively established workmen, either singly or associated together, according to the difficulty of the task, to excavate the rocks and to open and explore quarries. These workmen, supplied with all necessary implements, and practically instructed by working for some time in our own company, soon acquired the skill necessary to distinguish, at first sight, any trace of the organic remains which were the object of our studies. We have often had occasion to admire the intel-

ligence of these Bohemians, many of them coming from the most humble class. Some of them, in ten or twelve years' experience, acquired a remarkable skill and facility in searching for fossils. They were habituated to collect and reunite the smallest fragments of specimens broken in opening the rock, aided themselves by the lens in detecting the obscure traces of the minutest embryos, and recognized at once the novelty of any unknown form which they might find. A kind of nomenclature in the Bohemian tongue formed among themselves, served to distinguish the species and strata. During many years we never ceased to keep among these workmen, and constantly to traverse our field to direct the excavations and to collect their products; and since the cares of publication confined us at Prague, some one has come every week to bring us the collections made, and to receive our instructions."

It is to this perseverance in exploration even more than to the abundance of fossils in Bohemia, that M. Barrande attributes the extent and richness of his collections. Could such a system be carried out in our own region, no doubt the fullness and variety of our American Palæontology would be much increased beyond the results of the limited and uncertain means hitherto employed. M. Barrande gives an example, showing how much time and pains have been necessary to obtain specimens for the complete illustration even of a common form.

The remains of one trilobite (*Dalmanites socialis*) are found scattered abundantly through certain strata, but usually in fragments, heads, joints, and tails separated and scattered asunder. It was only after years of search that certain layers were found to contain entire individuals; but they were too much defaced to serve as good specimens. Later, a locality was discovered in which they were complete, and in good preservation. Hitherto, however, they were found only in an extended form, but in continuing some excavations, they were found coiled up or contracted, proving their possession of this faculty, before not established. Eight years had passed, and though multitudes of adult specimens had been found, it was not until 1850 that a new explorer detected in slaty strata, previously examined by others without

success, specimens of minute size, which enabled M. Barrande to trace their growth and mode of development, and to complete the natural history of the species.

In thus tracing the changes of form which some trilobites underwent during their growth, M. Barrande has added entirely new facts to our knowledge of these old crustaceans. He has noticed one species (*Sao hirsuta*), when no larger than a pin's head, consisting, in that stage, of a head plate and a segment or two of body; and followed its development to its full size of an inch in length with nineteen segments. The different forms of this trilobite had previously so far misled M. Barrande, that he had formed four different species of this one; and another naturalist, M. Corda, had actually made of its varying appearances no less than eighteen species, referred to ten different genera!

But our author, not satisfied with finding these trilobites of such minute size, believes that he has even discovered their petrified eggs, in some tiny black spheroids found in the same layers which contain their disjointed remains! We may hesitate at giving our faith to this—yet it may be as genuine a discovery as many others which, questioned or rejected at their first announcement, have afterwards been fully established.

The labor of publishing the result of M. Barrande's researches thus far, has occupied six years. The plates are not ordinary lithographs, but engravings on stone, sharp and distinct in every line, as if on steel, and remarkable for the care and minuteness of their execution, from the large paradoxides and asaphus which fill the quarto page, down to the tiny forms whose structure is shown only under the magnifier.

As new and better specimens were often discovered after the first drawing of the species had been engraved, the author has not hesitated to efface and reëngrave many figures, and even a considerable number of entire plates, in order that the work should possess all possible completeness and accuracy. The letter-press has also been revised and modified, in order to embrace, as far as possible, every discovery up to the last moment; so that, besides less extensive alterations, 250 pages have been entirely re-printed. No care has been spared to make the work a reliable

authority, and it lies before us a monument of patience, industry, and scientific zeal.

The entire number of trilobites described in it is about 250, being, probably, four times as many as are yet known in the equivalent rocks of New York. The future volumes will describe about 850 species of other fossils, shells, corals, encrinites, etc., etc., as M. Barrande has collected from all the Silurian strata of Bohemia the relics of over 1,100 different species of once-living forms. This aggregate will not very greatly exceed the number obtained by Professor Hall, from the Silurian rocks of New York, for though our crustaceans and some other organic remains are less abundant, our corals and encrinites are more numerous and varied than those of Bohemia.

M. Barrande considers that he has remains proving the existence of only a single species of fish at the top of the Silurian system. The case is similar in England and in this country, for though the British geological surveyors thought they had found fish-bones in the lower Silurian rocks of Wales, and Mr. Hall, at one time, supposed certain fossils of the Niagara group to be of the same character, these relics are now admitted to be fragments of crustaceans. The Silurian system, therefore, appears to be the record of a period when no higher form of life than that of the trilobite existed, so that, apart from the peculiar form and nature of these fossils, they have a preëminent interest as having been, in Hugh Miller's phrase, "the master-existences" of the epoch when they lived.

The different genera of trilobites characterize, with much regularity, the successive portions of the Silurian system. Some forms are peculiar to the lower strata, and being almost, or quite, unknown in New York, M. Barrande suggests that they belong to a period prior to that at which our earliest strata were formed; the second group of Bohemian trilobites corresponding with our first, found in the Chazy and Trenton limestones. If so, the Silurian chapter, as found in Bohemia, has a few pages of earlier history than ours. The genera characterizing this group disappear, and, with one exception, are not known in any higher position, but other forms appear to have been created to replace them. Every portion of the pile of strata is characterized by its peculiar

fossils of this family—some of which seem to have enjoyed a comparatively brief existence, being found only in a few contiguous layers, others extending through a long succession of strata. One species, the remains of which are found at intervals through a series of rocks not less than 6,000 feet in depth, must have endured on earth during an immense lapse of time.

Not only are they limited in their perpendicular range through the strata, but in their horizontal extension. Some appear to have been endowed with hardihood and powers of locomotion which enabled them to spread over thousands of miles; others, stationary in their habits, or able to exist only in particularly favorable localities, have left their remains within but narrow limits. Some species of bronteus are found only in a single locality a mile or two in extent; while the *Calymene Blumenbachii* is known in Bohemia, in England, and in America, from the Hudson River to Cincinnati.

Following the development of this interesting tribe, we find them at their greatest abundance about the middle of the Silurian system; thence they gradually diminish, few being found in the Devonian strata, and the last two or three species becoming extinct in the carboniferous system. Since then, they have been unknown.

A new feature in Palæontology, which we must not pass unnoticed, though it is not easy to state it clearly and briefly, is introduced by M. Barrande in his theory of "colonies." He finds, among the lower Silurian mica-slates, insulated masses of rock of an entirely different character, but of the same mineral composition and fossils with upper Silurian strata. From the latter they are separated by 3,600 feet of over-lying mica-slate rock, in all its mineral and fossil characters like that which lies below them. They thus appear to be calcareous upper Silurian strata and fossils found far below their regular position; or, local formations anticipatory of the general prevalence of similar strata which was afterwards to occur.

M. Barrande believes that these interpolated strata were formed as it were parenthetically, during a temporary suspension in the deposit of the mica-slate, and that the change was caused by a change or reversal of marine cur-

rents. These, coming temporarily from a direction opposite to that whence the sediment of the mica-slate was derived, might have arrested the deposit of the latter, and brought instead, from another quarter, a calcareous deposit and a different group of organic forms. Then, the return of the currents to their former direction might have restored the slaty sediment and its appropriate living tenants, until one more change caused the calcareous deposit and its peculiar fauna to prevail permanently, or through a large part of the upper Silurian period. Comparing this process to the temporary invasion by a foreign population of a region in which it was eventually to prevail, M. Barrande gives to these interpolated strata with their fossils the name of "colonies."

The facts stated seem to form an exception to previous geological observations, and to shake our confidence in fossils as an accurate test of the comparative antiquity of strata. If we admit that forms which have been considered characteristic of different epochs were existing at one time in adjoining seas, and that a mere change of currents could cause distinct lower and upper Silurian deposits and fossils to alternate, it would much confuse our investigations. It seems almost impossible that a change so produced could be so total as that described by M. Barrande. Some of the previously-existing species would, we should expect, continue to inhabit the same spot, even though the sediment were changed; and some of the new settlers or colonists introduced by the change of currents would remain as permanent residents after the causes which brought them ceased. The living forms of the two adjoining regions would become mingled, and it seems impossible that their entire extirpation could occur, so as to form such entirely distinct alternate groups of fossils.

The precise identity of the fossils of the "colonies" with those of the upper Silurian; the precise similarity of these strata in mineral character, even to their nodules and sparry veins; the fact, if we correctly understand it, that these "colonial" masses have been found only locally, and not traced as extensive strata; and that they are as-

sociated with eruptive masses of trap in a disturbed basin, all impel us, in spite of M. Barrande's opinion, to suspect that these colonies may be only detached fragments or outliers of the upper Silurian rocks, separated from their original associations, and apparently mingled with older strata by faults, uplifts, denudation, or like causes. No such phenomena as M. Barrande describes are to be found here, where the strata are undisturbed and free from distortion or confusion. The change from one rock to another is permanent, and entire masses of strata with complete groups of fossils never alternate. Some old fossils, indeed, reappear in higher positions, and the recurrence of strata of similar composition is accompanied by the recurrence of very similar groups of fossils. But there is no general identity between the relics of two separate formations; on the contrary, the great proportion are perfectly distinct.

The question thus raised is an important one, and its final decision will be awaited with much interest. We can but think, that while our geologists will be much aided in the study of Silurian fossils by European researches, still doubts and difficulties, as to the order and succession of the older strata and their organic remains, are to be decided by the explorers of the broad and undisturbed geological field of the northern United States.

The union of effort, and the mutual assistance rendered by students of nature of different nations, in remote regions, is a pleasant thing to contemplate, and this union is yet to lead to great results in the comparatively clear and certain knowledge of many subjects as yet but dimly comprehended. We must wish all success to these earnest explorers, and await with hope and patience the time expected by M. Barrande, when, to use his own words, "some future man of genius, combining and generalizing from the great mass of facts which the present age seems destined to collect, shall diffuse on the science of the earth all the light which Newton, furnished with the observations of previous ages, was enabled to cast on the science of the heavens."

## OLIVER BASSELIN.

IN the Valley of the Vire  
Still is seen an ancient mill,  
With its gables quaint and queer  
And beneath the window-sill,  
On the stone  
These words alone,  
"Oliver Basselin lived here."

Far above it, on the steep,  
Ruined stands the old Château;  
Nothing but the donjon-keep  
Left for shelter or for show.  
Its vacant eyes  
Stare at the skies,  
Stare at the valley green and deep.

Once a convent, old and brown,  
Looked, but ah! it looks no more,  
From the neighboring hillside down  
On the rushing and the roar  
Of the stream  
Whose sunny gleam  
Cheers the little Norman town.

In that darksome mill of stone  
To the water's dash and din,  
Careless, humble and unknown,  
Sang the poet Basselin  
Songs that fill  
That ancient mill  
With a splendor of its own.

Never feeling of unrest  
Broke the pleasant dream he dreamed,  
Only made to be his nest,  
All the lovely valley seemed;  
No desire  
Of soaring higher  
Stirred or fluttered in his breast.

True, his songs were not divine;  
Were not songs of that high art,  
Which, as winds do in the pine,  
Find an answer in each heart;  
But the mirth  
Of this green earth  
Laughed and reveled in his line.



From the ale-house and the inn,  
Opening on the narrow street,  
Came the loud, convivial din,  
Singing and applause of feet,  
The laughing lays  
That in those days  
Sang the poet Basselin.

In the castle, cased in steel,  
Knights, who fought at Agincourt,  
Watched and waited, spur on heel;  
But the poet sang for sport  
Songs that rang  
Another clang,  
Songs that lowlier hearts could feel.

In the convent, clad in gray,  
Sat the monks in lonely cells,  
Paced the cloisters, knelt to pray,  
And the poet heard their bells,  
But his rhymes  
Found other chimes,  
Nearer to the earth than they.

Gone are all the barons bold,  
Gone are all the knights and squires,  
Gone the abbot stern and cold,  
And the brotherhood of friars;  
Not a name  
Remains to fame,  
From those mouldering days of old!

But the poet's memory here  
Of the landscape makes a part;  
Like the river, swift and clear,  
Flows his song through many a heart;  
Haunting still  
That ancient mill  
In the Valley of the Vire.

## THE COMPENSATION OFFICE.

"Compensations furnished here, at the lowest prices."

SUCH was the legend over a dim little shop, within whose narrow bounds a quiet old gentleman awaited customers. In sitting at my window opposite, during a few weeks while the old gentleman occupied his stand, I had observed with curiosity the numbers of people who resorted thither in the dusk of the evening, as if seeking to escape observation. The few whose entry and exit I had noticed during daylight, had also attracted my attention, inasmuch as they had departed, not with the satisfied mien of those having made a good bargain, but as if dissatisfied or surprised.

Now, I surmised at first that the old gentleman was a humbug—a fellow-craftsman to the impostors who vend, for one dollar received by mail, post-paid, "receipts for making an easy living by work to be done during the afternoon, by any lady or gentleman at their own house." Yet the departing customers did not seem indignant, but rather perplexed and doubtful. Neither, after all, could I find it in my heart to attribute the character of a swindler to so respectable-looking an old man as the compensation merchant. He somehow wore, in my eyes, the aspect of an *emeritus* missionary; of a single-hearted militant Christian, who, having expended his youth and strength in benignant and much-enduring labors of love among naked Hottentots or wild Indians, had come home to expend the remainder of his years, his enlarged wisdom and benevolence, his increased spiritual power, on a retiring pension of nothing *per annum* among his own people. His thick, short, white hair, his somewhat bent form, his embrowned face, his quiet, peaceful mouth and chin, his still, half-humorous, bright black eyes, his whole person and atmosphere were lovely and reverend. And I always ended my meditations in the conviction that he could not be a swindler.

But it was evidently impossible for a philosophical man like myself, to refrain from investigating a phenomenon so noticeable and suggestive as this. So, without many words, I easily introduced myself to the old gentleman, and, with the plea of want of occupation, solicit-

ed permission to occupy a remote and obscure corner in his dark little shop during the afternoon.

The old shopman granted my petition as soon as asked, with a sequent readiness which impressed upon me an indistinct notion that he had expected me to make precisely that request; and I was moreover somewhat discomposed by the very penetrating look and quiet, intelligent smile with which he regarded me as I spoke. Yet, with proper philosophic imperturbation, I next morning assumed my seat, which was in a corner so dark as to put me almost in the situation of a spy, since only a very keen eye, or a close investigation would serve to distinguish my black dress and brown hair in the dim atmosphere of my corner, and among the old garments which hung just by me.

Nobody came to buy compensations, for a long time. So I scrutinized the shop and the shopman. Old garments, as I said, hung near me—apparently cast-off clothes, for they seemed not even valuable enough to tempt the buyers of second-hand raiment. The room was fitted with one counter, on one side; for it was too small to afford room for more; and behind the counter and before it were the usual rows of shelves for goods. On these shelves, therefore, I looked to see what was the curiously named merchandise of the old man. But for the most part they were empty. Here and there, dusty and torn, stood an old pasteboard box, labelled "Jefferson Ties," and with the illustrative addition of the silhouette of a low-quartered shoe. Upon the upper shelf were also sundry boxes with dingy glass show-fronts, displaying stratified deposits of varicolored sugars, as if to answer at once by the lusciousness of the material and the learned arrangement, so like the colors on a geological chart, the demands of the sensual and the scientific customer. Behind the counter were small drawers with little wooden knobs, superscribed with dimly-lettered words on tin signs, the titles of divers spices and rare drugs and dyes, as cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves, alum, saleratus, indigo, and the like, such as one might imagine to have been stolen by the chief baggage-eunuch of the

Queen of Sheba, running away to set up for himself in trade in a free country, and stealing the labels of her packages, for convenience, along with the precious commodities themselves.

There was also a can, suggestive of the black art—for what more natural than to suppose that for an art so named, Cornelius Agrippa, or Michael Scott, or Virgilius, who is so curiously reported the prince of all the wizards, should have invented and left in his tomb, to be found by the light of the everburning sepulchral lamp, and secretly used by Day and Martin, or transatlantic Thompson, the recipe for composing the celebrated Oil Paste Blacking?

There were many other queer old articles in the little shop, such as might be the remnants of the outfit in trade of some old wizened grocer who had never renewed stock since he first set up his business in youth, and who had died, leaving everything untouched, to his successor, the Compensation Merchant. But if I should stop to recount all of them, I should not have time to speak of that very respectable old gentleman himself, nor of his traffic; so let them go—the blacking to dry up into hard, cracked, stony lumps; the spices to waste their sweetness on the desert air of the old drawers, and the geological candy to await some terrific disruption which in the coming ages shall accomplish the upheaval and confusion of its strata, to the perplexity of all scientific confectionery students.

The old merchant himself next underwent an examination. But besides the characteristics, which I have already mentioned, of his outward man and reverend aspect, there was little to observe. He said nothing to me, but was apparently occupied either in adjusting his accounts in certain business-like leather-backed ledgers and day-books which lay before him, or in meditations.

After a proper Baconian process of induction of phenomena, classification, and generalized statement, I sought in vain for a result which should throw light on the problem of this Compensation business. There seemed to be nothing to sell; for nobody could want the musty commodities left in the depositories of my hypothetical wizened old grocer; and a suspicion of knavery again began to creep upon my mind, but so faint and timid that it straightway fled before the benignant and yet

keenly-intelligent smile which just then the old man directed toward me in my dark corner. I half thought again that he knew what I was thinking, so apposite was the gesture and the expression to the thoughts then in my mind.

I was upon the point of beseeching him to tell me what was the true nature of his mysterious employment, when the lower half-door of the old shop—the upper one having been left open for air and light—was hastily pushed inward, and a lady stepped hurriedly within.

"I wish, sir," said she, advancing without pause to the counter, and bending over it with eagerness, "for one of your fullest compensations, if you have any such thing. I was told that you furnished such an article; but I do not believe it. However, if you are a cheat, the police will expose you; so you need not try to practice any imposition on me. My husband is a well-known and influential man, and will take care of anything of that sort."

The old man looked up calmly at the end of this injurious speech, and answered, without reference to the implications of probable dishonesty therein, saying,

"You are acquainted with the regulations of this establishment, are you, madam?"

"Sir? No, sir. I only came to purchase your commodities; I don't know anything of your regulations."

"Ah!" answered the precise old gentleman. "I fear you may not have seen our circular, either; nor our advertisements. Allow me to hand you a circular, madam."

So saying, he presented to the lady a document printed upon a small square piece of white paper; one of those little fitting messengers which city tradesmen, concert-givers, and all persons whose business operations are conducted by the sonorous sounding of paper trumpets, are accustomed to insert in keyholes, to send up and down in newspapers, to leave on door-mats, to thrust into the hand of any transient person whom they or their emissaries can possess thereof, and in any and every possible way to bring within the notice of that long-eared auditor, The Public.

The lady read the contents of the paper very quickly, and looked upon the old man in anger; but he prevented her by saying, in his quiet way,

"We are obliged to keep a very full register of the business we do, after the manner of life insurance companies, in order that the tabulated results of our operations may enable us both to trace their success, and to render our terms as accommodating as possible, so that the business may increase."

"But," answered the lady, "what security have I that you will not publish my name, and expose to the world the nature of the business on which I have come?"

"The same security," said the merchant, "that all customers have whose names their tradesmen know—the interest of the seller. But"—and here it seemed to me that the old gentleman's eyes showed the same sort of deep, self-relying intelligence which had impressed me with the belief that he expected my visit—"you need not give your real name or residence. That is not necessary to our purposes. Those, if you notice, are not required by the terms of the circular. We should readily discover you if we should desire to see you on business. Our facilities in that line are, perhaps, unusually great. The only necessary record, if you will be so good as to observe, is that of the occupation of the applicant, and the circumstances causing the application."

As the lady made no answer to this statement, the old gentleman threw open a weighty volume which lay upon the counter, as hotel registers do, with the foot of the page turned outside, for the convenience of customers. Quickly turning over the leaves, nearly to the end of the book, he dipped his pen in ink, and offered it to her. She hesitated a moment, but accepted it, and wrote a few lines in the register. Then the old gentleman, having read the record after her, said,

"I shall be unable to answer the application to-day, madam, as our manufactory is at a great distance, and I happen to be left with no assortment. But if you will be so good as to call to-morrow, at the eleventh hour, I shall be prepared to furnish you."

The lady seemed surprised at the calm and independent manner in which the old gentleman waited upon her. Perhaps she was astonished by his dissimilarity to the smirking clerks whom she had usually seen jumping over the counters, and running against one another, in the dry goods stores, in their

haste to "accommodate." Perhaps she had perceived, as I had, the strange self-possession and apparent consciousness of superiority in the merchant's demeanor. At any rate, she did not remonstrate against this delay, although evidently disappointed, but departed very much more slowly than she had entered, and in a puzzled state of mind.

During the remainder of that day, there entered other customers, all of whom were put off by the merchant, in like manner, to the next morning, at times, successively, half an hour apart, after the hour of eleven. They all acquiesced in the formula of registration and in the delay, with little or no opposition, except one fat, red-faced old gentleman, who somehow impressed me with the idea that he was president of a bank and of a railroad company, and worth about two millions of dollars. He waddled importantly in, brushed up his gray whiskers in a pompous manner, and, with a thick and grumpy voice, made demand of the old merchant for one of his very best compensations; throwing, also, upon the counter, by way of demonstrating his ability to pay for what he ordered, a great, over-gorged wallet, which had swallowed so many notes and bills, and evidences of money due, as to have become bloated into an unhealthy rotundity, and to look in singular likeness to its master, as if its girths could hardly hold it together.

The old merchant then made known to his red-faced friend the conditions of the application, whereupon he straightway affirmed that the concern was a humbug and fraudulent; that the design of the delay was to enable the merchant to secure the funds paid over, and to depart at night in the manner of swindlers.

The old merchant, with an animation which I had not expected him to show, replied, promptly, that no one was obliged to trade at that counter, who was dissatisfied with the terms of sale; that these terms had been fairly advertised; that the accusation of swindling had rarely been brought against him—and here his bright black eyes resumed that singularly keen and far-seeing expression which I have mentioned—except by some one whose estimate of other men was based upon his opinion of his own character; and then, he unceremoniously asked the fat man if the

causes of his application for compensation were not such that he was ashamed to write them down, even in a register of so confidential a character as that of the Compensation Shop?

The red face of the rotund applicant became quite empurpled with wrath, for a few seconds; but he soothed himself, rather to my astonishment, and speedily re-addressed the old merchant, in a very bland and sly way, winking at him, withal, in signification that he was a bird of the same feather.

"Well, well, my boy," said he; "all right, all right. No use in being musty about it. Always like to see if I can trade, you know. Fact is, I've just been looking at that circular of yours. Now, I think I could help you to an increase of capital, if we can agree on the terms. I haven't any money myself; times is precious hard, just now; but there's a friend of mine that I s'pose would let me have a little, to accommodate, you know. Don't look as if you had any *too* much invested," continued the red-faced old gentleman, laughing a thick *keekling* laugh—as if it were done up in cotton—and peering about the dark, dusty shop.

"Well, sir," said the merchant, steadily; "what proposal would you make?"

The old railroad president—if such he were—proceeded to develop a shrewdly contrived and comprehensive plan for inflating the existing stock of the concern to a high rate of value, together with a large addition to it—which he showed would be easy, inasmuch as the enterprise was of a kind easily recommended, especially to people in moderate circumstances—of issuing very many compensations, without the present restrictions; and, at last, of engineering matters so that the stock might suddenly be "beared" in the market, all bought in by those in the secret, at a merely nominal rate, and then either retained in their hands as a bait for fat dividends, or used to accomplish the immediate winding up of the business, with no less gain to the operators.

"I take it," asked the old merchant, gravely, when the President had ended, "that this is an enterprise of precisely such a character as is daily contrived, and often successfully carried through, in the Exchange?"

"Undoubtedly," answered the solid

man, "I salted fifty thousand, not two weeks ago, by just such a little dodge."

"My dear sir," said the old man, "I assure you that the company of which I am agent is based upon the principle of giving every man a fair return for his money, and of discouraging all vain speculation and over-trading."

"Exactly, exactly," replied the capitalist, with a chuckle of satisfaction. "That's just the ticket, for soup, as the beggar said. You've got it to a dot. I always say just the same, to the outsiders. There couldn't be a safer way of putting it. And perhaps it's just as well to say so, for the sake of being all straight, now. But between you and me, you know, that's all in a horn, of course. Honor bright, though; isn't that a good little programme? Worked that out in half-an-hour, on my word. You'll go it, I see. Just say the word, and I'll draw my check for any amount, short of three hundred thousand. I know it can't fail."

"My friend," replied the compensation merchant, with a strong and angry sternness of voice and of eye, which held the red-faced respectability as still as if he had been thrust through with a dart, "I will have neither part nor lot in your slimy villainy. I told you the truth. Your eyes are so rotten with swindling, that you cannot see honesty when it stands square before you. If you suggest another word of your devilish plot against widows and orphans, and industrious poor men, I will blow your reputation sky-high to-morrow."

The solid man fairly choked with surprise and rage. Recovering, he defied the old shopman, reviling him with all manner of choice epithets of reproach, and threatening him in turn with suits and exposure; which being accomplished, without discomposing the old merchant, the irate man of money marched out of the shop.

Those who registered their names, during that day, in my presence, beside the lady who had been the first customer, were a fair and slender girl, a middle-aged man in black, apparently a clergyman, and another younger man, whose occupation I could by no means determine from his appearance, but whose face was at once energetic and thoughtful, and whose step was quick and firm.

I departed early in the evening, to keep an appointment elsewhere; having



first ascertained from the old gentleman that the regulations of his establishment would not prevent him from permitting me to occupy my quiet corner, during the day, to the end that I might observe the results of the applications whose registration I had witnessed.

I came in accordingly, some time before eleven o'clock, next morning, in order that I might resume my hidden observatory, in season to avoid embarrassing any customer, and thus restricting those elucidatory conversations which I expected to overhear, upon the subject of the transactions in the shop.

A few minutes before eleven, the lady whose visit had been appointed at that hour, entered the door.

"I have come, sir," she said, in the same assured and somewhat peremptory tone which she had used the day before, "to conclude the transaction which we commenced yesterday."

"Very well, madam," answered the old gentleman. "But before I can make you an entirely definite answer, I shall be obliged to put a few questions to you, in order to certify myself of the state of your case. You have entered, in the register, your occupation, as 'a leading lawyer's wife;' and the circumstance occasioning your application, as 'an unhappy home;' but these items are so indefinite, that I hope you will excuse me, for requesting some supplementary details."

"Is this species of information as to my private affairs entirely indispensable?" inquired the lady, with some asperity. "I shall be well pleased to bargain with you, but I do not choose to enter into confidential communications with an entire stranger."

"I will ask, if you please, such questions as I wish," returned the old merchant, "and you will of course be enabled to decline replying, at your pleasure. 'An unhappy home,' you say. Why unhappy?"

The lady's proud face flushed with anger; but reflecting a few moments, she restrained herself beneath the old man's steady look, and answered him:

"I am alone, and lonely. My husband is absent all day, in the prosecution of a large and gainful business in the courts. When, therefore, he is at home, whether at the end of the day or the end of the week, he is too utterly tired to hold any communion with me, other than what is absolutely necessary.

It has been so ever since we were married. And thus I, who have a loving heart, and a busy mind withal, am cruelly shut off from the happiness which I sought in marriage. For I expected happy progress in my husband's company, in studies and accomplishments which we both like, and in love and the comparison of experience and observation. And I remain alone in life, and am eating up my heart in my sorrow."

"Have you no children?" asked the merchant.

"Yes, four. But they are away at school. And besides, I have no help in training and governing them, and they are strong and self-willed; and I almost dread their presence in their home, though I love them well."

"Have you faithfully endeavored," said this inquisitive merchant, "to nourish in your loneliness, with the helps which are provided for the lonely, over-brimming fountains of love in your heart, and to cherish your husband, and to guide, and attract, and instruct your children, and so to make their home the centre, and yourself its queen and beloved source of their happiness?"

This inquiry first perplexed and then vexed the customer. Whatever love might in former days have been in her heart, it did not now beam at all within her haughty eyes. She must have been supposing the regretful remembrance of it to be the possession of it. So she answered, with some confusion,

"How could I keep love alive in my heart, when I was left alone for years by the man who had promised to love and cherish me? How could I help becoming cold and distant myself, when the only human being who was bound to love me left me alone."

"I regret to perceive, madam," said the compensation merchant, "that you did not, after all, observe the terms of our circular. Your record and explanations do not bring you within the class of persons with whom our charter permits us to deal. I am exceedingly sorry—"

He was interrupted by the voice of the haughty lady, who observed, in a very cold manner, and yet evidently with wrath only suppressed, that she had all along been without much confidence in his professions, and that now she was sure he was an impostor.

Without waiting a reply, she hastily left the little shop.

A few minutes afterwards the clerical man, who had registered his name the day before, came wearily in. He sat down upon an old stool in front of the counter, and, leaning his head on one hand, inquired of the merchant whether the answer to his application was ready.

The old gentleman opened his register, and, turning over the pages, read from yesterday's leaf: "Occupation, pastor in a great city; cause of application, fruitless labor."

"It is necessary," said he, looking upon the clergyman with a kind smile, "to make the statement of the cause of application rather fuller. How is it that your labor is fruitless?"

"I have poured out my life," said the pale and weary minister, while a light arose in his eyes, and a faint flush spread over his cheek, "I have poured forth my life upon my flock, if haply by the lavish expenditure of it I might buy them for God. My heart is consumed with anxieties spent in my pastorate, and my brain is dry with thought spent in my sermons. Yet they go all to their merchandise and their handicraft, assenting to my doctrine, and praising my work and my life; but I cannot lift a soul to look up as I look up. I cannot raise one into the atmosphere wherein I live. I cannot feel that they understand my work or my aspirations; their life or their needs; or any one of the great central truths which are the food of my own soul. I am weary and heart-sick, in despite of prayer. I must have a helping hope or I shall die. I *must* have a compensation."

"My dear sir," said the merchant, "allow me to make one additional inquiry. Since you have found it impossible to lift your parishioners heavenward into the sphere which you, the student and philosophic thinker, inhabit, have you tried, in pure faith and trust, to lower yourself into the grosser sphere of their lives, and there to shed abroad streams of pure light, like a lamp in a noisome cavern? Can you say, that although they do not understand *your* life, yet that you fully comprehend *theirs*—their conceptions of business, of money, of labor? Do you know, by placing yourself in their situation, by looking through their eyes,

how life looks to them, that so you may divert their thoughts by natural transitions into diviner and diviner channels? Have you in that way, as Christ did, striven to mingle intimately the current of your life with the muddy stream of theirs? Or, have you not withstood them, meeting them angrily, as one breasts the billows of the attacking sea, and striving in antagonism to thrust them hastily to the right-about?"

"How could I," answered the clergyman, despondingly, "defile the beauty and loveliness with which God had blessed my reveries with the glutinous mud of the trafficking street—with the vile clinging dust of the money-grubbers?"

"My dear friend," said the compensation merchant, seriously, "I regret that you did not more carefully read our circular. You would have observed that you are not one of the class of persons with whom alone our charter permits us to transact business. It is absolutely out of my power to furnish you a compensation. But will you not consider the inquiries which I put to you?"

The venerable man spoke with such an apostolical air of benignity, yet of authority, that the poor wearied clergyman seemed too much impressed for remonstrance.

"I will endeavor," said he, with a sad humility, "to profit by your advice. I am so spiritless and shaken that I cannot contend with you, nor complain. And I think your questions significant and appropriate to my needs. In answering them, I may possibly find the compensation which I cannot obtain from you."

And he departed, with the same tired and unelastic step with which he had entered.

In a little while there entered the young man whose occupation was not indicated by his exterior. He walked promptly to the counter, and asked for an answer to his application. The old merchant read, as usual, from the register, "Occupation, a thinker and speaker; cause of application, disgust." "Disgust?" repeated he, questioningly, "disgust? That is not a sufficiently full specification of the occasion, my young friend. Will you have the goodness to explain yourself a little more at length?"

Then the young man impetuously

flung back the brown hair from his high forehead, and rapidly told his troubles to the old merchant.

"I have," said he, "no purpose in living; and no pleasure or complacency in it. I tried the business of the law; but it was full of pettifoggery and drudgery. I became an artist; but the artists had each his bagful of little spites, and art was full of drudgery. I would have been a teacher of youth, for teaching was the profession of Christ on this earth, and now that he is gone it is yet the noblest occupation for men; but I had not enough divinity in me to maintain me under the burden of the work, and it is full of terrible drudgery. Then I became an editor; but the detail and daily recurrence of the drudgery quickly discouraged me; besides that, my honesty was flung back at me as falsehood, by my lying fellow-editors, and even my subscribers dropped off in a direct ratio to the amount of truth I told. Then, I would have become a merchant; but, from the very first day, I was crushed beneath the mindlessness of the drudgery in figures and accounts, and angered by the swindling and falsehood which passed current as shrewdness and far-sighted speculation. So, at last, I have cast aside all those things—have, above all, given up my noble aspiration to teach, and so to live for the good of others, and have fallen back upon the purpose of evolving my own thoughts. I am only a literary vagabond now. I write tales, articles, paragraphs, letters, and sell them wherever I can. I earn money enough, and perhaps I have much pleasure in the expression of my own thoughts in my own way. Yet I am deeply disgusted. I accomplish nothing. I reach forward with an agonizing grasp, to draw myself upwards, but I find no hold. I would fain be a voice, loudly heard in favor of all that is good; but my feeble cries are smothered in the apathetic silence, or the brassy clatter of trade. I would fain make my life a long and strenuous effort in some single noble direction, and thus do worthily some one great work; but the cruel force of daily pressures, and, of late, especially, this disappointing and disgustful sorrow that is enclooming me, hem me in as with a ring of spears; and I am either frantic or stupefied, and in either case helpless and useless. That is my disgust. Is your compensation ready? For a com-

pensation, I would not grudge ten times the highest market price."

"Let me make one inquiry of you," said the old merchant; "have you ever set yourself steadfastly to understand what work is in truth and right fully, demanded of every man how far he may follow his pleasure, and how far he must merely labor; and have you faithfully endeavored to live the life that was thus indicated to you?"

The young man considered for a moment, and then replied, yet with an air of surprise,

"I cannot bear to waste my strength in mere labor, where no beauty or truth is the result. I have striven to do what should be lovely and noble in itself; and so to increase my own powers and perceptions about the lovely and the beautiful."

"I regret," answered the old gentleman, "to be obliged to say that our charter, as you would have perceived upon a careful perusal of our circular, prohibits us from transacting business except with persons who come under certain descriptions to which you do not answer. I shall therefore be under the disagreeable necessity of declining to supply you with the compensation which you require. But will you allow me to urge you to make some additional investigations, and to favor us with another call?"

The young man's face exhibited anger as the merchant spoke; and he answered with hasty brevity, "I don't know whether I will or not; but it appears to me that if I fulfill the requirements implied in your question, I shall be in a position very independent of any gentleman in your line of business."

"In that case," rejoined the merchant, with another of his singularly intelligent looks, "you would both save your money and enjoy the pleasure of independent philosophizing."

The youth made no answer to this remark, but left the little shop quite thoughtfully, as if the old gentleman had told him something worth considering.

Within a little while there next entered the young girl who had recorded her name the day before in the register. She was slender and graceful, but pale, and with a sad expression upon her delicate oval face. She inquired in low and musical tones for the answer to her application. The old man read from

his book: "Occupation, seamstress; cause of application, sorrow." He looked kindly at the fragile figure of his customer, and said:

"That is a good and sufficient cause for application, if I understand the case correctly; but I must request a fuller specification from you, my young friend. Some sorrows are such as not to admit of compensation."

"Are they?" questioned the girl, "What sorrows?"

"Perhaps," said the merchant, "I should say that they cannot be compensated under our rules of proceeding. I mean sorrows self-imposed and self-sustained."

"I have no such," said the slender girl. "I have no objection to tell you, however, what my circumstances are. I sew, for my living, all day, and often much of the night. Except for the Sabbaths, I have no time to read, to sing, to play, to exercise, or to write; yet I am educated, and even accomplished. I was brought up in wealth, but singular afflictions have destroyed all my friends, until I—whose family circle was never large, but yet the dearer for that—am quite alone in the world; and I have no prospect except of a short, gloomy, and laborious life. I should so love to be singing or playing beautiful music; or to be sketching amongst the scenes of the bright free country; or careering about the fields and lanes on my pony; or rambling in the shady woods or along the breezy hillsides; yet I am only able to live from day to day by stitching in a little close dreary room. I have borne it very well for three or four years, and have eaten the bread earned with my own hands. But yesterday, my employer used harsh and bitter words to me, and defrauded me of a few shillings. And suddenly, as I meditated upon the injustice, a great shadow of agony fell down over me, for I asked whether I must then waste away all the life and happiness which I feel myself able to enjoy. Is there to be no end? I hardly seem to have thought of it before, for I have worked steadily, and refreshed myself, on each Sabbath, for the alternating week. Still, I am wasting and, being stunted in mind and body. Is there to be no end, no happiness, no freedom, ever anywhere again?" She wept quietly as she said the last words, laying her head upon the counter.

The old merchant looked upon her, much moved. "My daughter," he said, "do you live quite alone?"

"Yes; I came with my parents, who were without relatives, from across the sea, and we were very happy for a time. But I lived at home and there only; and when they died I had no friends left. I have labored too hard for friendship; and where was I to find friends of my own degree? I am quite alone."

"But how have you endured so long?"

"I have refreshed my life from the Sabbaths. They have kept me alive; with the faint glow of their peace which shone onward and backward into the weary week, I have endured. But I think I can endure no longer. I must have a compensation for so many years of my sweet youth, all gone."

"But do you love less to think upon the far light and pleasant life of heaven than formerly?"

"Oh, no, no, indeed! but very much more."

"But," continued the old man, "do you think that the same compensation that has abundantly repaid for fifty years of successful and wasting labor, among savages not at last one single point humanized; for wife and children spared alive by them; for years of learned toil, whose results they burnt; for many, many other disappointments; for an old age, in short, of poverty and solitary weakness, coming after a long life of earnest and honest labor—do you think that such a compensation would serve one who is daily losing all the beauty and pleasure which you know you *could* enjoy?"

As the old man sketched this short outline of a life, she lifted her head from the counter and looked up at him. She seemed to gather strength from the loving kindness of the smile which he bent upon her. The same mysterious, searching glance which had seemed more or less to discomfit her predecessors, did not put her at fault. She gazed up at his venerable face with a faint and sad answering smile, saying:

"I think so. Oh! yes; I am sure of it. Give it to me, I beg of you, speedily. I shall die for want of it."

The old man continued again speaking, however, rather to himself than to the golden-haired young girl.

"Yes! A peace that enables one to walk above the world, as if sustained

by golden chains dropt down to him out of heaven! Would a mere consciousness of that kind, which fellow-beings could seldom understand, and would seldom admit or value—would that repay one for years of loneliness and weary toil, either past or future?"

"Oh! yes; oh! yes," said the sad applicant. "Give me peace, give me peace, or something which may fortify me from the fearful shapes which of late crowd thronging around my poor worn heart. Give it me."

And she stretched out her hands, and bent forward in unconscious eagerness.

"You lack not so very much, my daughter," said the merchant. "Does it not comfort you, in some small measure, to know that even a helpless old man like me understands your grief, and has felt the like, and that he suffers yours with you?"

"Yes," said she; "I am sure it does."

"For the rest," he continued, "I will name your compensation. And lest you forget it, I will write the name for you. Young people do not always remember what is only told to them."

So he wrote a single word upon a slip of paper, and put it into the young girl's hand.

"My daughter," said he, "it is FAITH. Your deliverance will surely come. Do you not know it?"

It was with a beautiful and quiet intensity of utterance that he bent slightly towards his fair interlocutor, and spoke. The depth of his emotion caused his piercing eyes to become dimmed with tears, and his face flushed, and a slight tremor or agitation fled through his aged frame, as if he had named some name of mysterious power. It was almost as if an inspiration had descended upon him; and I thought I could see the reflection of it in the brighter smile which played across the thin and delicate face of the maiden, as she looked and listened.

"Yes, yes," she answered. "Faith. Still, I had it before. It had only departed from me for a season. Works have long been my portion. For renewed faith, my dear sir, I have to thank you. And what am I to pay for my compensation?"

"Oh," answered the merchant, "you need not be uneasy about that. Some time, you may, if you wish, transfer a

portion of your acquisition to some one as much in need as you were. That will recompense me."

The young girl departed with a much lighter step than that with which she had entered. Having, as before, business which called me to another part of the city, I now requested the old merchant to favor me with one of those circulars to which he referred so often; with which demand he readily complied. "I fear, however," said he, as he handed me the document, "that you will not find it a very successful effort in its peculiar department of literature. It is an experiment of my own, and I have not at all satisfied myself by my combinations of capitals, exclamation points, and shopman-English. I suspect I should have made a much better puff if I had paid the grocer at the corner, or the printer's devil, to compose it for me."

I did not haunt the compensation merchant's little shop any more. Indeed, if I remember rightly, his establishment was shortly after closed. Whether he was forced by a tide of business prosperity to remove to one of several new marble-fronted stores, which were about that time erected near the business center of the city, or whether he was obliged to suspend operations by finding that his wares were not suited to that market, I cannot say. The circular which he gave me contained a business-like statement of the objects of the company for which he was acting as general agent—their charter from the central government, and some rose-colored exemplifications of the probable pecuniary prospects of the concern, which latter vaticinations, from my observations upon the old merchant, I fully believe, and am consequently of opinion that sundry large fortunes have been made by leading stockholders. If any one recollects some person who appears to command large amounts of money, and whose sources of income are unknown, I recommend him, if curious, to inquire whether such wealthy person was not connected with the Compensation Company.

The circular I had fully intended to transcribe in full, as a fitting termination to this short account, and likewise as a conclusion, which, being ready made, would save me the trouble of composing any formal peroration, but I regret to state that I am unable to find it. I re-



collect, that upon a hurried application for a proper envelope, for some toy or confectionery intended as a gift, I delivered over sundry scraps of paper, among which it must have gone. I cannot trust myself to replace the statements of the circular from mere memory, lest I do injustice to its careful

provisions; and I experience so much mortification at the loss, and the consequent unavoidable lameness of my narrative, that I find myself totally unable to compose such a peroration as I mentioned. My story, therefore, must apparently conclude here, without any end.

### THE ALPS.

AS the traveler approaches the city of Berne from Basle, the whole range of the Bernese Alps, including Mont Blanc, breaks upon his view. The effect is startling. There they stand, those mighty and famous Alps, even as in the ancient days and in the generations of old; huge giants clothed in garments of white, looking down upon successive races and rolling centuries. Thus they stood when Joseph lay in an Egyptian prison and when the Son of Man hung upon the cross at Golgotha. They have beheld Hannibal, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, with all their hosts and banners, appear and disappear upon their respective destinies. With a kind of inexpressible fascination, the glance leaps from peak to peak, and measures those broken, inaccessible slopes, those polar regions of rock and ice, towering into the pure, cold, upper air, above the flight of the eagle and the floating cloud. There they lie for ever, huge blocks of parian marble, banks of new-fallen snow, drifted up amid the stars; piles of spotless, dazzling clouds resting on the horizon, or battlements of burnished silver. One feels like Christian, upon the top of the high hill called Clear, gazing, at last, upon the gates of the Celestial City.

Many thoughts and emotions throng upon the mind; souvenirs of history, glimpses of armies, battles, and heroes; Cimbrian hosts and Roman legions; an oppressive sense of the insignificance of man, the fleetingness of life and the glory of Him who "laid the foundations of the earth, when the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy."

The tourist, fortunate enough to catch this passing view on a clear summer day, returns to his country with an idea that

he has seen the Alps. He has, however, but glanced at one page, in an endless volume. An air of Haydn, a passage of Shakspeare would almost furnish as adequate an idea of *their* deep and ever-varying splendors. Only long familiarity can enable him to appreciate how completely they surpass in magnificence even the apparently glorified representations by poets and painters. I have enjoyed the privilege of studying them about eighteen months. No scenery on earth can compare with them in power over the imagination. They are never the same and never at rest. Magical changes float over them perpetually. Each play of light, each modification of the atmosphere, each advancing hour, the shadow of every cloud, works its soft, slow marvels of grace and splendor. How often have I been struck, mute and spell-bound, by the sudden bursting upon me of this resplendent spectacle, through an opening in the forest, on turning a precipice, or mounting a hill. It is not only that, at each new sight of them, the mind better understands their immensity; but they appear in some unexpected variety, according to the season, day, hour, or point from which they are viewed. They amaze by their exquisite beauty, and overwhelm by their sublimity. Like a grand oratorio or mighty poem, they are full of unexpected discoveries, and sweet surprises which ravish the soul more and more as we understand them better.

The walks about Berne are numberless and perfectly beautiful, but this towering and almost unearthly phenomenon crowns them all with a new and ineffable glory, deeply suggestive of devotional feeling. They recall the land of Beulah, and one seems nearer God in presence of these revelations of his

power. It is as if we perceive the breadth of the earth and enter into the treasures of the snow. "Lift up your eyes to the heavens and look upon the earth beneath; for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment, and they that dwell therein shall die in like manner, but my salvation shall be forever and my righteousness shall not be abolished."

The hour of sunset offers the greatest enchantment. The town and environs are full of chosen points of view. From the belvederes of the principal hotels, from the balconies to the various platforms, overhanging the edge of the precipice on which the city rises; from the terrace of the observatory which peeps down into the streets; or from the tower of the minster as from a balloon, groups of travelers stand gazing for hours. Let us mount the eminence called the Euge, overlooking the valley of the Aar, about fifteen minutes from the gate, and take our place beneath this avenue of ancient elms. We are on the edge of a precipice. About a hundred feet beneath, the green, limpid river rushes between its close high banks. From the surface of the water, the eye measures with a new impression the stupendous stature of each giant pinnacle. The old town, close built, of massive stone, with its antique walls and towers, its steeples, cathedral and beautiful belfry, is built upon precipitous heights, and shines and sparkles in the afternoon sunshine. It recalls Jerusalem, from the Mount of Olives, as seen by Him who would have gathered its inhabitants as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings and they would not. The surrounding landscape, sometimes abruptly swelling into quite lofty hills, has the blue range of the Jura on the north, and on the south a rich mass of mountains and precipices looking in the two lakes of Thun and Brienz, themselves invisible, but their presence betrayed by that aerial softness which hangs over distant waters. The landscape is bathed in mellow sunshine, and above rise those fairy snow-realms with their ice-palaces, lately of pure silver, but, as the day draws to its close, steeped in a deeper and ever-deepening hue, almost impossible to describe. From an exquisite rose-tint, it passes to an ensanguined stain, and then to a burning crimson.

The scene below undergoes a gradual transformation. Prismatic hues blend softly into the wide landscape. An ethereal vapor floats over it. The purple hills and azure rocks melt together into the sombre evening shadows. The earth grows darker and darker. But the towering walls and broken pinnacles above become more radiant, and deepen with intenser brightness, as if unaware that the lower earth has yielded to the embrace of night. Their illumined sides reflect a kind of dusky moonlight. The wrapt spectator gazes in profound silence. The damp night shadows steal slowly up. So death creeps upon some majestic victim still contending, but in vain, against his mighty hand. Now their lower portion is dimmed, while the summits are yet kindling with triumphant splendor; when suddenly the warm glow completely-relapses into a bluish, ghastly white, as if a human soul had just taken its departure.

I remember to have once taken a friend, who had been but a few hours in Berne, to the terrace of the observatory for a view at sunset. It was too late,—to his great disappointment. We had caught some glimpses of those shining tops, as we went, glowing as if in the bloody light of a furnace; but, when we reached the observatory, the solemn giants lay cold and dead in the damp night-mists. We waited awhile, to watch their gloomy outlines disappear in the thickening shadows, when suddenly they were overspread with a warm blush, and their extinguished tops kindled again into rosy fire. For one or two minutes we watched the not unusual phenomenon.

This is only one of the many optical effects. Sometimes the setting sun sheds over them only the most delicate rose-coloring, and sometimes steeps them in a broad golden illumination. I have seen them reflect the lurid glare of domes and steeples in the red light of a midnight conflagration. Perhaps no two sunsets were ever the same. Then comes the enchantment of the morning, the transformations of moon and the wonderful magnificence cast about them by clouds. It is when half revealed that they most astonish. Here the soul acknowledges the sweetness of the divine artist. Sometimes in my walks they are entirely invisible. The landscape is half veiled by sunshine mist. I look in vain for the stupen-

dous spectacle, and almost forget, as we are apt to do, great spiritual truths, the eternal grandeur and beauty so often revealed. As the soft vapor rises from river and hill, I pause again, for the hundredth time, incredulous, overwhelmed, and amazed at that broad world built up above our world, as if, in its ample silver sides, I caught glimpses of some other planet, gleaming slopes and shining mountains, leaning far upwards into heaven, not having the least apparent connection with our earth.

These wonderful snow-peaks, forever above the clouds, are nature's grand work-halls. Here she forms and pours, to remote coasts and oceans, the great rivers of Europe: the Po, the Tessino, the Rhone, the Rhine, and the Danube. Here she fabricates those lovely lakes, whose shores fill the mind with a sense of beauty, and in whose transparent depths populations find the means of life. In those mysterious solitudes the daring traveler has scaled the frozen heights which nature seems to have formed impregnable, and amid those defiles, from precipice to precipice, and torrent to torrent, science has cast the solid road; ambition has led proud armies, and religion has built the hospitable convent. How many a weary pilgrim, overtaken by the snow-storm, has left his nameless bones beneath yonder colossal monument; how many an eager hunter has fallen into a bottomless chasm; or, by a fatal misstep, plunged headlong down a precipice, such as, says John Miller, sometimes turns giddy the head of the wild beast.

The effect of the Alps is, I think, heightened by a mental illusion. It is well known that the increased apparent size of the moon, at the period of her rising, is an error of the reason. To the eye, she really appears no larger on the horizon than in the zenith. The belief in her expanded orb, is formed by an unconscious process of the mind. This fact any man of science will explain. On the same principle, the Alpine range appears much more stupendous to the imagination than to the eye. A daguerreotype view, merely carrying out the rules of perspective, would afford no adequate idea of the impression received from nature. In order to produce that impression, an artist ought to magnify their real dimensions upon the canvas, as the only mode of satisfying those who have studied them. They

really seem to grow and expand after frequent observation, and continually assume more astonishing proportions, bearing away the mind beyond the sober reality, vast as that is. This contributes to render them a perpetual source of wonder and delight, something unfathomable and magical.

There are periods of bad weather, during which they entirely disappear for weeks, so that the eye becomes accustomed to the delightful and magnificent landscape, without this, its mightiest feature. It captivates by elements of the richest scenery. The inferior mountains in the foreground rise majestically into the sky, and those far loftier which form the shores of the lakes Thun and Brienz, strike with all the grandeur of an Alpine range. When the weather clears, leaving only some masses of opaque blue cloud upon the horizon, the eye measures the nearer summits, the Niesen and Stockhorn, believing it has discovered in them the monarchs of the earth themselves, when lo! as the heavy vapor slowly sinks or breaks apart, above its black edge, at a height apparently impossible, projects a pointed image—a silvery fragment, cutting the blue sky too sharply with its broken outline to be a cloud, and yet too near the stars to belong to our lower earth. You gaze some moments, lost in doubt and struck with wonder, as at a miracle. Noiselessly and imperceptibly the heavy thick cloud-veil falls away, and with a slow grand movement, one after the other, pinnacle and pyramid of solid silver rise into view, the Wetterhorn, or Storm Peak; the Finsternhorn, the dark Aar Peak, the gloomy father of a beautiful daughter, the river Aar; the Schreckhorn, or the Peak of Terror; the Jungfrau, or the Virgin, and the Blumlisalp, or the Flower Peak.

At Berne, of course, these mountains are the prominent objects of earth and heaven. They are always gleaming upon you at some unexpected place or moment, and in an aspect surprisingly new, or ravishingly beautiful and grand. Now they lie engulfed in one solid mass of azure clouds, whose upper perfectly horizontal outline resembles the surface of an ocean. From its tranquil and level bosom rise only the tops of each peak. This beautiful appearance recalls the period of the deluge, or, perhaps, the anterior primeval ages of the earth before man became an inhabitant of it.

when the present continents formed the bottom of an universal flood, nine thousand feet in depth, and yonder summits were actually islands. Now they look down into the streets of the old mediæval town, far overtopping the summit of the Minster tower, and now float, like a vision of glory, over sweeps of forest foliage. Now they open upon you from a tender mist, as if the Creator's hand had, at that moment, first called forth their ethereal tops of soft, rosy fire. Now their base dissolved and lost in vapor, they seem suspended above, like "that great city, the Holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God."

Their effulgent beauty derives a new interest from its association with the idea of liberty. It is singular how the hand of poetry and history has crowned Switzerland with this halo, and how she has maintained it through a long series of centuries, amid the wars, revolutions, and selfish diplomatic territorial arrangements of Europe. Even the iron heart of Napoleon softened towards her. After his downfall, when the Holy Alliance had everything in its own hands, a certain liberty was still left to Switzerland. The great attempt of the people, in 1848, to break from their tutelage, was commenced by Switzerland. Her hand first struck the chord which vibrated through the continent. For a moment, Europe proclaimed the principle that no governmental power can be legitimate which does not flow from the people, but in 1854, Switzerland is the only country where the republic really exists. Liberty appears to be her birth-right, and her de-

termination. Is it not remarkable that, in the centre of Europe, without sea-coasts, fleets, or colonies, locked in by powerful military monarchies, where the word liberty would be treason, she should have founded a constitution, modeled upon the ideas of Washington, Jefferson, and Hamilton; that she should maintain a perfectly free press in three languages, that she should be in the full enjoyment of those rights of man, with which the Almighty invested every human being, and of which none can be deprived without a violation of his laws and the introduction of confusion and discord into the plan of Providence—in short, that she should keep the banner of the Republic, floating broadly on the breeze, upon the very pinnacle of the European continent?

"Liberté c'est ton jour, ce sol est ton empire;  
Là nulle ambition sous tes traites ne conspire  
D'un peuple pauvre et fier toi seule armes les  
mains;  
Sur ces pics sourcilleux, vierges de pas humains,  
L'aigle au vol indompté semble te rendre hom-  
mage,  
Le bleu miroir des lacs réfléchir ta beauté,  
Et le bruit des torrents dire à l'écho sauvage:  
Liberté! Liberté!"

"Héritier de ces biens, toi qui les abandonnes,  
Et soutiens à prix d'or les lointaines couronnes,  
D'où vient qu'aux premiers sons d'un air mélo-  
dieux,  
J'ai vu des pleurs furtifs s'échapper de tes yeux?  
Sans doute, en l'écoutant tu rêvais to patrie,  
Et des vallons natales l'agreste majesté;  
Sans doute il murmurait à ton âme attendrie;  
Liberté! Liberté!"

\* These celebrated lines, by Mad. Tastu, deserve, and have very likely received, a better translation than the following:

Liberty, it is thy day, this soil is thy empire;  
No ambition here conspires, disguised beneath thy form;  
Thou alone arimest the hands of a people poor and proud;  
Upon those cloud-capped peaks, untrod by human feet,  
The indomitable eagle seems to render thee homage;  
The blue mirror of the lakes reflect thy beauty,  
And to the savage echo, the thundering torrents shout,  
Liberty! Liberty!

Heir of this treasure! thou who abandonest it,  
To defend, for gold, distant thrones,  
Whence the tears which, at some melodious air,  
I have seen steal in secret from thine eyes?  
Ah! with those strains came images of thy country,  
The rural majesty of thy native valleys;  
Ah! to thy saddened soul rose the murmured cry,  
Liberty! Liberty!

## THE DAMES OF VIRGINIA.

THE cocked-hat gentry have had precedence in these pages, but not justly. Those fascinating figures which filled with such rare life and beauty, hall and bower, in the former days, should surely have been first described:—the pompous, arrogant, and worthy old planter, and his eldest son, should have given place—mere potter's clay and rusty iron as they were, compared with the beautiful vases of porcelain and gold, with which they floated along on the stream of Time. To rectify the error, now,—*place aux dames!*

See them enter in a long dazzling line, with bright, smiling faces, and musical laughter, and soft voices, like a rippling stream of sound, the "very echo to the seat where love is throned." But what singular dresses! you say: how oddly the hair is decorated; what a laughable sight the patches on their faces, and how high the red heel of the little shoe, which peeps out from the silken skirt! Yet there is so much grace beneath this singularity of dress, that you cannot turn away, but find yourself unconsciously applying to the gay pageant of so many lovely faces and fair forms, that beautiful description of the Princess Ida and her maidens:

—"by them went

The enamored air sighing, and on their curls,  
From the high tree the blossom, wavering, fell;  
And over them the tremulous isles of light  
Slided, they moving under shade!"

What wonder that those fair ladies made our brave grandfathers kneel to them, and pay them homage! What possible match was the stalwart cavalier, the courtly gentleman, with sword, musketoon, pistol, and all manner of warlike insignia, for one of those little tender personages, whose more death-dealing weapon was a fan, whose more fatal fire-arms were a pair of eyes, that blinded the poor cavalier with their soft mimic lightnings? Who could for a moment compare the strength of the strongest arm that ever grappled with the soldier, breast to breast, and throat to throat, with the all-conquering puissance of the small, tender hand, laid on his sleeve, or given him to kiss? Was it wonderful, that our forefathers knelt to them, and set them up on the high places in their hearts, and almost worshipped them?

You explain the undeniable fact of that lofty consideration, by asserting that the times were chivalric—still tinged with the dying radiance of the knightly age. Such, it is true, was the character of the epoch; the men were chivalric, but is it not plain that the ladies were the cause of it? Gilded by their bright smiles, the world was no longer a cold reality, rather a fairy land of poetry and romance, and those fairies grown to human stature, stamped upon it the impress of their own individuality: it was the graces and conspicuous attractions, personal and mental, of the ladies,

"That lent the knee desire to kneel, and shook  
The pulses"

of those giants, as the world now calls them, our worthy and strong-hearted grandsires.

But to bring to an end this epic chant of fairies and giants,—substituting description for rhapsody, the object of the writer is to furnish some account, however slight and inadequate, of the daily lives of the women of Virginia, at the commencement of the eighteenth century, together with a few hasty reflections upon their peculiarities of character and costume.

And first of the Virginia wife:—after speaking as is proper of the matron first, we shall pass on to the maidens. The wife of the Virginia planter was an important personage, and occupied no insignificant position in the everyday life as well as in the affections of her lord and master. Her husband had not married her by lottery, as is the usage to our own day in some other lands; or by command of his family, as was so frequently the case under the ancient régime in England and on the continent. He had simply fallen in love with her when he was a boy of sixteen summers, and, "dallying with the innocence of love," dreamed his days away like an honest fellow over little favors from her—flowers or other trifles, but worth kingdoms to him. He had ridden on his fine hunter beside the window of her father's old lumbering chariot, prancing gallantly to display his horsemanship—leaping fearlessly every obstacle to retain his position, and making his noble charger seriously doubt the sanity of



the individual who bestrode him. He had danced blissful minuets with her to enchanted music on golden floors of Calif-palaces in Bagdat—and ridden with his young queen through Fairy land, which undiscovered country lay between her father's mansion and the paternal dwelling. He had worn her glove under his brocade waistcoat—stolen her miniature for nightly reverie and rapt meditation—and done many other things affording full proof of Shakspeare's maxim that love and folly are inseparable companions. Then he had gone with dreadful heaviness of heart to England to learn the art of constructing Latin and Greek verses at Oxford, where, among his select friends at wine parties, he gave mysterious toasts in honor of "the fairest of the fair," and commiserated the unhappy youths whose eyes had never feasted on her face. In the dazzling glitter of a London season the image of his faithful Virginia maiden might have been for a time lost sight of, but once more on the wharf at Yorktown, he felt that inane splendor fall from him, and the tender form again take its place. She had been faithful to him and so they were married, and when the old folks were gathered to their fathers—with love and blessings for the little daughter-in-law who had brought into the mansion so much sunlight—the honest young fellow and his maiden wife reigned in the family homestead, the same faithful lovers always.

As she grew older, the now buxom mother of a growing flock eschewed minuets and all gewgaws of dress or decoration—wearing her hair in a tower scarcely a foot in height, and using shoes alarmingly low-heeled. She became an oracle in all matters appertaining to the household, and, indeed, spent much the larger portion of her time in keeping everything neat and orderly—in laying up supplies of pickle, and preserves, and every imaginable delicacy for her lord, and family, and guests. She arrayed her forces in the kitchen and store-room with the precision of a veteran commander, and the army—light and heavy troops—moved under her guidance with a spirit and method fatal to the city of Idleness which she stormed and took, and demolished to the foundation. Grown older, the good lady took extreme delight in discoursing at great length on all the ills that flesh

is heir to:—no description of bodily ailment was unknown to her, and for all she had an infallible remedy. She ferreted out sickness among her neighbors, and sent panaceas to them: she silently encouraged the indolent negroes to report themselves "on the sick list," by sending them, or rather having carried with her on her visits to the quarters, huge platesful of warm toast, and full cans of nourishing and invigorating drinks. She rejoiced in a case of sickness in black or white, as a general rejoices in finding the enemy offer battle with enormously disproportioned forces; and it is simple justice to say that in many cases her system of therapeutics, founded as it was on long experience, met in practice with eminent success.

Then, grown older still, the good dame took to wearing glasses, and would sit plying her busy needle in the comfortable chair by the corner of the fire; and discuss, pleasantly gossiping, the affairs of the neighborhood—the deaths, and births, and marriages—her sons and daughters around her in a merry group, and the portly planter, her erewhile boy-husband, for whom she had never ceased to feel, an admiring, changeless, profound affection, sitting with his feet upon the fender, reading, opposite to her. When the true-hearted lady dies, be sure that not her household alone will weep for her: a gloom will fall on every countenance when the countryside hears of it; and all will feel that a true, tender, loving nature, kind to the poor, and faithful to her God and neighbor, has gone from them.

The planter and his family in the old chariot, with white handkerchiefs to their eyes, will not be the only mourners who follow to the tomb, in the old churchyard she passed through to church so regularly, the mortal remains of the pure-hearted lady. The distance, rather, shall alone blot out and swallow up the long line of carriages dragged slowly on by horses, with drooping heads—and gentlemen who rein in their animals to the dead-march gait—and plainly-clad pedestrians, male and female, who whisper to each other, with moist eyes and subdued voices, all the virtues of the good lady who has passed from them. She lived long, and was surrounded at her death with all that makes old age comfortable, "as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends;" but it is hard to lose her, even to see her

leave them for the better land to which all feel she has gone—Heaven.

The fine old lady was quite as remarkable for her aristocratic prejudices as the planter, her husband; her attachment to the Established Church; her blindness for all the abuses of the system, were just as striking as her lord's. But how can I have the heart to utter one single harsh word of the noble-minded woman! Her truth and devotion and open-handed charity would freeze my utterance. Let her rest now as she rested then, after a long, well-spent life, her name and memory coupled only with respect and love!

Let us now pass on to the younger generation, the fairer portion, of course, inasmuch as the lords of creation, old and young, have already received at our hands as much attention as, in a comparative point of view, they deserve. I have elsewhere spoken of the portraits that remain to us of those fair young dames. They are the most accurate authorities remaining of the picturesque costumes and whole outward semblance of Virginia maidens a century and a half ago. I have often mused over them, and been carried back almost in veritable reality, to the times which their originals illustrated and adorned. Fair faces! hanging high up on the carved oak wainscot, cannot we fancy them moved often to displeasure, a charming bright-eyed anger looking down on the stiff fashions of to-day—on their fair descendants twisting their lovely locks into a lame imitation of the Grecian knot, and placing their tender feet, innocent of shoes with heels, upon the common earth? Does it not move them sometimes to a dainty scorn, this mode, we, their male descendants, have of covering ourselves, not dressing, contrasted as it is, so completely, with the ruffles and powder and embroidery of the courtly cavaliers of former days? If they do really feel that displeasure, and are affected by that dainty scorn, who shall say that they are altogether wrong? Let me not, however, enter into a comparison of the past with the present; that is not now my theme; still such comparison may be silently made, with such result as pleases him, by the reader; and to supply this food for thought, let the old portraits tell the fashions of their times.

Here they hang in the quiet light of evening, which seems to dwell on them

with pensive pleasure, as we gaze wistfully and in silence on the miniatures of old acquaintances and loves. Let us, perforce, by the power of imagination, bid the portraits come down from their places where they have so long rested quietly; or, better still, we may see the frames with all their antique carving disappear, wreathed with dim clouds—the trees through the windows in the background wave—and lo! the picture is no longer a mere thing of paint and canvas, but a lovely maiden, for all the world just what she was in her bright Virginia home, a century and a half ago!

She is surrounded by many attractive objects, but she herself is more attractive by far than all of them. The beautiful hair is trained back from the serene temples and arranged in some mysterious manner behind the ears, so as to present everywhere a roundness of outline—the veritable “line of beauty.” It is not a wig, be sure of that;—those abominable perukes are for the time out of fashion, and towers of lace above the forehead also. Those glossy curls hanging down by the sparkling eyes are natural curls, as that delicate rose tint in the cheek is not due to art at all. It is the result of the morning walk the fair girl of nineteen summers took to-day, as the sun rose above the forest—that early walk which none but herself and her sick “mammy” at the quarters knew the object of, as none but those two personages knew what she carried in the small basket on her arm, as she went silently in her plain gown and hood to find the old servant in her cabin.

She is now in full dress, for the family go out to dine to-day, and certainly the critic must have been hard to please who could have found fault with the “general effect.” Next to the bright hair—brushed back much after the fashion now styled *Pompadour*, and it must be confessed, covered with a quantity of snowy powder, the lace around the throat, called *point de Venise*, attracted the attention. This was not white, as lace is now, but a pale yellow, then the fashion, colored, indeed, very much like sunset clouds in August, if the chronicler may for a moment yield his stylus to the poet. Next came the bodice—*stays*, as they called them then—of cherry-colored silk, trimmed with blue and silver, the upper

edge fringed with a long line of foam again. The sleeves were large and full, falling down from the snowy arm, and richly embroidered in white and gold:—the “underskirt,” of flowered satin, rather long than otherwise; and the gown, properly so called, looped completely back and falling in large furbelows almost to the small feet cased in their delicate high-heeled slippers. Add a number of rich bracelets, rings, and jeweled brooches, and the portrait is complete—complete, that is to say, as far as it is in the power of the present chronicler to make it, aided by the lights of history and the result of observation. In sketching it, he has sought to imitate the simplicity and plainness of those worthy authors who elucidate by comment the fashions of to-day in the illustrated magazines: this seemed to him better than treating the subject in that jesting, irreverent spirit which dictated the sketch of young Master Hopeful. How could he, indeed, jest with anything appertaining to that frank maiden with so much tenderness and kindness in her serene eyes, with such a winning smile on her parted rosy lips, as she sits there in the bright morning, more than a century ago!

She is smiling absently at the playful romping of the children—her little brother and sister only nine or ten years old—on whom she looks down with elderly affection from her huge altitude of nineteen summers. Let us not imitate her careless glance, but while the chariot is getting ready, pay our respects to those children—looking first at the little maiden, with her bright hair yet unpowdered and hanging in profuse curls upon her shoulders. Do not turn from her slightly, good reader—that is your venerated grandmother, whose portrait hangs up in the hall. She has not yet arrived at that exalted station, and romps with a vivacity which you can scarcely believe the good old lady ever to have been guilty of. She wears a little something which is half frock, half coat—I say half coat, because the garment in question opens in front, displaying a figured under-vest, marvelously like a modern waistcoat, and reaches scarcely beyond the knees, where the scarlet silk stockings with their blue clocks meet it. Slippers of yellow leather, with orange-colored heels not quite two inches high, complete the costume—a costume which re-

mained nearly unchanged down to the time of the Revolution.

Her little companion's dress is not very dissimilar: the hair, however, is much shorter, and the rosetted shoes have the advantage of being vastly larger, as becomes the sex of the distinguished gentleman who will hang in his turn—all ruffled and be-powdered, with his long ribbon-decorated queue—upon the wall, and be called “grandpa” when the time has come, and look with his age-dimmed eyes on the smoke of the Revolution—perhaps assist that Revolution with his arm, and see the New World inaugurate itself at Yorktown. At present, the worthy gentleman and prospective warrior and statesman, is amusing himself by punching holes all over the pretty colored fan he has taken from the little girl, and the future grandmamma is endeavoring to wrest it from his Vandal grasp, and save the noble Corydons and Phillises which ornament it, from the mortal wounds their bodies are receiving, appealing loudly all this time to her elder sister, who is smiling at her comic contortions. That young lady interposes, and order is restored, and then the chariot rolls up slowly, and the planter and his wife and daughter enter, and are driven quietly to their neighbor's mansion.

They have a grand formal dinner there, and afterwards, what in our day we call a “party,” not a late party, to which the guests come at midnight, but an honest evening festival, illuminated equally by the sunset and the tall lights in the bright silver sconces. The waltz and polka and schottisch had the misfortune not to have been then invented: the gavotte, minuet, and reel were danced instead—above all, the minuet. It suited our ancestors the best of all, with its slow stately courtesies and bows, and pompous, ceremonious evolutions—it pleased the Master Hopefuls even, a class of worthy gentlemen who in our day affect the polka and schottisch. Master Hopeful is there, and leads forth the fair lady whose toilette we have vainly endeavored to describe. See how like a swan on some placid lake she moves, “ruffling her pure white plumes;” how graceful her low courtesy; the beautiful head gently bent toward the bosom; the knee almost to the floor; the slipper peering from the wide rustling skirt, a spectacle not witnessed in our day any more than that other spec-

tacle of Master Hopeful making profound bows, his cocked hat pressed meanwhile devotedly on the left side of his waistcoat, and his Hyperion head, with its ambrosial curls and rapt grimace, reposing gently on his shoulder.

The music is supplied by the tall, white-haired Ethiopian Emperor in the corner there, who plays upon his melodious violin the piece which his august majesty Louis XIV. delighted to honor with his royal nod of approbation—the old court minuet. Strange music! which now sounds like a harmony from the far land of dreams, played by a spirit on a ghostly violin for midnight shadows moving noiselessly! but what bright shadows! brighter far than all the material forms now around us.

The entertainment ends—following an immemorial custom—with the Virginia reel; that is to say, with a diversification in which fun took its revenge on ceremony—*abandon* reigned triumphant over stateliness. How those dames got through a veritable Virginia reel, with their furbelows and flounces, and long puffed-out skirts, the present chronicler is at a loss to understand; but there is no reasonable ground to doubt that the reel, with all its rapid crossings and re-crossings, its changing, turning, twisting, and galloping up and back again, was honestly performed. So, with rosy faces and dancing eyes the reel ended, showering down an imperceptible snow of perfumed powder from the perukes of cavaliers and locks of ladies fair. How fortunate a circumstance for the right shoulders of the cavaliers that waltzes and polkas were not invented, for that powder and pomatum on the heads of ladies would have played destruction with their rich doublets!

The present writer cannot follow the young ladies of that pleasant time through the various pursuits of their tranquil, happy lives. Did not space fail him, he would carefully new nib his pen and attempt a sketch of their careering gaily on their spirited horses with their attendant cavaliers through summer forests, their graceful figures enveloped in a costume nearly similar to that of their male companions; their riding hats of white fur, for all the world like those worn then by gentlemen, and their erewhile carefully tucked-up hair falling in long curling locks upon their shoulders, and gathered into queues, secured by gay streaming scarlet rib-

bon. Or, he would follow them upon the bright waters of the broad river, some soft sunny day, and listen to their pretty cries of fright when the boat rocked like a sea-gull on the waves; or, better still, steal quietly to their bowers and gaze upon them, busily sewing at good useful household articles, or wasting hours pleasantly over some wondrous landscape in embroidery, or reading to each other the delightful new serial, edited by Mr. Joseph Addison, whose style was becoming vastly popular—laughing heartily, let it be understood, at the reports of causes heard and determined in the Sheer-lane "Court of Honor," Judge Isaac Bickerstaffe presiding.

We might spend a moment pleasantly in watching the taper fingers caressing some little ill-tempered lap dog, resting discontentedly on the silken lap, or listening to the soft voice singing with the harpsichord accompaniment, some sweet Scottish ballad, even then popular, or an air from *Dioclesian*, or *King Arthur*; or, in looking on the fair maiden, decked out in a thousand fatal graces, seated in the drawing-room, surrounded by her gallant cavaliers and slaying them with her bright, merry glances! The fair lady has been painted in this latter attitude by two "distinguished names," whose verses, circulated in Williamsburgh about the time of the Revolution, express very well, with a pleasant mixture of gallantry and mythology, the old courtly feeling which we find in the not dissimilar verses of the accomplished Earl of Dorset. To such leaves of the past I must refer the reader; he may yet realize by their assistance some of the picturesque habitudes and figures of the old time. Behold again "in the mind's eye," if not with the actual vision, that long line of tender forms and faces which now beam on us, set like so many stars in the slowly-dying sunset of the past. To me, those gay eyes and smiling lips are very interesting; those pictures, whose originals I seem to have known, are a bright gallery in which I wander with an idle, pensive pleasure, that I cannot describe.

Serene, tender dames! with your powdered golden hair, and floating laces around snowy shoulders, and fair arms that decorate your diamond bracelets; with heads poised like so many graceful fawns, and brilliant eyes, and lips that

shower down golden smiles!—beautiful maidens, with so much of delicacy, and dainty thought, and sweetness in your mild faces!—if painters tried in vain to reproduce your bloom and freshness, what can I, a poor penman, accomplish without taking refuge in pure rhapsody? Placid and mild, there is still something bright and ardent in your eyes, like the creamy foam of the sea, now cresting the wild surges, then subsiding into rest. Your forms are not material bodies, but fairy figures of moonlight, without weight or size, light as a shadow or a dream!

“Pretty bud!

Lily of the vale, half-opened bell of the woods!”

what queen of Faery sent you into this cold material world, to soil your hands with common toils and duties, to clog your heart with dislikes or affections for those old be-powdered gallants hanging by you on the wall, in long queues, and most preposterous ruffles, and faces browned by so much sun and wind!—Pretty painted butterflies!—why was it not always summer for you—why were your fragile bodies subjected to the cold of the snowy winter, your variegated wings beaten by the chill storm-winds of this wicked world? True you vindicated, as far as lay in your power, that *haute noblesse* of origin I have accorded to you by a good, wholesome, aristocratic contempt for all men not born “gentlemen”—turning from all such with pretty disdain in your lovely eyes, and a tranquil sensation of superiority in your little hearts.

Bright creatures! how can we blame you for the tone of voice, the expression of eye and lip which plunged a venomous dagger into the breast of some noble nature, not born “gentleman,” and vainly endeavoring to rise, perforce of the god-given majesty of truth and honor, from the low estate imprisoning the wide wings of his great soul? You could not know that such nobleness was there: a hearing was not granted to the criminal: his very name condemned him. You could not listen, even, to a man of his description, much less accord your smiles to him. You were of the *sangre azula*, he but an ordinary man: you derived your blood from a long line of gentry, he was but a member of the commons. How could you place upon a level with yourself, a man whom the old planter, your father, viewed with

well-bred condescension—how give your delicate hand to one whose hands were brown and hard with toil, however noble and honest?

Here see again the operation of that shameful arrogance of rank in the old cavalier. Not only did it corrupt itself, but everything which approached and came in contact with it was subdued to its own color, “like the dyer’s hand.” Not only did the planter patronize—as we now say—all beneath him in social position, but his whole household caught the infection. His sons and daughters—the very little children, even—demeaned themselves with this kind air of superiority toward some noble, stalwart soul, to whose arms they would have flown for shelter, had peril, that stern leveler of distinctions, visited their soft, easy lives. But let us not blame them too harshly for being apt scholars, and taking their mental shape and moulding from that father so loved and revered for his many noble traits of mind and heart, and deep affection for them. If anything palliates the unchristian prejudice in the strong man, does it not apply with fourfold force to the tender woman, who, living in and breathing everyday the home-atmosphere, has her life and character perforce stamped by it?

Let us not dwell on this ungracious subject, but rather turn our eyes on the noble courage and all-embracing tenderness of the women of the past—on the noble, true-souled dames of revolutionary days, fit mates for our brave grandfathers, periling their all for Liberty:—or, further back, the race true to its splendid instincts everywhere and in all times, on Major Cheeseman’s wife on her knees before the royal governor, begging and praying as a boon of priceless value, with tears and sobs, and words that would have melted any heart but that of the dishonored Berkeley—not her husband’s pardon for joining the rebellion, his naked pardon for the love of humanity and mercy—but that she, the instigator of his treason, might in his place be sacrificed! That weeping woman on her knees, and remaining there, spite of the dastardly insult offered to her by that obscene vulture, his Excellency Sir William Berkeley—that weeping woman, praying, sobbing, asking as a favor she would bless him for, her own destruction—but her husband’s life—this is a figure which for



me shines with so pure, so heavenly a radiance through all the past, that all power of criticising further those Virginia women abandons me, and I have for them no longer any sentiment but love, respect, and admiration. And this is not a solitary instance; a dozen others might be mentioned did space permit it. Let us rather turn for a moment, in conclusion, to that phase of the home life of maid and matron which was brightest of all—the care and kindness they expended on the sick servants.

This plainly dressed figure going quietly along in the healthy morning or fresh evening, with a basket on the arm and a book in the hand, is that beautiful girl who last night dazzled so many courtly gentlemen with the imperial light of her proud eyes. One would have said then that a palace was not rich enough for her—velvet not soft enough for her feet—air not pure enough for the “fine creature” to respire. Here is the reverse of the picture. See her enter the cabin of her old sick nurse, and hear the old sick woman’s joyful expression of voice, as she welcomes “her child”—hear the

kind, loving voice of that “child” asking all about how she spent the night, and if everything was comfortable, and what she would like to have more than the little basket she had brought contained. Then see the subdued face bent down over the Bible—listen to the simple earnest voice repeating to the old woman the teachings of our Saviour:—and then see her leave the room with a child-like good-by, full of fondness and affection. This simple and touching spectacle which was, and still may be, seen every day in Virginia, should make us respect and love, in spite of all their faults, those fair ladies whose portraits speak to us from the antique frames so eloquently to-day.

They are gone—many a long day ago—and only these fading canvas memories remain to us, with the familiar names and some wandering, vague report of grace and loveliness;—their failings are lost sight of, and no longer dwell in living recollection. Let them so remain, bright images gilded by the sunlight of the past, and clad in all their tender beauty—with nothing hidden by the distance but their human imperfections.

#### THE TURKS TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.\*

OF Master Henry Blount, the author of the book of travels named below, (a small quarto of a hundred pages,) Anthony Wood, in his *Oxford Writers*, informs us, that he was the third son of Sir Henry Pope Blount, of Tettinhanger, in Hertfordshire, knight. Born Dec. 15th, 1602, he was educated at the Free School of St. Albans. After he had taken one degree in arts, he removed to Grey’s Inn, where he studied the law, after which he became a traveler both in Christian Europe, and, what in those times was a very rare thing, in the Turkish dominions. He informs us in his introductory paragraphs, that, desirous of extending his knowledge of mankind by observing

people whose institutions differed from those of England, he had traveled in Italy, France, and Spain; but those being “countries of Christian institution,” did but “represent, under a little different dress,” effects with which he had been familiar at home. He therefore turned his attention towards the Turks, as the “only modern people great in action,”—so different was the relative position of the Ottoman empire then and now. Under the idea that he, “who would behold the times in their greatest glory, could not find a better scene than Turkey,” and with a view of testing by his own observation the commonly received and not very favorable accounts of that remarkable people, he

\* *A Voyage into the Levant. A brief Relation of a Journey lately performed by Master H. B. (HENRY BLOUNT) from England by way of Venice, into Dalmatia, Slavonia, Bosnia, Hungary, Macedonia, Thessaly, Thrace, Rhodes, Egypt, into Grand Cairo; with particular Observations concerning the Modern Condition of the Turks, and other People under that Empire. London, 1636.*

undertook a journey very common now, but, at that time, full of difficulty and danger. Having agreed with a Janizary, whom he met with at Venice, to find him diet and transportation as far as Constantinople, he embarked on the 7th of May, 1634, in a Venetian galley with a caravan of Turks and Jews, he being the only Christian in the company. Crossing the Adriatic, the galley arrived in twenty-four hours at Roveno, a Venetian city in Istria, a hundred miles from Venice. Thence it proceeded down the coast to Zara, in Dalmatia, and from that place, which Byron has made familiar, still further down the coast to Spalatro, which at that time, though a very bad harbor, was the principal emporium of trade between Venice and Turkey. The journey from Spalatro to the Turkish capital, including many detours for the convenience of the caravan, employed fifty-two days, besides as many more consumed in stoppages; and so destitute was the country of all accommodations, except within the cities, that our traveler had to lodge every night on the ground, and generally in the open fields.

It was a great object with him to see GRAND CAIRO, reputed at that time to be the most populous city in the world; and after staying but five days at Constantinople, he availed himself of an opportunity to embark for Egypt, along with a Frenchman and a Fleming, whom he had met there, and whom he found desirous to make the same voyage. The three embarked together on board the admiral galleon of the Black Sea fleet, just then sailing for Egypt, having hired of two renegade Italians, who were gunners of the galleon, the exclusive use of their cabin. Coasting along among the islands of the Archipelago, in eleven days they reached Rhodes. In three days more they arrived at Alexandria, whence our travelers passed by land forty miles through the desert to Rosetta, the western mouth of the Nile, where they hired a boat for Cairo, three hundred and sixty miles distant. As the river was at the height of its inundation, the current was very strong; but the northwest wind blew so much stronger as to carry them up in five days. The Englishman, after a stay of three months, during which he visited the pyramids, returned by Rosetta to Alexandria, designing to embark for Jerusalem; but his curiosity in examining the fortifications of Alexandria having

brought him under suspicion, he made haste to get on board a French bark about to sail for Sicily. Reaching Palermo, he proceeded to Naples; and thence by Rome, Florence, and Bologna to Venice, which he reached again the eleventh month after his departure.

Having thus given us a sketch of his journey, our traveler proceeds to what is the most curious part of his book,—his observations on the institutions, religion, and manners of the Turks.

The institution of the Turkish armies was naturally the first object of his attention, since it was exclusively to their military prowess that the Turks owed the position which they held in the world. The infantry he found to consist of two sorts. In time of war, every city and district was called upon to furnish its quota, greater or smaller, according to the urgency of the occasion, their ability, and their distance from, or nearness to, the scene of action. Of these levies many were Christians. After having been trained and exercised for a month or so, they were sent forth better equipped in arms and clothing than was then customary in the armies of Christian Europe. These troops, however, were a sort of militia, and not greatly depended upon. In fact, it was customary, when they were brought into action, to place bodies of horse behind them, to keep them from running away. The standing infantry force of the empire, and that upon which its military strength principally depended, was the celebrated body of Janizaries, consisting of forty-four thousand men. It was, indeed, to this singular military order, established by the second or third prince of the Ottoman line, evidently in imitation of the Egyptian Mamelukes, that the extension and permanency of the Turkish empire was mainly to be ascribed.

Originally, the Janizaries were recruited, not at all from the Turkish, but entirely from the Christian population. Officers sent out for that purpose into all the provinces, but especially into the northern ones, selected from among the subject Christians, and sent to Constantinople, such children as they saw fit. After being taught the Turkish language, and thoroughly indoctrinated in the Mahometan faith, the greater part were distributed abroad, to earn their living by hard labor till they were twenty-two years of age, when they were brought back, instruct-

ed in the use of arms, and enrolled among the Janizaries. Such as seemed unfit for soldiers, were employed, some as sailors, and others as laborers, in the drudgery of the sultan's household and gardens. Those who had given signs of superior intelligence, were carefully instructed in the Koran and the Arabic language, in schools for that purpose, attached to the sultan's palaces at Broussa, Constantinople and Adrianople; and it was from this source that many of the chief officers of the empire were drawn. Their pay was perpetual in peace as well as in war, and more or less according to their personal merit, a graduation which operated as a stimulus to exertion. They were never cast off, but, when old or maimed, were kept in garrison. "These," says our author, "though the sons of Christians, hate that name above all others, and are found (as I have seen some of them) without any natural affection to their parents, as it were transplanted, acknowledging themselves the creatures of the Ottoman family; so much are the present engagements of life too strong for all ties of blood." This choice and education of persons, he adds, "apt to each use, must needs make it excellently performed, as being more natural than the course of Christendom, where princes put arms into the hands of men, neither by spirit nor education martial, and entrust their chief employments with respect to birth, riches and friends, which, to the service intended, are qualities not so proper as those personal abilities which prevail in the Turkish election."

Already, however, in the time of our traveler, this remarkable military order had deviated considerably from its original institution. Instead of the Janizaries being all drawn from among the Christians—thus made to strengthen the Turkish stock by having their children engrafted into it, while they were themselves weakened by the loss of their choicest youth—Christians were permitted, for money, to excuse their children, and Mahometans to purchase the admission of theirs into an order so respectable, opening the way, as it did, to the highest offices. Contrary to the original usage, many of the Janizaries married, and others engaged in merchandise. It was, as we have seen, under the protection of one of these trading Janizaries, that our traveler had journeyed through Turkey. When the

army left Belgrade, a proclamation had been issued that all Janizaries who lingered behind should be hanged; and yet, as we have seen, our traveler's Janizary contrived to evade the service, as did many others, by the payment of money. While the military spirit of the order thus began to decline, the Janizaries had, at the same time, attained to an inconvenient consciousness of their importance. Already they gave signs of that insubordination which subsequently rendered them more formidable at home than abroad, and led at last to their dissolution by the father of the now reigning sultan. Some few years before our author's visit to Turkey, they had put one sultan to death, and had first deposed, and then reinstated, another. But Amurath IV., the sultan then reigning, seemed to have again grasped the reins of power with a firm hand.

The cavalry of the Turkish armies, for which they were still more celebrated than for their infantry, consisted of the great body of the Turkish nation, among whom, as military tenants of the sultan, the lands of the conquered provinces had been distributed, which lands, under these new lords, were cultivated by Christian serfs or slaves. These *Spahies*, or *Spahy Timarists* as they were called, answered precisely, except that the fiefs or *Timarres* were not hereditary, but held for life only, to the military tenants of feudal Europe. Thus the Turks added to the standing infantry of the Janizaries a feudal army of horse, ready to be called into service whenever the exigencies of war required it. It was, no doubt, the inferior light in which service on foot used to be regarded, which had caused the Janizaries to be originally recruited from the Christian population, the Turks in that particular agreeing in opinion with the chivalry of Europe, and, indeed, with the old Romans, among whom those serving on horseback had originally constituted a superior order in the state. These *Spahies*, besides their service in war, had also another important use—that of keeping the conquered provinces in subjection; for which purpose it was necessary that, in all expeditions, many of them should be left at home.

There was, however, in addition to this feudal force, a standing body of horse, specially attached to the person of the sultan, known as *Spahygians*.

In time of war, the Turkish armies were still further reinforced by a great body of volunteer horsemen, some of whom served in hopes of meriting a *Timarre* (of which, by the deaths of the tenants, there was a constant supply at the sultan's disposal), and others in the fanatical expectation of gaining paradise by dying in the Mahometan cause. These volunteers, especially those of the latter class, constituted, in our traveler's time, by no means the least formidable part of a Turkish army; and, to judge by what we hear of the present Turkish army employed against the Russians, this spirit of religious volunteering is yet by no means extinct. The Tartar auxiliaries, drawn from the northern shores of the Black Sea, were to the Turkish armies what the Cossacks are now to those of Russia.

The strength of the Turks at sea was at this time inconsiderable, being chiefly that of the piratical African States, which, though they acknowledged the supremacy of the sultan, yet claimed and enjoyed the privilege of carrying on, for their own profit, perpetual war against all Christian nations. The sailors were chiefly renegade Christians, and the best Turkish vessels, prizes from the Dutch, whom they encouraged to surrender, by a rule of allowing personal liberty to the crews of all vessels which struck without firing, whereas, if taken after resistance, they were reduced to slavery. The knights of Malta kept these pirates somewhat in check, but were not strong enough to drive them from the seas. They were not very forward, so our author states, to attack English vessels; for not only were the crews apt to make a desperate resistance, but the vessels themselves, which constituted with these corsairs no inconsiderable part of the booty, were such dull sailers, being built exclusively for burden, as to be of little use as cruisers.

What tended—and it still tends—not a little to enhance the authority, and support the absolute power, of the sultan, was the position which he enjoyed as the head of the national religion. The caliphs who reigned at Bagdad had continued, long after their loss of temporal power, to claim and to enjoy a certain spiritual authority, as the descendants and representatives of Mahomet. But after the Turkish conquest of Egypt, in which country, among the

Mamelukes, the caliphs had been driven to seek shelter, they had been induced to cede to the conquering sultan the high position of Commander of the Faithful. The policy of the sultans in this respect was afterwards imitated by Peter the Great of Russia, in constituting himself the head of the Russian Church, and the same thing, indeed, has been more or less attempted, though with inferior success, by all the potentates of Europe.

But, however this union of spiritual with temporal authority might strengthen the sultans at home, it raised up for them, or at least embittered, not only Christian foes, but a formidable Mahometan enemy also on their eastern frontier. The Persians were not inclined to acknowledge, as their spiritual head, the sovereign of a rival nation. They evaded the claim of the Ottoman sultan to spiritual supremacy, by denying that the caliphs of Bagdad were the true representatives of the Prophet—that representation having descended, as they alleged, in the line of Ali, the husband of Fatima, and the Mahometan schism, which had lain dormant since the extinction of the Fatimite dynasty of Egypt, thus revived, gave to the national rivalry of the Turks and Persians the added virus of a bitter religious hostility.

The sultan's authority as Commander of the Faithful was, and still is, exercised through the chief mufti, whom he appoints and removes at pleasure, and whose office it is to decide in an authoritative manner all questions growing out of the interpretation of the Koran. In all Mahometan countries the Koran serves as the highest authority in jurisprudence as well as in theology, so that the authority of the chief mufti and his subordinates is no less judicial than ecclesiastical. These offices of judicature form, indeed, the only preferment of the Mahometan priesthood, "wherewith," says our author, "the priest and the judge, being maintained in the same person, two gaps are stopt with one bush, without causing any part of the land to lie dead in the hands of the clergy, or otherwise impoverishing the people with tithes."

Of the Turkish administration of justice, he gives the following curious account.

"There are divers orders of judges, especially two, the *cadi*, and over him the *moulacadi*, like a lord chief-justice.

The supreme head of judicature is the mufti. His decrees the emperor himself will not question, for, indeed, they are secretly guided by his assent, and the grand vizier's. These judges are all, except the mufti, limited to set precincts, and, when convicted of corruption, they are made horrid examples of. The main points wherein Turkish justice differs from that of other nations are three. It is more severe, more speedy, and more arbitrary. They hold the foundation of all empire to consist in exact obedience, and that to depend upon exemplary severity, which is undeniable in all the world, but more notable in their state, made up of several people, different in blood, sect, and interest. The second point, wherein their justice excels, is that of quick dispatch. If the business be present matter of fact, then upon the least complaint the parties and witnesses are taken, and suddenly brought before the judge by certain Janizaries, who with great staves guard each street, as our night-watchmen with halberds at London. The cause is even in less than two hours dispatched, and execution instantly performed, unless it appear a cause so important that an appeal to the moulaçadi is allowed, where also it is as speedily decided. If it be matter of title or right, the parties name their witnesses, who shall presently be forced to come in, for they have no old deeds nor any other reckonings beyond the memory of man. In such cases possession and modern right carry it, without that odious course of looking too far backward. This expedition avoids confusion, and clears the court; whereby it becomes sufficient for many causes, and so, for a great people. As for the particular person, though sometimes he seem disadvantaged by the haste, which may make judgment rash, yet that haste not being passionate, it happens not often, nor then likely is his damage greater than with us, where, after the suspense, delay, and charge of suit, the oversight of a lawyer may with error of pleading cost a good cause, so that after a man hath been miserably detained, to such disadvantage of his other affairs that he had better have lost suit at first, then doth it finally depend not so much on its own bare right as upon the advocate's sufficiency. The last notable point of their judicature is, they have little fixed law, and there-with flourishing make good that saying

of Tacitus, *In pessima republica plurimæ leges*. Yet they pretend to judge by the Alcoran, whereby the opinion of divine authority does countenance those arbitrary decisions which, without some authentic law to justify them, would hardly be endured. This Alcoran is manifestly no book of particular law cases, wherefore they pretend its study does not inform the judge literally, but by way of illumination, which, not being given to secular persons, does neatly put losers off from referring themselves to the text."

"One custom in their justice I have found, which confutes our vulgar maxim, that says 'no commerce can be maintained without fidelity of oath;' for all Turkey is but a miscellany of people, whose religions have little effect upon the conscience, and that drowned in faction against each other. Some of them, as the *Zingara* (Gipsies), do not so much as pretend to any God. In this case an oath were of too slender credit for matters of importance; for he who will commit testimony to oath, must be sure to uphold in the people an awful and tender sense of divine power, or else, in trusting oaths, he exalts knavery in the oppression of truth. Wherefore, they put not the witnesses to oath, but examine them apart, wherein some wise Daniels may have such art of questions so unexpected, and of such secret consequence, as no premeditated agreement can prevent. A false witness endures what the accused should have done had he been guilty. The word of a known Turk upon the faith of a Mussulman, bears down all other testimony unless relieved by strong circumstances. *Three women make but one witness.*"

One of the very latest Turkish reforms consists in the issue of a firman, by which, other things being equal, Christian is put upon a level with Turkish testimony. Upon what ground at present female testimony stands, we are not informed, though, among the many other changes at Constantinople, the doctrine of women's rights is evidently making a certain progress.

Respecting the tenure and descent of property, our author makes the following statements:—"When any man dies, the land in most parts of Turkey is in the emperor's gift, who also hath the tenth of his movables. The rest first pays the widows their jointure agreed and enrolled, then what remains is



equally divided among his children. The son of any great commander neither inherits his father's dignities nor is admitted to new. Thus are both riches and honor hindered from continuing in a family, whereby none hath any credit with the people but as instruments to the Grand-Seignior, who, being sole giver of all, every man fits himself to his employments, without possibility of any greatness un-serviceable, independent, or dangerous to the crown." But whatever might be the political results of this democratical system, in enhancing the authority of the sultans, preventing the growth of a landed aristocracy, and in giving permanency and stability to the Turkish empire, in its economical effects it has proved highly ruinous. No man will spend much in the improvement of a property in which he has only a life estate; and the stationary and in many parts declining condition of Turkey, made more striking by the rapid development, during the last two centuries, of the industry of the North and West of Europe, may be chiefly ascribed to this want of any fixed tenure of landed property. It is from a change in this respect that the regeneration of the Turkish empire is principally to be expected; and without referring to this necessary consequence of a system, which, like most other of the Turkish institutions, he seems a little too much disposed to admire, our author incidentally observes some facts which go to illustrate it. "The Turkish houses," he tells us, "are generally made of brick dried in the sun, poor and low, that they may not be worth taking from the son when the father dies." And he noted while at Cairo, that, as the older and more substantial buildings fell to decay, the new began to be "after the Turkish fashion, poor, low, and made of mud and timber."

Yet while the private dwellings were thus mean, Turkey was well provided with magnificent bridges, highways, caravansaries, mosques, and public bathing houses, in which for less than two pence every person might enjoy a luxurious bath. These public buildings were erected not by the government, but for the most part by private individuals. One great motive to their erection was furnished by the Mahometan religion—for though the Koran guaranteed all believers against the pains of hell, which were exclusively reserved for infidels,

Mussulmans were not entirely released from the salutary dread of a future retribution. They were exposed to a purgatory to be enacted in the grave, the pain to be inflicted by a bad angel, whose violence, however, was supposed to be counteracted by a good one in proportion to the good deeds performed by the party while alive; and among these good deeds, Mahomet had given a high place to acts of charity and benevolence, by which, not particular individuals alone, but the public at large, were benefited. To this religious motive another of a more worldly character was added. Provincial governors, whose rapacity had made them rich and noted, would often expend a portion of their ill-acquired wealth upon those works of public benefit, not only hoping thus to acquire a character for piety such as might baffle accusers, but by this disorgement to appear to have made themselves too poor to promise much to the sultan in the way of confiscation.

The low price of provisions, though much vaunted by our author, was still another proof of the low-ebb at which the industry of the country stood. In most of the towns, bread enough to serve two or three men for a meal would be bought for a halfpenny. Fat mutton stewed with rice, and served up with a dressing of sour milk, was the favorite dish of the Turks, and one which the abundance of mutton enabled them to indulge in very freely. Large tracts of territory were occupied by shepherds, with flocks of two or three thousand sheep, feeding from city to city. Wine also was much cheaper than anywhere in Christendom, yet, as a prohibited article, not everywhere to be had. "For though," says our author, "in that point Mahomet's wise order suffers violence, yet with the better part it prevails, and makes some drink wine with scruple, others with danger. The baser sort, when taken drunk, are often bastinadoed on the bare feet; and I have seen some, after a fit of drunkenness, lie a whole night crying and praying to Mahomet for intercession, so that I could not sleep near them." Among other drinks employed as a substitute for wine, the following description is given of a beverage unknown in England when this book was published, and for many years after, but to us sufficiently familiar. "They have another drink, not good at meat, called

*cauphe*, made of a berry as big as a small bean, dried in a furnace and beat to powder, of a soot color, in taste a little bitterish, that they seethe and drink as hot as may be endured. It is good all hours of the day, but especially morning and evening, when to that purpose they entertain themselves two or three hours in *cauphe*-houses, which in all Turkey abound more than inns and ale-houses with us. It is thought to be the old black broth used so much by the Lacedemonians, and dryeth ill humors in the stomach, comforteth the brain, never causes drunkenness or any other surfeit, and is a harmless entertainment of good fellowship; for there, upon scaffolds half a yard high, and covered with mats, they sit cross-legged after the Turkish manner, many times two or three hundred together, talking, and likely with some poor music passing up and down." But of their music our traveler does not appear to think much, as he insists that he heard but one tune all the time he was in Turkey.

We have room for only one more extract, curious in itself, and showing in one respect, at least, a great improvement in the manners of the Turks of our day over those of two hundred years ago.

"The only beastly piece of injustice I found among the Turks was, their confidence to catch or buy up for slaves any Christians they find in the country; nor can he escape unless he be a settled known merchant, or go with some protector. I met with many who, in such voyages as mine, had fallen short, and prophesied the like to me. I have divers times been put to defend myself with my knife, from being shoved into houses by those who would have kept me slave; and scarce any day passed but some or other cheapened me with the Janizary, who, if he had sold me, I had no remedy beside what disdain of life might have presented. This I held the worst part of my danger, and against which there is no preparation of assurance, but in a final resolution." It was ransom, however, quite as much as service, that was looked to in these seizures; and to diminish as much as possible the temptation in his case, our traveler gave out when questioned, as he often was, as to his condition and the object of his travels, that, though born rich, he had fallen to poverty, that his friends were all dead, and that, having no ability for gain, he had wa-

gered the small remnant of his fortune upon a visit to Constantinople and Grand Cairo, and a safe return. Nor was he content with thus appealing to the pride and sympathies of the Turks, while at the same time he quieted their avarice by exhibiting himself as a person for whom no ransom was to be expected. He took the further precaution, by giving wine to some and money to others, to secure at all times some friend in the caravan who understood the language and kept him informed of what was going on; and wherever he stopped he was careful to gain the acquaintance of some renegado (Christian, that is, who had turned Turk), and so to secure his friendship that in case of danger his assistance might be relied upon. This securing himself against being seized for a slave, he found the most expensive and disquieting part of his enterprise. Apart from this, the Turkish disposition proved in general "loving and honest." If a Turk made a promise with his hand on his breast, beard, or head, and especially if he broke bread with you, his word might be implicitly relied upon. They exhibited, indeed, a haughty insolence, the natural result of the position which they occupied, and of the greatness of their empire. Between Christendom and Persia they had all the world against them; but they still looked either way with proud defiance, intent not merely on defense, but conquest; and this national characteristic was abundantly displayed in the bearing and conduct of individuals. Yet, by submissiveness and flattery they might easily be managed and kept in good humor; and our traveler seems greatly to pride himself on his adroitness in this particular, by means of which, after a little experience, he never doubted of success, except when in company with drunkards, of whom he appears to have met with many, or volunteer soldiers going to merit Paradise by killing Christians, from whom there was no escape except by fleeing their company.

If Christian strangers in Turkey could guard themselves against violence and insults only by the most studied humility, and from being seized and held as slaves only by perpetual vigilance, no great degree of tenderness was to be expected from the Turks towards their own Christian subjects. It was their policy, in those countries of which they obtained complete possession, to destroy all the native nobility, and having dis-

tributed the lands to temporary Turkish proprietors as Timarres or military fiefs, to reduce the mass of the native population to the condition of hewers of wood and drawers of water. But it was not Christians only who were the victims of this harsh policy, for it was carried out with just as much severity against the Arab-Mahometan population of Egypt, as against the Christians of Bosnia, Hungary, and Macedonia.

The Christians themselves, divided and distracted by theological quarrels—those of the Latin, Greek, and Armenian Churches, being irreconcilable enemies—contributed, by their jealousy and hatred of each other, to maintain the authority of the Turks. The Austrians and Poles,

being Roman Catholics, had nothing to expect, in their wars with Turkey, from the Greek Christians. In this respect, as in many others, the position of Turkey has undergone a great change. The faith of the Greek Church, professed by Russia, gives her an influence with the mass of the Christian population of Turkey, such as no other nation ever had, thus making the maintenance of the Ottoman ascendancy a very dubious thing, unless sustained by the Western Christians out of enmity to Russians.

Our author adds some very curious and interesting details concerning the Jews, in whose hands the trade of Turkey principally was; but for these we have no room.

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## THE NIGHT CHASE

FROM CRANSTOUN CASTLE TO EARN'S TOWER.

**D**ARKLY the stormy night  
Threw its shade o'er me,  
Giving no gleam of light  
One step before me,  
While o'er the castle wall,  
Past the bright banquet hall,  
Where the Earl feasted all,  
Daring love bore me.

Then to her balustrade  
Silently springing,  
Soon the true-hearted maid,  
Round my neck clinging,  
Whispered of love a word,  
Trembling, poor frightened bird,  
When from the hall we heard  
Laughter loud ringing.

While round the feasting Earl  
Revel grew madder,  
Lightly I bore the girl  
Down the weak ladder.  
Then from her turret tall,  
Past the bright banquet hall,  
Over the castle wall  
Quickly I had her.

Now on my gallant roan  
Hurriedly leaping,  
Ida before me thrown,  
On my breast weeping,—

Shunning both bridge and boat,  
On I dashed through the moat,  
Closely my wide surcoat  
Over her keeping.

Thus from the chilling stream  
Trying to guard her,  
Lights on my armor gleam,  
Loud blows the warder.  
Scarce had we touched the shore  
When rose their gath'ring roar.—  
*Ida* clung hard before,  
Now she clung harder.

Orson, my trusty steed,  
Thus richly loaded,  
True to his master's need,  
Sped on unguided.  
Soon the hot chase was out,  
And the wild swelling shout,  
Borne from the riding rout,  
Fierce struggle boded.

We through the roaring wood  
Headlong were dashing,  
Fast from our rugged road  
Pebbles flew flashing;  
While on the night wind chill  
Heard we helm, lance, and bill  
Down the steep castle hill  
Fitfully clashing.

On through the darkness, on  
Orson went tramping,  
Fleet as he bore but one,  
White with his champing,  
Making, with eager bound,  
As his hoof tore the ground,  
Mountains and rocks around  
Echo his stamping.

Now through the valley's shade  
Densely they thunder;  
Now, though the forest glade  
Keeps them asunder,  
Dash through the narrow way,  
Heedless as if 'twere day,  
Making the branches sway  
As they ride under.

High on the raging blast  
Torn clouds were streaming;  
While, as they hurried past,  
Moonlight shot gleaming  
Down where we galloped through  
Black shadowed oak and yew,  
Startling the birds that flew  
Dolefully screaming.

And, as from far was borne,  
O'er the storm's howling,  
Horse-tramp and sound of horn  
To the wolf prowling,—  
Thinking the hunt again  
Swept through the dismal glen,  
He to his secret den  
Slunk by us, growling.

From the dark wood we dashed  
To the light heather.  
When in the moonlight flashed  
My casque and feather,  
And, by her kirtle's sheen  
*Ida's* loved form was seen,  
*Cranstoun* and all his men  
Shouted together.

On through the moonlight, on  
Orson went speeding,  
Small strength or spirit gone,  
No spur yet needing.  
Now comes the chase so near,  
Plainly we see and hear  
One knight, by sign and cheer,  
All the rout leading.

While in the wood they were  
We passed the river;  
They struck the bridge or ere  
It ceased to shiver;  
And the tumultuous throng,  
Sweeping its length along,  
Made piers and arches strong  
To their bed quiver.

Steaming, with nostril wide,  
Yet nothing daunted,  
Up the steep mountain side  
Orson now panted;  
Bending his reaching neck,  
Spotted with many a fleck,  
'Gainst the loose bridle check,  
Firm steps he planted.

Where amid awful gloom  
Giant cliffs lower,  
Standing like guards of some  
Terror-girt power,  
Shrouded in torrent's spray,  
Darksome in brightest day,  
Then wound a secret way  
On to *Earn's* Tower.

Few ever ventured there  
Save my wood rangers;  
Not e'en the bravest dare,  
To its paths strangers.



Here had we safety won,  
But that the chase held one  
Whom Love and Hate spurred on,  
Daring all dangers.

*Norman La Torge*—my name  
In each endeavor,  
Ladies' love, tourney's fame,  
Rivaled his, ever.  
Leaving the frightened train,  
Now he dashed on amain,  
*Ida* and revenge to gain,  
That night or never.

Though through this fearful place  
Our way was hollowed,  
On in his headlong race  
Madly he followed;  
Yet far behind was left,  
As by a gaping cleft  
Deep in the mountain reft,  
He saw us swallowed.

Here, I, beneath a rock,  
Left *Ida* lying,  
Safe from the coming shock ;—  
Then met him, crying,  
"Turn thee now *de la Torge*,  
Back, back, or by St. George,  
Headlong adown the gorge  
I'll send thee flying."

On in his reckless wrath,  
Mad with love's fever,  
Came he along that path,  
Bent to achieve her.  
And in defiance he,  
Casting his bridle free  
As he bore down on me,  
Threw up his beaver.

So I his face could see,  
Pallid with passion,  
Which an old blow from me  
Left a red gash on.—  
Such was his fiendish mood :  
Such the dread solitude :  
Never was deadly feud  
Fought in such fashion.

Orson for onset neighed,  
No whit dejected ;  
But his career I stayed  
Where shelves projected  
Out from the mountain's side,  
Making the passage wide.  
Here *Norman's* charge to bide,  
I sat erected.

Onward he galloped as  
 O'er a lawn shaven.  
 Caitiff although he was,  
 He was no craven.  
 Fiercely exulted he,  
 E'en in the thought that we  
 Soon might together be  
 Food for the raven.

But as in heaven's strength  
 Sat I, and wondered,  
 When we a lance's length  
 Hardly were sundered,  
 'Twixt us that ledge of stone  
 Yawned with a horrid groan;  
 Then to the valley down  
 With him it thundered.

Fear fixed, with 'wildered stare  
 O'er Orson bended,  
 Half in the rock-rent air  
 Sat I suspended,  
 Hearing the awful roar  
 Echoing o'er and o'er  
 In the wild gulf before,  
 Till it was ended.

Like one that listeneth  
 Sad tidings learning,  
 Deep drew I then my breath,  
 On my way turning.  
 Whelmed in my heart's full flow,  
 Orson's step, still and slow,  
 Hasted I not, although  
 Toward my love yearning.

Lowly in prayer and fear  
 Found I her kneeling,  
 Where she might overpeer  
 Her rude concealing.  
 Solemnly, tearfully,  
 Told she her joy to me:  
 God in no heart could see  
 Holier feeling.

Cranstoun forgave his child  
 (He had no other)  
 When the next summer smiled  
 On her, a mother.  
 —Look! he on Orson there  
 Steadies his prattling heir,  
 While she with tangled hair  
 Fondles his brother.

## ONLY A PEBBLE.

**A**WAY out in Mesopotamia, the traveler sees vast plains unroll themselves before his wondering eye, and scattered over them many a grassy knoll with its flocks of goats and camels. No one suspected that under those hills lay buried the ancient glory of Nineveh, "an exceeding great city of three days' journey, wherein are more than six score thousand persons." Like the faint echo of distant thunder, a few half-forgotten names and vague, dream-like legends were all that had come down to us from the vast empire, whose merchants were many, "even as the stars in heaven." But a man came from a distant island, he gathered the stones that lay scattered about, and the silence, that had brooded over them for countless ages, was broken by his magic touch. Here he found on a brick strange and yet familiar signs; there he dug, out of the rubbish of thousands of years, costly slabs of alabaster, and on them were carved gigantic, awe-inspiring figures. The Bible in his hand he read, and name after name resumed life and meaning, until at last the whole of its wondrous splendor was unfolded before him.

And thus there lies many a stone in our path that might teach us lessons of grave import—for when the traditions of men are silent, stones become eloquent. But we thrust them aside and we say with contempt: It is only a pebble! We call it dead, lifeless nature. Oh, if it were a noble animal, a beautiful plant! or even a rusty coin, a worm-eaten parchment, upon which some ancient dreamer wrote his long-forgotten fancies about heaven and earth—how we would tax our ingenuity, how we would search through the wide field of human knowledge and bring the wisdom of ages to bear upon the great secret! For are not coins and parchments the work of man? He deigns not to read the bright letters with which Earth herself has written her history on the simple sides of a pebble.

Only a pebble! Oh man, that stone which you thrust so contemptuously out of your way, is older than all else on earth. When the waters under heaven were gathered together unto one place, that pebble was there. Who can tell us the story of those first days, when the earth was in sore travail,

when her heaving bosom belched forth torrents of fire, vast avalanches of hissing, seething water, and huge volumes of deadly vapors? When glowing, blazing streams of lava threw a bloody red glare on the silent, lifeless earth, and, amidst a trembling and thundering that shook the firmament, a thousand volcanoes at once lifted up their fiery heads; when out of the foaming waters there rose suddenly the rocky foundations of firm land and greeted the light that God had created?

That pebble was Life's first offspring on earth. The Spirit of God moved on the waters, and life was breathed into the very gases that were hid in the heart of the vapory globe. They parted in love, they parted in hatred; they fled and they met. Atom joined atom; loving sisters kissed each other, and this love, the great child of that Spirit on earth, brought forth its first fruit, the pebble! Other stones also arose; out of the dark chaos new brothers were seen to appear, and countless friends stood by the side of the first comer. Warmth spread through their limbs, electric currents shaped and fashioned them into ever new forms, and they were joined into families and races each in his kind.

And now the wild struggle subsided. The fierce spirits of fire were banished far down to the dark caverns of the earth, but in angry passion they still rage and roar below, rise in powerless fury until the earth trembles and the heart of man is awed, or they pour forth streams of burning lava through mighty volcanoes. Thus the flames bring us even now messages from the vasty deep, and the lava shows us that what is firm and fast on the surface is still boiling and seething below. Ever yet the unruly spirits trouble the earth. Here they lift Sweden or Chili high out of the vast ocean, there they draw Greenland and Italy down towards their unknown home. Ever yet the stones live; they lift up and sink islands, they fashion new lakes and fill up large streams; they pour fiery cataracts from lofty mountains and bury whole cities under vast volumes of ashes. They are ever active and change, day by day, the very soil on which we live.

Such were the pebble's earliest days. Is he not well-born? But philosophers tell us that he was born only to die;

that life was almost instantly followed by death. To a certain point this is true. As the rock was the first life that came to light from the chaos of atoms, so it also died at the moment of birth. The life-giving electric spark was even but a spark, and, its mission fulfilled, it vanished. The life, that was given from without, that was not inborn, could not continue. Now and then, it is true, fire breaks out anew, as if unable to bear any longer the bonds of death; but what, after all, can it do but lift the coffin's top for awhile? No fire on earth can wake and warm the dead giant within to new life. And yet, even here, where death seems to reign sole and supreme, there are still mysterious powers at work that human wisdom has never yet explained. Place finely-powdered sand on a glass plate and let the clear mass give out a high or low note, and behold! the stone, lifeless, soulless stone, listens to the harmonious sound, dances and frolics, and ranges itself in wondrous stars and circles. What strange power has the so-called Bononian stone to keep the rays of the sun or the light of earth-kindled fire captive, and to let them loose again, long after it has been hidden in utter darkness? What gives the blood-red *Turnalin* its electric power? But electric currents pass even now, unseen and unnoticed, through the heart of the earth, and, under their influence, crystals arise and assume most beautiful shapes. Their forms are most simple, it is true, but so varied in their very simplicity, that man's ingenuity and most fertile fancy has not yet invented a new one. Nothing but straight lines are there seen, cubes and pyramids, rhomboids and prisms, but they all glitter and glare in strange brilliancy, when a ray of light illumines them for an instant in their dark, inaccessible homes.

And if the stone itself does not live and labor and change, friends come from all sides to gladden his silent house and to deck it with precious colors. In the very midst of the rocky world live the merrier metals, and form a thousand delicate veins, bright crystals and tender foliage. Imprisoned in the cold, hard rock, dwell iron and lead, gold and silver, now in safe inaccessible caves, and now mysteriously mixed with its very substance, as if they were lost, frozen rays of heavenly light. There they hide, buried in eternal night, and fancy they have escaped all foes

from beneath; but they dream not of the much more dangerous enemies who live above them and know their secret chambers, even if they cannot look down into the impenetrable darkness of the rocky world. The bold miner digs and drills, and fearlessly descends into the very heart of the earth; there he breaks through wall and rampart and forces the rich metal from its ancient home to toil an humble slave in the service of man.

And is there no romance in the poor pebble's life—the only life on earth that all science of men cannot trace to its first beginning? The pebble was born when God made heaven and earth. The same hills, the same mountains have covered the land from the day that man looked with awe upon the “everlasting hills.” Nations have passed away, and races have vanished from among us, but even the pyramids stand yet in ancient glory and defy the power of ages. The mighty empires of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies have fallen before the enemy; the laws of the Medes and the Persians, that, changed not, are forgotten; the hut of the Arab and the palace of the Conqueror have alike crumbled into dust—but the unchanging rocks rise still high and unbroken from the midst of ruins.

And yet even mountains are not everlasting, and rocks not eternal. What would be their life without a change, and what their existence without a struggle? Even the poor pebble has a life of his own, rich in adventure, lofty in its character, and glorious in its end.

We see it only as it lies sullen and silent near the bank of a brook, perhaps amidst high luxuriant tufts of grass that grow in his shade, and feed on his life's marrow. Around him, on the overhanging banks, stand bright-colored flowers and gaze, with maidens' vanity, upon their image in the crystal waters below them. All around him is life and motion. On the wings of the tempest the clouds above him race up the heavens and down again. Thick pearly drops of cooling rain patter from on high, and rise soon after, in clear, invisible vapors back to the sunny height from which they came. Untiring wings carry the birds of heaven to their distant homes. Restless brooks rush in eager haste from the snow-covered Alps to the sunny plains; broad streams pour majestically their huge floods into the great ocean, and run with its

gigantic waves around our globe. The beasts of the field wander from land to land; nations and empires are ever seen moving with a strange, mysterious impulse towards the setting sun—the very trees and grasses of the earth move slowly, in man's wake, from zone to zone.

The pebble alone lies still and lonely by the wayside, and shuts his eyes not to see the merry, wandering life around him. Still, he also had his time when he traveled far over land and sea. High upon a lofty mountain-peak was his first home, and there his life, full of strife and struggle, began in fierce war with the elements. For there is enmity between them and the poor pebble. Mild but treacherous rains stole through cleft and crevice into every pore of the rock, and oozed from vein to vein, filling the core of the giant with indescribably delicate and wondrously ramified little canals. Then came hard winters that froze the swelling veins, and sent sharp daggers of icicles into his very marrow; they blasted his limbs, and rent them with insidious force into fragments. Balmy springs melted again the thousand sharp wedges; but the poor rock rejoices no longer in his solid, massive strength, water and air have drilled and bored countless little holes and channels through the vast body; each year snow and ice press further and further; the very air, full of destructive power, gnaws at every corner and every edge, until the high-swollen torrent at last worries the weary rock out of his ancient resting-place, and bears him for a moment in wild triumph high on its roaring, rollicking waves. Or perhaps cold, dazzling glaciers, bright, majestic icebergs lifted him on their broad shoulders, and carried him high over wide plains or the ocean's unmeasured width, until at last he fell with a fearful crash, that the splinters flew and the waters foamed. Even now the heavy rocks of the polar circle are carried by the hand of colossal icebergs from the eternal snows of their home to the sweet climes of the Equator. Even now the glaciers of Alps and Andes bear down huge blocks of ancient granite to low meadows and distant waters. The green waters of the Rhine carry many a child of the ice-covered Alps to the fertile plains of the Netherlands, whilst the brother that was born on the same high throne, is torn from his side to wander on the dark waves of the Danube

to the inhospitable shores of the Black Sea.

For, a fierce, untiring leveler, the water wages incessant war against the aristocrats of the earth. It gnaws and tears and wearies the loftiest mountain top season after season, age after age, and is never content until it has brought him low, and dragged him in spiteful contumely to its own great home, the ocean. Each river has to be a faithful, restless servant in the work of destruction. The Nile has created its Delta, the Rhine has formed all Holland; before the Ganges and the Mississippi grow vast islands of mud and sand far into the ocean. The Po and the Rhine, like greater rivers, have even raised their own bed, so that they now flow above the surrounding plain, and costly levees only can keep our own Father of Rivers within his natural bounds. From high mountains come the unmeasured stores of finely-ground stone, that cover the bed of the ocean. Every tide and every current, that approaches the coast, brings on its broad shoulders immense masses of sand and heaps them, layer upon layer, until the downs of some countries rise to a height of 200 feet. It is as if the poor-exiled stone longed to return to its early home. Raging and roaring, new tides and new waves rush against their own offspring, but the humble pebble, strong in union, and hardened by the very pressure of the waters, resists their fury, checks the huge power of the ocean, and protects proud man in his possessions!

Man hardly dreams of the fierce, incessant warfare that is waged against the loftiest mountain chains of our earth. It is true we see Alpine torrents press angrily through their narrow bed, half filled with ruins, we hear the thunder of mighty rocks that fall with the terrible avalanche, we know even mountain sides to slide and to bury whole towns under their colossal weight. The dweller in high Alpine regions sees, through spring and through summer, large stones suddenly fly off from the steep, smooth sides of the highest rocks, often with such loud explosions and so constantly, as to resemble the regular fire of a platoon. The mountain shepherd sees year after year his pastures encroached upon by masses of falling, crumbling rock, and the amazed traveler is seized with deep awe and vague fear, when he crosses the vast wastes,



covered with thousands of silent stones, with which yet the elements have written their Mene Mene in colossal letters on the mountain slopes. But we are all accustomed to look upon these events as the rare occurrences of a year or a season. The tooth of Time works slowly, and generations pass away, ere its marks are seen by human eyes. The hand of Him, in whose hands lies the fate of the earth, loves not to send plutonic powers to shake the mountains from their ancient foundations, and has promised that there "shall not be any more a flood to destroy the earth." But Alps and Andes, Cordilleras and Himalaya will fall, and the eternal mountains be leveled to the ground.

Our rock, hurled by his enemy from his ancient throne, now lies in some deep, dark ravine, where night and dead silence alone reign supreme. A giant block still, it hangs threatening in boldly towering masses over the precipice, and, in its sullen, stolid wrath, stems for awhile the wild raging flood. Wave after wave falls back from his strong, rocky breast; year after year the rushing waters leap, yelling over his proud head, or steal grumbling and growling, past the invincible foe. But the victory is here also not to the strong. Step by step they push him down into the valley; limb after limb they tear from his body and grind them into fine sand; by day and by night, in winter and summer, they throw their whole power against him, until at last he resists no longer and becomes "only a pebble."

But a sadder fate still awaits him. The roaring fury of a swollen torrent seizes him and carries him off in wild haste. After a fierce chase down the steep sides of a mountain, he finds himself, of a sudden, in a new world. He wonders and marvels. He lies in a smiling meadow, glowing in the golden light of the sun and decked with gorgeous flowers. But alas! he cannot live in a world of light and air. A thousand new foes, small, unseen, and unnoticed, but all the more powerful, surround him. Sweet, prattling rivulets play with the new guest, and too late he finds that there is poison in their smile and a dagger in each embrace. The very air, this mere dream that the eye does not see, and the hand does not feel, attacks him with fatal energy. It pierces into his veins; it slips into the tiniest cleft; it loosens the sinews of his

structure, and gnaws, with insatiable eagerness, at the very core of his life. The fiercest of all his enemies, called oxygen, sows discord among the imprisoned gases that hold the beautiful structure of the stone together. Subtle and cunning, it lures, first one and then another, from its ancient alliance; treacherously it draws them to the surface, and decks the unresisting victim with brilliant colors which conceal the certain destruction that is going on beneath the bright surface. The lifeless mass, no longer strong in union, begins to crumble into its elements. New forces are called to aid: electric fluids consume his last force, and galvanic currents tear and rend what has withstood all other influences. Utterly helpless and friendless, the poor pebble thus lies but a little while amidst the grasses that feed upon his very substance. See, already moist-footed mosses have scaled up his sides, and, true parasites as they are, cling firmly to his dying body. Whole families of minute algae have snugly ensconced themselves in every wrinkle of his weatherbeaten face, and diminutive water-pools fill every scar and every dimple. Soon they will have hid him forever under the green turf of his grave, and slowly, slowly he will moulder away under his moist grave-clothes.

And if he does at last succumb, the mighty rock—is it not a glorious strife, this never-ceasing battle between soft, elastic water, and cold, rigid stone? How they charge and charge again, these subtle, tiny drops of rain; these airy, gentle flakes of snow; these graceful crystals of icy hail! The great giant cannot resist the diminutive dwarfs. Truly, the battle is not to the strong, for the victor is the weak, wee drop of water, and so helpless is the colossal mountain, that it succumbs to the passing shower and the soft, elastic wave. For, in fact, its very massiveness is its sure ruin. His foes are light, airy beings—he cannot seize them, he cannot strangle them in his gigantic arms. The tiny brook wears its little rill with untiring industry into the rocky sides of the mountain; the torrent tears its flanks, spring after spring, with ever new and ever growing fierceness; huge glaciers break its mighty ribs; the air crumbles the lofty summit to pieces, and the proud giant sees his sad fate foreshadowed in the ruins that slowly, but surely, gather at his feet. There

he stands, stern and stately still, the hero of Nature's great tragedy; boldly facing certain death, and yet manfully, nobly struggling against inevitable Fate. For there is something peculiarly tragic in the simple fact, that the rock succumbs to the powers of that same life which he first bore, first nourished. He gathered around his lofty head the waters of the air—and the clouds and thunderstorms which he nursed in his bosom and bore many a long day on his mighty shoulders, strike, like thankless children, their sharp fangs into his side. Mosses and algae, that found a safe home in his thousand chinks and clefts, eat their way into his substance, and caused his rocky surface to decay. Dark forests grew on his ridges and he fed them age after age with his life's blood—but what is his reward? They sport with the vapors of the far-off ocean; they call them and keep them in loving embrace or pour them in fierce rain and destructive hail upon his decaying sides. The very grasses with which he loved to deck his sweet, fragrant meadows, dig with spade and auger into the crumbling stone, and consume layer after layer. And when all these, his graceless children, cannot conquer the mighty giant, man comes to their aid, and with cruel machinery, with brutal powder he breaks his iron limbs, and cuts and carves at his granite foundation. As the giants and titans of ancient Greece fell, one by one, victims of a higher power, in whose service they had won a noble fame, so the very life that the rock created and nourished, feeds in turn upon him, and Fate decrees his death through the results of his own colossal strength.

But there is Life in Death. Not in man's inspired writings only, but in every lineament, in every movement of our great mother Earth all around us, all over this globe. Death seems to stalk triumphant. The summer passes away, flowers fade and fruits decay; field and meadow are buried in deep slumber. Broad lands are swallowed up by the hungry ocean, and gigantic mountains sink to be seen no more. But Death has found his conqueror in Nature also. What perishes, rises again; what fades away, changes but form and shape. Sweet spring follows winter; new life blossoms out of the grave.

So with stones also. The poor pebble lies unnoticed by the water's edge; soft

rains come and loosen the bands that hold him together; refined, almost spiritualised, he rises with the gentle water-drops into the delicate roofs of plants. With the grass he passes into the grazing cattle, and through vein and artery, until at last he becomes part and portion of the being into which God himself has breathed the breath of life! And when dust returns to dust, he also is restored once more to his first home, after having served his great purpose in the household of Nature—no tto restor to perish forever, but to begin again the eternal course through death and life.

But even whilst yet "only a pebble," he claims our attention as the very Proteus of stones, that meets us in a thousand ever new and ever changing forms, at all times of our life, from the cradle to the grave, until we ourselves return dust to dust.

Far below in the vast deep of primeval mountains he dreams of the gay, light life on the sunny surface of the earth, of strange forms of plants, and of still stranger, free motions of animals. A new, irresistible impulse seizes him, and he grows up—who knows how?—into a wondrous crystal, decked with bright colors, the very flowers of the subterranean world of stones. In lonely, silent caverns they light up the eternal night with a fire given them long before man trod upon earth. Like petrified sparks of light, here in diminutive littleness, there in gigantic size, they lie scattered about. Mighty rivers roll tiny fragments to the distant ocean—in the crystal caves of St. Gothard the clear, glorious rock-crystal grows in bright, polished pyramids of one to eight hundred pounds weight! Now and then it blends with the gay colors of metals, and appears as beautiful topaz, binding, as it were, the very smoke of subterranean fire in graceful stone, or as precious amethyst, whose violet crystals Aristotle praised for their beauty, and because, worn on the breast, they protected the wearer against the evils of drunkenness. Long and slender, fit to be the sceptre of the earth's sovereign, the pebble-crystal shines and glitters in the mines of Hungary; in Java his brilliant splendor is humbly hid in loose sand, and in our own Northern States it adorns the common sandstone with bright, beautiful points. And if you hold the gay stone-flower to the light—what sparkles in its transparent bosom? The crystal

holds in loving embrace a kindred spirit: a pure drop of water rests clear and bright in its glassy prison, and dreams of the sister drops that flit without in eager haste and restless strife through the wide, wide world.

There is no form that the pebble does not assume, no company that he despises. He is constantly changing shape and home, to join countless other stones, metals and earths, and, with them, to give new life and new beauty to the unknown mineral world. Invisible, he gushes forth in the clear waters of hot springs, from the very heart of the earth. The burning geysers of Iceland are not too hot for him; the very craters of Kamschatka afford him a comfortable home, and, with strange pleasure, he forms a stony armor around the tender stalks of graceful grasses.

As if he had lost his way and strayed from his path, he is found in chalk-mountains, far from his kindred, and oddly shaped in the form of flints, holding in his bosom the power of calling forth the hidden fire of metals. Everywhere his works are seen. Here he builds heaven-aspiring Alps, with deep abysses and lovely valleys; their lofty heads are buried in eternal ice, on which the morning and evening sun kindles fires that proclaim the power of the Almighty far over land and sea; from their sides thunder death-bearing avalanches and furious torrents, whilst at their feet lie green meadows and still waters, where the weary love to rest. There he raises huge domes, crowned with frowning forests, or he sends up, as if in sport, strange, quaintly-shaped columns of sandstone, that tower like enchanted castles above the plain. The pebble is the true architect of mountains; it is he who built their gigantic pyramids and their mighty cupolas; if we descend to the first stones of the plutonic world, there is the pebble; if we rise up to volcanic creation, even there we meet the despised pebble. Again he spreads himself out in dreary vastness over the plains of Asia and Africa; he creates those terrible deserts, where the tinkling of the camel's bell alone breaks the dead silence. There the soil burns, the air glows, hot vapors alone seem to live. But even here the pebble tries to create new shapes. He gives himself up to the wild sports of the winds; like a huge water-spout he rushes up and down the fearful waste, or he

paints with enchanted colors wondrous images of cool gardens, blue hills and refreshing fountains.

Even into the other kingdoms of Nature he find his way. He wrestles with the powers of the earth and, after conquest, compels them to serve him as useful allies. Wheat and oats, rye and barley, all need a flinty soil; all grasses, that feed our domestic animals and ourselves, drink, with their roots in rain and spring water, large quantities of dissolved flint. It is an humble and despised thing, the worthless straw and the low stalk of grass; and yet it surpasses in beauty and boldness of structure the graceful palm and the storm-defying oak. Silly, slowly, the pebble's tiniest parts mingle with the soft waters of the earth, and ascend, through root and radicle, into the heart of joyous plants. Man has no lofty steeple, the world no proud pyramid, that can compare with the airy and yet solid structure of the humble blade of grass. Thanks to the little pebble, its hollow column rises high above moss and clod; its tower fills story after story with rich food for man; the rain cannot enter into the safe chambers; the wind can bend but not break the elastic pillar.

Thus the pebble unites with his enemy, water, to create a new world, and to become itself, as it were a life-endowed being. He ceases to be the rigid, unbending stone; with the tiny drop he enters into organic creation. He feeds now upon the ethereal elements of air and fire, and aids in building up a new organic kingdom. Surely, there are sermons in stones. Was there ever sermon preached that taught more clearly the transfiguration of even lifeless matter, and its resurrection in a higher world.

The pebble spends, however, not all of his creative power on the Vegetable Kingdom only; he works in a still higher world also, and gives a form and a house to millions endowed with animal life. When they die, he gathers together their abandoned home with wonderful care, and builds out of minute, mostly invisible shells, wide plains and towering mountains! Does this not remind one of the enchanted princesses of Eastern tales? Here also there are beings, but beings without number, held in the icy bonds of death, waiting for the day, when the great word shall be spoken, that will change

death once more into life, and sorrow into joy.

Thus, through plants and animals, the pebble has risen, ever brighter, better, and more useful in the great household of Nature. No longer a selfish recluse, he now offers a brother's hand to other elements, and, with their aid, he enters into and builds up himself a higher world. We know that every drop of our spring water contains some little atoms of the pebble, and plant, animal and man drink, all alike, with this water, an indispensable element of their life. Man's very body, it is said, holds flint; he drinks it in his water, and eats it in his lentils, his beans, and his cabbage.

But even this does not satisfy the pebble's ambition. He feels his longing towards light—for even stones, "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain"—not yet satisfied. He presses onward, upward to the great light of heaven, and, at last, by a new union, becomes light itself, bodily, tangible light.

Phœnician merchants, we are told, in days of yore kindled a fire on the sandy shores of Africa, and saw, to their amazement, a beautiful mass, bright and clear, formed in the ashes. The wily merchants carefully gathered the strange pieces and—glass was invented. More recent researches have discovered glass in the cities of the dead of old Egypt, and, if there is no error about it, even ancient Nineveh itself knew the precious material.

Thus the humble pebble became the invaluable medium by which we can let light into the dark night of our dwellings. The poor Esquimaux still builds his miserable hut like the beasts of the field, darkening and closing all apertures, to keep out snow and rain, frost and ice. Other nations are reduced to thin layers of horn, which allow a faint light to sift through the opaque material, but soon lose even this transparency under the influence of wind and weather. Better fares the contented peasant of Siberia, who gathers the ample stores of mica around his hut, cuts them into small thin panes, and thus enjoys a doubtful light, equally far from the joyous brightness of day and the sweet, sleep-bringing coziness of night. Few only could be able to afford the costly luxury of the so-called window-pane muscle of Chinese waters, and yet fewer still ever think of what a true blessing the little pebble is to us

in his new form of glass! How vastly superior is—thanks to him—the poorest laborer's hut now to the gorgeous palaces of ancient Rome. Neither the splendid mansions of her senators nor the glorious temples of Athens and Memphis knew the cheap comfort, the simple beauty of glass. Now, poor, indeed, and wretched must be the man who cannot invite the cheerful light of day into his humble dwelling, and yet keep storm and rain, wind and weather at bay. And as light comes, a welcome guest, to his hearth, so his eye can, unimpeded by wickerwork or wooden shutter, as of old, now pass freely beyond the narrow domain of his little home. It can reach far and free into God's beauteous creation, and even the poor, sick sufferer on his couch may gladden his eye with the sight of green trees, and his mind by looking upward into the blue heaven where his great Father dwells, that will never forsake him.

It is strange, indeed, that the great value of glass remained so long unacknowledged. It is true that Phœnician and Carthaginian merchant-princes gloried in their large, brilliant glass vases as the costliest jewels they possessed. Nero and Hadrian even yet counted them as by far the most precious treasures of their palaces and paid nearly half a million for one. To keep their rich wines in glass and to drink the generous fluid out of glass was given only to a few, the richest of the land. Europe appreciated it still more slowly. The royal palace of rich England could, in the year 1661, boast of glass windows only in the upper stories; the lower were closed with shutters.

Those Phœnicians who first made glass, did certainly not anticipate that they had thus created a charm by which man would hereafter obtain the most signal triumphs in science. They were pleased with its bright coloring, they fashioned it into graceful vessels, they shaped it into a thousand forms, but they knew not that a glance through the glassy pebble would open to their near-sighted eye the wonders of the Universe. With the lens man governs the whole world. He tells the rays of the sun to come and to depart at his bidding; he scatters them as he pleases and he binds them together, until their united strength melts the very stone of stones, the hardest of earthly bodies, the diamond. Near-sighted or far-sighted, he takes a glass and the rays

of light are made to fall where he pleases, so that he may see what Nature seemed to have denied him. What a progress is this from the huge, unwieldy glass globe, filled with water, of which Seneca speaks with wonder, and which the Arab Al Hazem perhaps already employed to magnify small objects! Now the general on the battle-field, and the bold sea-captain on the wide ocean marsh their wide-scattered forces by the aid of their glasses. But the greatest of triumphs it accomplishes in the hands of the Astronomer. The whole world lies before him; with one glance he looks through unmeasured space and into times unknown to man. The secrets of the Universe are hid open to him; the stars reveal to him the eternal laws of the world, and his mind is lifted up to the Infinite. Step by step the despised pebble thus becomes the teacher of mankind. He tempts

the mind of man from invention to inventions, he becomes glass, lens, telescope. And he is, perhaps, greater yet when he leads man not to the infinitely great, but to the infinitely small. How diminutive appears the microscope by the side of the gigantic telescope of Lord Rosse! And yet who dare say which is the greater, the world in the blue heavens above, or the world in the drop of water? Truly, the pebble has become light itself; it has shown man two invisible worlds: the great, lost in unmeasurable distance, the small, lost in invisible diminutiveness. The pebble is the restless spirit of the world of stones, that yearneth and travaileth after light. It enters the service of man and, a slave, it becomes his master. It endows him with unknown worlds; it awakes in him living, heaven-inspired thoughts—surely, it is more than "only a pebble!"

#### THE COUNT DE CAGLIOSTRO.

IT was a lovely autumnal afternoon, on the vigil of All Saints, when the Cardinal de Rohan, prince-bishop of Strasburg, slowly returned to his episcopal palace, from the celebration of the mass in the neighboring cathedral. Of an imposing presence, graceful manners and elegant tastes, his Eminence well became the sumptuous robes which adorned his person. On this occasion, however, far less than its customary magnificence was displayed in his toilette. His alb, though of the most precious English lace, was not such as, worked *en point à l'aiguille*, and valued at one hundred thousand livres, he was wont to exhibit at Versailles, before the eyes of royalty; his missal, though of such antiquity and splendor as would have brought tears of admiration to the eyes of a modern bibliomaniac, was not the inestimable family heir-loom, the least illumination of which was a *chef d'œuvre*, and whose covers alone were studded with precious stones to the value of a duke's ransom. His abstracted glance but too plainly showed that the popular voice did not err when it whispered that the thoughts of this Prince of the Church

were not always with his pulpit and his breviary. Whatever there was, however, of meditation in his manner, it disappeared before his high politeness, like the morning mists before the rays of the summer sun, as he welcomed within his palace two of the noblest of the neighboring gentry, the Baron and Baroness D'Oberkirch. The conversation became at once animated and piquant, when, suddenly, the doors of the apartment were thrown open, and, with a ceremony as though he were admitting a sovereign prince, the groom of the chambers announced:

"His Eminence the Count de Cagliostro!"

For some time past this person had been dwelling in Strasburg, exciting the constant admiration of the crowd and the watchfulness of the police. His manner of life was the subject of perpetual conversation. His couch was a simple fauteuil, his only food the cheese for which Alsace is famous, and his ostensible occupation, the healing, by miraculous powers, of all human infirmities. His appearance was not less singular than his habits, bedecked as he was with diamonds of an almost incredible



value, which he openly asserted were the manufacture of his own hands.

Impressed as were his guests with the idea that this mysterious stranger was nothing less than a dangerous charlatan, nothing could exceed their surprise at the mixture of politeness and reverence with which the Cardinal received his visitor. For a few minutes, the discourse, interrupted by the presence of a stranger, seemed to flag, when, suddenly, Cagliostro, whose eyes had not since his introduction been removed from the face of the baroness, abruptly addressed her. With the most precise minuteness, he went over all the private details of her past life. This was not unaccountable, for he might have learned it from others. But when we find him with equal certainty declaring to her the future history of her domestic career, we are forced to coincide with the lady in pronouncing him a singularly adroit guesser, albeit nothing more. For *Madame la Baronne* was one of those ladies whose opinions, for good or for ill, once formed, are only strengthened by the lapse of time; she never wavered in the dislike and disregard in which she rated the wizard. It was otherwise with her host: the prediction of the very hour of the death of the Empress Maria Theresa, of Austria, made to him by Cagliostro, and so strangely confirmed by the event, had inspired him with a faith that no subsequent persuasions or reasoning could shake. He would publicly display a diamond seal ring on which he had caused to be engraved the Rohan arms. This stone, valued by competent jewelers at twenty-five thousand francs, Cagliostro had produced from his crucible in the Cardinal's presence, who had even, from beginning to end, assisted in the operation. What wonder, then, that he trusted to the evidence of his senses? Yet all this while, independent of the present profit that, directly or indirectly, he managed to extract from his protector, Cagliostro was carefully taking the breadth and depth of his mind. In a few years, as we shall see, he turned his knowledge to a bitter account.

Such, then, was the faith of Louis René Edouard, prince de Rohan, a cardinal of the Holy College at Rome, and bishop of the ancient city of Strasburg; nor need we be surprised at the credulity of so exalted a personage, even at

that recent date in the history of civilization, when we reflect upon the mental temper of the age. Though tacitly abandoned during the earlier part of the seventeenth century, the doctrines of the permutation of metals, of the philosopher's stone, and the *Elisir Vitæ*, had secretly returned into vogue with a certain class of persons towards its close, and during the earlier part of the eighteenth. Indeed, no less a philosopher than Sir Humphrey Davy has, in our own days, intimated the possibility of the discovery of the former secret; wherefore, then, should we marvel that, a hundred years ago, men, gifted with lights so far inferior to his, should, wandering in darkness, blindly grope after the fitting gleams of the ignis fatuus at whose flame they fondly hoped to kindle the torch that should illumine their path to inexhaustible days of glory, power and fame? All kings possess not the stern self-will of Charles of Sweden, of whom we have somewhere seen it told that a criminal, under sentence of death for some dark crime, boldly claimed his life on the pretext of his ability to serve the State by his wondrous faculty of changing lead and worthless iron into the purest silver; which secret, according to the sacred adage, that "all which a man has will be given for his life," he offered to exchange for liberty and pardon. His talents were put to the test; and speedily ingots of the precious metal covered his dungeon floor. But the just sovereign's only reply was, to order the wretched man to immediate execution. Such powers, he thought, dangerous at any time, became doubly so when possessed by one capable of the most heinous offenses. The curious reader will find in the *Memoires de Richelieu* (a work happily without parallel in English literature, unless, indeed, we place beside it some of the loosest passages of Rochester), a detailed account of similar experiments, crowned, too, with like success. Nor did the idea of commanding, by alchemical spells, the inversion of the orders of Nature—nay, even the services of the powers of darkness themselves—rest limited to the breast of the sage whom too much learning had made mad, or the peer on whom the same effect was produced by too little. The spirit of mysterious and forbidden inquiry flew at higher game, and even the hearts of kings and princes did not escape the

infection. On the death of the Duke of Orleans, (him who was called Orleans St. Geneviève, in consequence of his secluding himself among that religious body,) the son of the Regent Duke of Orleans, a secret cell was discovered in the Palais Royal, communicating with its master's apartments. When opened—it evidently had not before been entered for many years—all sorts of alembics, crucibles, treatises on magic and cabalistics pells, were strewn around. Skulls, powders, herbs of every description, supposed to be applicable to purposes

"Which e'en to name would be unlawful,"

lay scattered about; while a manuscript note-book, in the autograph of the Regent, but too plainly evidenced who had been the occupant of this chamber. And if the Count de Modena is to be believed, there is another instance of still greater devotion to unlawful studies than this. He says that in his company and with his aid, the Count de Provence having in due form and with solemn preparations invoked the presence of the devil, that potentate finally appeared. There was nothing terrific in his appearance: on the contrary, as though mindful of the rank of his questioner, and recollecting the line,

"The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman,"

"Auld Clotie" on this occasion presented himself in the form of an agreeable young man, whose slightly-budding, nascent horns were the only symptoms of an igneous origin. Among other interesting particulars, he informed the Count de Provence that he should yet be king—a circumstance then improbable enough, as Marie Antoinette had already borne to Louis XVI. two sons and two daughters. But the Count actually at last inherited the crown as Louis the Eighteenth, the largest and last of his name. We, of course, do not ask our readers—gentle or simple, as the case may be—to believe this story; but it seems very certain that it was related by the Count de Modena among his intimates long before the French Revolution; and after all it is quite as credible as some of the notions of the present day.

So much for royal and noble dealers in the Black Art: return we now to the hero of our theme. The Count de Cagliostro, as in his most famous days he

styled himself, was, beyond a doubt, the most superb and singular impostor of his time. Born at Palermo, of obscure origin, on the 8th of June, 1743, his genuine name was plain Joseph Balsamo. His parents, Pietro Balsamo and Felicia Braconieri, persons of mean condition and lowly pursuits, could little have foreseen that the puny child they dandled in their arms was destined to excite as great a sensation, to keep as good company, to spend as much money, and to accomplish, perhaps, as much harm as any man of his epoch, whether princely-born or poorly, whether Juno, Venus, or Minerva presided at his birth.

His youth afforded a not unfair prognostic of the current of his future life. The old Pietro dying, the care of kindred sought to provide his orphaned son with a good education, and the prospect of at least ending his days as an officer of some petty religious establishment. But our ambitious Joseph was not one to hide his talents within the walls of a monastery. *Cucullus non facit monachum*. At school or at convent, his first care seems to have been to effect as much mischief as he possibly could produce; his next to run away. With an invincible taste for dissipation of every description, only provided that is smacked of a forbidden flavor, he joined, however, a capacity for acquiring with extreme facility various branches of learning, and a most wonderful gift for lying. He was no mean proficient in chemistry; he drew with skill; he possessed some knowledge of medicine, and at one time or another became master of an infinity of tongues. At the period of which we speak, however, *fencing* was his ruling passion—an art, by his masterly knowledge of its principles and practice, destined, on more than one occasion, to stand him in good stead.

It is easy to conceive that such an Admirable Crichton as this could not long remain undiscovered in the vicinity of Palermo. Not an intrigue, not a quarrel, not a piece of superfine roguery could transpire (and somehow they were of uncommonly frequent occurrence about this time), that the police did not find the handiwork of Master Balsamo plainly betraying its originator. One of the pleasantest of these little escapades, though, in the end, rather a dear joke even for the successful operator, was a hoax he found means to play

off upon a goldsmith named Marano. Having persuaded his silly dupe of the existence of a treasure as vast as that of Monte Cristo, and, like it, concealed in a secret cavern, Marano purchased his information for sixty pieces of gold. When night had fairly set in, the goldsmith repaired to the grotto, and with hesitating steps slowly penetrated its gloomy recesses; but no sooner had he fairly commenced digging at the appointed spot than Balsamo and a crew of choice confederates, disguised as goblins and devils, fell upon the luckless treasure-seeker, and with staves and bludgeons belabored him within an inch of his life. The repulsed victim was not slow in discovering the prime author of his woes, and, not content with a legal process to compel the restitution of the money, he solemnly vowed to wipe away the wounds his honor had received in virtue of the blows inflicted on its mortal tenement, by cutting Signor Balsamo's throat on the first convenient opportunity. Joseph knew the goldsmith to be a man of his word; he had likewise recently committed a happy forgery of a will in favor of a certain Marquis di Maurigi, and was naturally fearful of the discovery of his ingenious toils. These considerations so operated upon his soul, that, like the sagacious youth that he was, he shook the dust from his shoes, and bade the walls of his native city of Palermo, and the *cari luoghi* of his childhood, a long farewell.

It would be useless to follow the devious path of this still ordinary swindler through his various wanderings. Passing successively by the names of Tischio, of Mélissa, of Belmonte, of the Marquis di Pellegrini, of Auna, Fenix, and Harat, he traveled through Greece, Egypt, Persia, and Rhodes, at every place practicing some new subtlety, in every land acquiring some new learning, and at least a superficial smattering of its language. Finally, however, he brought up at the island of Malta, where he had the misfortune to lose his *compagnon du voyage* during his later travels, one Altotas—a person whom he evidently had revered as his “guide, philosopher, and friend.” The learning of this man Cagliostro painted, in after years, in the most glowing colors. Beyond the fact, however, that he seems to have devoted long and satisfactory research upon the subject of alchemical secrets,

and had imparted much recondite information concerning the same to his votary, we know nothing certain. Through this connection, too, he became acquainted with Pinto, the then Grand Master of the Knights of Malta, who was himself given to similar experiments, and was patronized by him to a considerable extent. Furnished by Pinto with introductory letters, of which he did not fail to make the utmost use, Balsamo set out, after his companion's death, for Naples, whence he repaired to Rome. At the Eternal City he gave his genius for imposture and charlatanism full play, and after a number of adventures, in which he alternated from the secret chambers of the Cardinal Ganganeli (afterwards Pope Clement XIV.) and the then Holy Father himself to the common town-jail, he finally carried his exertions to other fields. With him, too, he bore away his spouse, a certain Lorenza Feliciani, whom he had wedded at Rome, and from whose abundant charms he reaped a continued harvest. For it was a maxim with this man, that “adultery is no crime in a woman who commits it merely on account of her interest, and not through affection for another man than her husband,” and he never failed to reconcile his heart to the temporary absence of its legal mistress, whenever he could receive what he considered a satisfactory compensation in ready cash.

In this wise, then, Cagliostro—as we suppose we may as well henceforth style him—wended his way through various parts of Europe. At Barcelona and Madrid, his *modus operandi* was so precisely similar to that narrated in Guzman d'Alfarache, that we might almost have suspected a man of less capacity of having stolen a leaf from the book of that Spanish rogue. But Cagliostro was no vulgar imitator; he was a man of rare ingenuity, and of whatever other crimes he may have been guilty, he is not justly amenable to the charge of plagiarism. From Lisbon passing to England, he remained there till the patience and the inclinations of the Londoners seemed exhausted, and then accepting the overtures of a certain Monsieur Duplaisir, his wife and himself made “a moonlight flitting” to Paris, where they lived for some time in great comfort, under the protection and entirely at the expense of that gallant man. Here it was that, after

a few rather disheartening scenes, he began to lay the foundations of that cloudy pillar of fame with which all France was to be so soon dazzled. In addition to a facile pen, which he had already in London and elsewhere turned to account, he now put in requisition his alleged supernatural powers. Washes for renewing freshness and beauty to complexions ravaged by the hand of time—Egyptian wines which should restore to age and decrepitude the lusty vigor of youth—these were the least of his accomplishments. He pretended to a knowledge of the past and of the future, to the secret of perpetual life, to the art of producing, by chemical means, gold and diamonds to any amount whatsoever, and to a miraculous gift of healing; and, what is a little odd, he managed things so dextrously as actually to seem very often to perform all that he promised. Sleight of hand, perhaps, aided him in part; a practical knowledge of all the secrets of the laboratory doubtless wrought its share; and the means of information which his masonic combinations put at his disposal probably did the rest. For during some years previously Cagliostro had busied himself, wherever he went, in endeavoring to purify and reform, as he called it, the existing order of Free and Accepted Masons, and to create their lodges anew, introducing women as well as men therein. Of course, we cannot guess at the secrets of the legitimate Masonic Order; but it is certain Cagliostro was at the head of a widely-ramified society, founded on principles professedly similar to theirs, and from the slight tax levied on each member he drew his copious and unaccountable revenue. It was this circumstance that so puzzled many of the shrewdest investigators into his affairs. They would find large sums suddenly and mysteriously placed to his credit in banking houses all over Europe, in States where they knew he possessed not one stiver of capital—and they could never ascertain anything more. No wonder they were astounded. Beside these resources, by many a little *tour de force* did our hero help himself along, and find the means to bestow his abundant charities. Some such feat of *escroquerie*, or, perhaps, a mere love of change, induced him to leave Paris when his fame was nearly at its zenith, and surely no man could say, when he had left the place, who it was that had

been sojourning there. With prosperity, Cagliostro's genius had risen equal to the contingencies of the case. Some account of his previous history was wanted; and he set tales enough in circulation to have satisfied the whole of Paris. At various times, with the most solemn unction, he would intimate to his audience chance snatches of his origin, any one of which was sufficient to have adorned the pages of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. At one time it was whispered that he was an antediluvian; that he had been present—a wedding guest—at the marriage of Cana in Galilee. Again, he was the natural son of the Grand Master at Valetta, by a Turkish princess captured by his galleys. But the most current tale was, that he was the only son of that unfortunate sultan of Trebizonde, who had some thirty or forty years before lost both throne and life in a popular tumult. Privately conveyed from these scenes of danger by his wise tutor, Altotas, the young prince was carried to Medina, one of the holy cities of the Mahometan creed, where, under the immediate protection of the Moslem Sheriff, he was brought up not only in all the knowledge of the Egyptians, but also in the faith and worship of the Christian church. Finally, for reasons of state, Altotas set out with him on their travels, and he saw the world.

How these conflicting stories were to be reconciled is no business of ours: *non nobis tantas componere lites*. One thing is certain, Cagliostro at Paris was no vulgar charlatan. To him, as it were, the arcana of Nature were revealed; from him no secrets were hid. His aims were constant and liberal. He professed to cure the sick, to heal the wounded by a single touch, and crowds of the poor thronged around him, blessing the hand that gave them health. "His appearance," says La Borde, "announces not only talent, but genius: his eyes, like smouldering coals of fire, penetrate to the bottom of your soul. Acquainted with almost every language of Europe and Asia, his eloquence is of a nature hitherto unheard of: it completely subdues and leads away the hearer's will."—"I have seen," he adds, "this paragon of his race present himself in a vast saloon filled with sick and needy. Hastening from one to another, he would relieve them of their diseases, and bind up their loathsome wounds;

he would cover them with gifts and bounties, and at last dismiss those who had sought him, depressed with disease and poverty, in the full glow of health and hope. His charities, not only sanitary but pecuniary, knew no bounds. Thrice in each week was the preceding spectacle repeated, and more than fifteen thousand persons in Paris alone owe to him health and prosperity." Nor were such sentiments peculiar to the author of the *Lettres sur la Suisse*; M. de Miromesnil, M. de Vergennes, the Marquis de Segur, and many others, statesmen, cabinet ministers, men of rank and perfectly familiar with the world, bear the most exalted testimony to the virtues and genius of this arch impostor. A few wanderings, after leaving Paris at this juncture, had brought him, in 1780, to Strasburg, where, as we have seen, he won the confidence of the Cardinal, and no doubt cozened him handsomely under the rose. When Rohan repaired to court, Cagliostro was not far distant; and it was probably from probing the efforts, which vanity and wounded self-love prompted the prelate to essay, in order to restore himself to favor with the King and Queen that he took the hint of putting into execution the most audacious, the most reckless and one of the most heavy robberies that ever was committed. In 1772, Rohan had been appointed Ambassador at Vienna by Louis XV., where his indiscretions made him so obnoxious to Maria Theresa that she used every effort to obtain his recall; which she did not succeed in effecting, however, till two months after Louis XVI. had ascended the throne. Naturally, Marie Antoinette cherished no other feelings but those of personal antipathy towards a man whose dispatches to his own court had conveyed little else than satires and caricatures of her mother, her kindred, and even, covertly, of herself. While, then, the King recompensed his titular services by conferring upon the Cardinal new dignities, and emoluments to the amount of half a million of francs annually, both he and his Queen made no secret of their determination to withhold utterly from his Eminence all those smiles and gracious words that mark the peculiar lot of a favorite at court. Too late, he found out that the "gates of mercy" had been shut upon him, and that he was virtually banished from all the royal

intimacies. To restore himself to favor now became the darling passion of his soul, and we shall see to what lengths it led him, in the celebrated affair of the Diamond Necklace.

This episode brings another character upon the stage, in the person of Jeanne de Luz de Saint Remy de Valois, Countess de la Motte, a woman whose career was to the full as adventurous, as abundant in the utmost extremes of prosperity and adversity as the most confirmed reader of romances could desire. Though born at Fontelle, in Champagne, in 1752, in the greatest poverty and indigence, she was the lineal descendant of Henry II., of France, through his natural son Henry de St. Remi, by Nicole de Savigni. The Marquise de Boulain-Villiers, wife of the Provost of Paris, had found this girl and her brother begging alms. Ascertaining their condition, she had them educated at her own expense, and in due season presented their pedigree to d'Hozier de Serigni, the King-at-arms, and chief herald, so to speak, of the nobility of France. This ceremony was necessary for her presentation at court: the general rule being, that, save in certain specified exceptions, all Frenchmen aspiring to that honor must produce their certified pedigree, exhibiting a clear noble descent since the year 1399. Accordingly they were duly received by Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and were presented with substantial marks of the royal bounty. But, unfortunately, these children were most unworthy objects of any such favor. The brother terminated a profligate life without doing anything to bring him under our notice here. The sister married, in 1780, the Count de la Motte, an officer in the service of the Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X. Falling into an intrigue with the Cardinal de Rohan, she, in a luckless hour for him, undertook to speed his affairs with the queen. In this business her only coadjutors, according to her own story, were her husband and Cagliostro. From time to time she comforted her employer with pretended assurances of her success, while she busily sponged upon his purse. Thriftless and extravagant to a degree, the prelate little recked by what means he procured the funds to gratify his present pleasures; and the conspirators found him a fruitful resource. But they aimed at a more



brilliant *coup de main*. The point was to bring the Cardinal's credulity up to the desired pitch. Accordingly, Madame de la Motte persuaded him to write a letter to her Majesty; to which, with great mystery, she brought him a forged reply. The enraptured courtier, gulled by a few false lines, made his next note more cordial; that which he received in response was couched in similar terms. Letter after letter thus passed, till, at last, the Queen was made to confess a positive passion for the Cardinal, and only restrained by reasons of state from publicly countenancing him. Now was the moment for the plotters to strike. The royal jewelers, MM. Boehmer and Bassange, had about this time vainly importuned the Queen to purchase from them a diamond necklace, of the value of nearly eighteen hundred thousand francs, or over three hundred and fifty thousand dollars: she admired it vastly, but had not the money, and would not become the purchaser. The Countess one evening visited M. Boehmer, and with many injunctions to secrecy, and a cock-and-bull story of her mistress's reasons, exhibited a forged letter from the Queen, consenting to take the necklace at the price of sixteen hundred thousand francs. Not doubting the authenticity of the document, but unwilling to sell on credit such a valuable article without some more positive security for its payment, the jeweler suggested that if her Majesty had reasons for not appearing publicly as the buyer, she might perhaps employ some friend of sufficient stability to make the purchase for her. She could settle with her friend, and he with the merchants. "Very well," quoth La Motte, "she will doubtless agree to these terms: one of the most considerable dignitaries of the court shall call on you in a few days." Of course, her victim was to be the Cardinal. An intimation of the Queen's desires was given him—but he still hung back. Then a formal procuration, authorizing him to purchase the necklace in her name, payable in four sums, of four hundred thousand francs each, at intervals of six months, and signed *Marie Antoinette de France*, was conveyed to him, with a promise that any favor in her power to grant him would not be withheld by the Queen to the graceful and accomplished cavalier who was

so willing to aid her design. The arrogant prelate put on these words their most liberal construction, and probably not less to his amazement than delight, his overtures were accepted. A secret interview with a disguised lady, under the cover of the night and in the groves of Versailles, crowned his felicity. It is wonderful how a man so well acquainted with the court could have mistaken a professional character of the very lowest class, named Oliva, (for it was no other whom he had thus encountered,) for the stately and beautiful Marie Antoinette. The very signature to the procuration should have warned him of the imposture. Their simple initials, or at most the Christian name, was the only method of signature to the Queens of France. It is true, and the circumstance is worth noting, that there dwelt at that time, in a small mansion in the park at Versailles, a daughter of Joseph II., (brother of Marie Antoinette) by a morganatic marriage with the Countess Wilhelmine de B—, whose resemblance to her aunt was of the most striking character. But this young lady lived in the most perfect seclusion with a single governess, receiving no company but the Queen and the Princess Royal, (afterwards, in our day, Duchesse d'Angoulême,) and the secret of her origin was limited to the breasts of her visitors. It is only from the revelations of the Princess de Lamballe, that innocent but ill-fated friend of the Queen's, that this narrative has reached us. And there also remains no doubt of the identity of the woman Oliva with the pretended Queen. In raptures with his success, the Cardinal flew to M. Boehmer and greedily acceded to his terms. The necklace was handed over to the Countess to be delivered to the Queen; her husband at once conveyed it to England, and there, breaking it up, he soon managed to dispose of his ill-gotten spoil. What share Cagliostro had in this scheme we cannot point out with precision. Probably, however, his master-hand merely traced out the movements to be made, leaving to his subordinate the danger and the execution. Certain it is, that Retaux de Villette was the forger of the letter, and that no legal proof could be found to implicate Cagliostro in the meshes of Justice, or even to destroy him in the eyes of the Cardinal. For, as in all such cases, a day of reckoning came at last. The

jeweler, astonished at not receiving the first six months' installment, appealed to the Queen. An investigation followed, and everything became manifest. The Cardinal was publicly taken into custody, to the prodigious indignation of the Prince de Condé, the Marshal de Soubise, the Princess de Marsan, and all the other branches and connections of the Rohan family, who had not yet recovered from the shock they had received at the tremendous bankruptcy of the Prince de Guéméné, an important scion of that house. But all was in vain; nothing but the Cardinal's public disgrace could avenge the deeds of his insolent ambition and the scandal he had brought upon the names of his sovereigns. In vain did Pope Pius VI. claim for him, on the ground of his spiritual functions, exemption from trial by an ordinary court of justice. And though the result of this trial was the discharge of the accused, yet his reputation was ruined by the strange developments it occasioned. All the sums raised by his subjects for the restoration of the Chateau de Savergne had been shamelessly appropriated by its resident to far different purposes. A thousand other peccadilloes came to light; a thousand epigrams, ballads, squibs were circulated against him. Even the children in the streets went about singing—

Et l'innocente candeur  
Du prélat de Savergne  
Va briller comme un docteur  
Dans une lanterne.

As for the Countess de la Motte, des-

pite her noble blood, she was sentenced to be flogged through the streets with a halter about her neck, to be branded on both shoulders, and shut up for the rest of her life in *la Salpêtrière*.

But where, all this while, was his Excellency the Count Alexander? Released from the Bastille for lack of legal evidence against him, his wanderings began anew. From London, by slow stages, he proceeded Italyward, till at last, in an evil hour for himself, he arrived in Rome. There he was arrested—on what charge does the reader suppose? Of nothing less than of being a Free Mason! Alas! all his subtleties and shifts could not avail him here; the facts were too strongly proven against him. Convicted upon this accusation, he was sent to prison for the remainder of his days, and in the year 1795 died in his dungeon. So perished the prince of liars and impostors, and one of the most ingenious of men, leaving behind him a reputation so parti-colored (according to the various lights in which it had been visible to men's eyes), that while nine-tenths of the world reviled him as a rogue and a charlatan, the remaining decimal part venerated him as a saint and a martyr. We have seen an engraved copy of his portrait—thousands of which were dispersed over Europe—bearing this modest inscription, of whose justice our readers may best judge:

De l'Ami des Humains reconnaissez les traits:  
Tous ses jours sont marqués par de nouveaux bien-  
faits:  
Il prolonge la vie, il secourt l'indigence;  
Le plaisir d'être utile est seul sa récompense.

## THE CHALLENGE.

### I.

A WARRIOR hung his plumed helm  
On the rugged trunk of an aged elm.  
"Where is the knight so bold"—he cried,  
"That dares o'er my haughty crest to ride?"

### II.

The wind came by with a sullen howl,  
And dashed the helm on the pathway foul,  
And shook in his scorn each sturdy limb,  
For where was the knight that could fight with him?

## THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THE Academy opened its exhibition of this year under new circumstances, and, by an address prefixed to the catalogue, called the attention of the public to itself. Having sold its real estate, and, therefore, being free of all hindrances to any change of form or system of operations, it seems a fit time to examine into the nature of its relations to Art and the influence it has exerted among us, in order that the appeal implied in its address may be duly considered, and, if justifiable, responded to.

The appellation "Academy," assumed by it, is surely a misnomer, for it sustains in nowise the position of an institution for the education of artists. It has had life and antique schools; but those are small parts of the requirements of art-education, if, indeed, of positive use. It is like the Royal Academy in London, in imitation of which it was organized, simply and solely a society of artists united for mutual benefit. It was not the nurse but the child of American Art, and it still exists as such, doing in itself nothing to advance the Art, but always supported by the eminence of its members. It was, at its foundation, only the associated individualities of Morse, Inman, Durand, Cole and others, and had an existence for the public only on the walls of the exhibition room. So it is now—the names are somewhat changed since its formation, but it is still only an aggregate of individual talent, and the sole work accomplished by it is, to make its annual gatherings of new pictures. It is a burden borne by the artists—not an institution strengthening them—and is rather to be considered as an evidence of the vigor of American Art and the energy and talent of its professors, than as an agent in its progress. Organized in 1826, it has maintained itself and accumulated property by the attraction of its exhibitions; it has made known to the public some new artists and afforded the opportunity to see many fine pictures. As a society, having for its object the advancement of the interests of the artists, it is unobjectionable; but, as a school for bewildered and light-seeking talent, it has only a nominal existence. We do not say this in blame,

but to account for the apathy of the public towards it—to show why it has "never been the recipient of any gratuity, appropriation or bequest whatever, from the State, the City, or from individuals." It has not labored for the public and the public has not, of course, paid it for working for itself.

Now, however, that it is at liberty to adopt new arrangements it seems worth while to ask if it can do more than it has done. Artists themselves must indicate the direction in which it can move with advantage to them, but we think that there can hardly be a doubt that, if the Academy were to establish some elementary schools on a liberal plan, free to all, and embracing more than mere antique and life schools, say, for instance, costume schools, elementary instruction in painting, including the methods of using the materials of Art so eagerly desired by all tyros and really of essential use in giving them confidence in their own ability, classes in perspective, and familiar lectures on the principles of design, particularly for mechanics and those who in their avocations need the application of those principles, the public would cheerfully sustain it in the work.

If this is not feasible, then nothing remains but that it should still exist as a society for the indirect encouragement of the Arts of Design, and, employing its means in the erection of new galleries, give us, year after year, its gatherings of the works of our artists, attempting no more and doing this conscientiously and well. We cannot spare the exhibition. It is the only means which the public at large has for learning the position and advance of Art among us, and the only opportunity our artists have of comparing their works. On the walls of the Academy we have followed Cole through his progress, and seen Durand, year after year, working out his problem of originality, and Cropsey, Kensett, Church, and their brethren of the younger generation, growing up into notice and excellence. Each exhibition has shown an increase of numbers in the artistic ranks, and a higher attainment of technical ability than the previous one manifested. We confess to a kind of respect for the institution,

but not so high a reverence that we would not willingly see it pushed away by something that would do a better work.

We do not, therefore, attribute any great influence to the institution itself, though we say that by its means the public has become acquainted with all of true and valuable that American Art has at present. We do not forget Allston, Vanderlyn, Trumbull, and their cotemporaries; but in their day Art was an exotic transplanted here, and refused to maintain its existence under the circumstances in which it found itself. The last leaves which fell from it were Vanderlyn and Cole. They were pendants of the old system, that of nutriment and treatment rather than of positive knowledge. They had their triumphs, but they were rather those which consisted in creditably rivaling their masters, than in developing new and peculiar features of artistic wisdom. Their faces were like all their earlier confreres, turned backward, and they dreamed in the past—in the Art of Claude and Titian—rather than lived in earnest, looking forward to unexplored fields. They were not new men—not American, therefore—but from the influence of that unreal art there originated one of positive vitality. Its professors were Durand, Inman, Mount, Edmonds, Huntington and others, painters, to a greater or less extent, of things real, and of which they knew.

It may seem strange that we should draw such a dividing line between Durand and Cole, yet, such is the relation of their minds that the latter must be classed as a sentimentalist, and inclined both by feeling and study to the masters of the last phase of landscape; while the former in all respects conforms to the modern spirit, based on reality, and admitting no sentiment which is not entirely drawn from Nature. Cole was, it is true, in many cases forced into a partial recognition of the natural, but generally he seems to have regarded the forms of Nature only as characters, by means of which he impresses on us his story, and thus his pictures, though they may be poetical, are certainly not picturesque. For instance, in the "Youth," there is not an individual object in the picture which ever had its prototype in the natural world—not a tree, shrub or mountain form is there, which is not palpably a

creation of the artist's imaginative brain. With Durand, on the contrary, there are no objects, with the exception occasionally of his cloud forms, which are not actual, real. This makes the distinction between the old school and the new—with that, things were types, and so long as they were understood, it matters not how imperfectly they were expressed; with this, they are individualities, with the rights of the individual, and its influence in the general result.

With this new school we shall have to do at present, as far as it appears on the walls of the Academy's exhibition. Wherever our artists have given themselves to the admiration and following of European masters, we shall leave them to the kind of appreciation they have sought for, that which finds its enjoyment in merely technical qualities, without regard to the thought or extent of knowledge possessed by the artist. This is a species of Art which our people can never amply sympathize with, because it is an idle thing, aimless, and without root or permanence. The Art which they will have, and in which, therefore, they will be benefited, is that which arises from a genuine feeling for the things with which the people have sympathy. It hardly matters whether or no the materialism of the times is an error. So long as it is the spirit of the age, Art, to be in any way successful, must carry it out. Rhapsodies, dreams, and studio vagaries will not satisfy a public sentiment accustomed to find in all other things some substantial, positive truth, something which the mind, grasping, holds ever after. If artists prefer to follow what they consider an ideal, and withdraw themselves from the appreciation of the men of their time, they may certainly do so, and perhaps, like Allston, work a mighty genius into dreams, or, like Vanderlyn, be forgotten as soon as dead. But if they seek encouragement, they must deal in wares the age has need of; and, to be immortalized, they must give their works vitality, that they may perpetuate their kind.

First among those "men of present labor" are Durand and Mount. The latter, however, is hardly represented in this exhibition, the only picture he attempts being the "Webster among the People," and this is unworthy of him in every respect. Durand appears to

better advantage than ever before, and, if we should select from the whole range of his works one which marks the man, it would be his large picture, "In the Woods," in the present exhibition. In sentiment, it appeals at once to our love of the wild and free, and leads us to a glade in the wilderness where, shut in by the eternal forest, whose giant children raise themselves around us, we see no light and hear no sound that remind us of civilization or humanity. Mouldering tree-trunks lie around us, with mosses and ferns thriving in the coolness of the shade, and a quiet brooklet welling out of the mould and winding its way among old tree roots. A squirrel crosses the stream on a prostrate tree, and on a beech tree a red-headed woodpecker is tapping. The picture might have been as carefully painted and still have only a botanical interest, but the summer has settled hazily among the trees, and the softened sunlight, falling down through the openings in the leafage overhead, breaks up the cool shade on the bolls of the trees, and warms the mossy ground with its gold. Follow the little stream into the further shade, and there, still more softened and dimmed, the light comes in with an occasional ray; and then through an opening in the forest we catch a glimpse of an outer world, a blue lake set with bluer hills, over which again dreams the sunlight, struggling in its sleep with the summer haze. In that sunlight is the poetry of the picture; and, if in Durand we should select one quality as more glorious, more worthy our love than others, it would be his feeling for sunlight.

We are tolerably well acquainted with the works of all the modern masters in landscape, but we do not know a man who could have painted that picture with, at once, the truth, the technical power and the loftiness of feeling for the subtler beauty of Nature that Durand has manifested in it. There are men who would have shown more mechanical excellence, others who would have given the details with greater minuteness, but in the combination of admirable qualities, and in the enjoyment of the freedom of the scene, we do not believe there is a living artist who would equal him.

In as far as our younger landscapists have followed the lead given by Durand,

they deserve the most generous encouragement and the greatest forbearance on the part of critics. It is so easy to be superficial and striking, and so hard to be entirely true and faithful to nature, that it is a delicate task to deal with the imperfections of a conscientious artist, and one which the critic most competent to undertake would enter on with the greatest reluctance. It will often happen that qualities, in themselves far from agreeable, have resulted from a most determined effort to be true. A conspicuous instance of this in the exhibition is a landscape by an artist whose name we do not remember to have seen before, A. W. Warren, a "View in the Country." At first sight, one would be tempted to pass it by; it seems cold and lightless; but it is studied with a most manly sincerity and devotion to truth, the only present results of which are to make the picture hard and chilly, and scarcely any one but a painter would see through that to the intention.

In Kensett's "October Day in the White Mountains," there is a mass of white stone partially veiled by herbage, with the white showing through in such a way that at first sight it might be mistaken for the blossoms of the blackberry bush. The effect is perplexing and injurious to the repose of the picture, otherwise very fine. Yet this is an honest attempt to render an actual phenomenon; and fails because it was not possible to render it more truly, perhaps. This picture is, however, one of Kensett's finest, if not the best he has painted. The autumnal haze in the sky, with the dreamy clouds, and the thorough painting of the distant mountains and the valley, through which winds the Saco, the literalness and general truthfulness of the whole scene, designate him as a man of the new school. His treatment is picturesque, his sense of color good, particularly in the grays and more quiet colors, and his light and shade artistic; but his perceptions are rather broad than minute.

Church is, in most respects, the reverse of Kensett, though even more decidedly of the realist school. His perceptions are uncommonly minute, going down into the microscopic range, his execution fluent and vigorous, and his color inclining always to the excessive, manifesting itself in a love for sunset effects, and, as in the present



exhibition, in the foreground of "The Cordilleras," by a profusion of gaily colored flowers and birds. His intensity of perception gives rise to an exuberance of material and fullness of detail which are rarely found. In no case does this avail so much as in his skies, where, for want of studying cloud-forms, most artists are deficient. Compare, in this respect, one of Church's skies with the old school generally—even with Cole. The masses of gray and pale yellow color which with the latter pass for cloud, though without any distinct form, sink at once into mere paint beside Church's carefully elaborated clouds. But this minuteness carries him away from repose and simplicity. Instead of the simple, grand skies of the English Stanfield, (whom, in many respects, Church resembles,) drifting and driving at the beck of the wind, we have often a sky filled with individual forms, lacking in unity and repose. In the simpler skies, as in that of "The Cordilleras," this is not the case, and they are then very perfect. Church's great want is that of breadth,—his details too often start out of their place, and, unsought, claim our attention. His compositions too often lack the unity and singleness of interest proper to Nature. Study of the English artists, so generally ruinous to our painters, would benefit him much, by giving his works more largeness and simplicity in the arrangement of their masses.

Cropsey is an example of the near approach of the old to the new school, bringing the sentiment which belonged to the former to the literalness of the latter. Compromises have everything to lose and little to gain; and so Cropsey, if he were entirely a realist, would be much more impressive than in dividing his force between story, or allegory, and pure Nature. Studio sentiment is a poor substitute for unadorned beauty of Nature, and what a landscape painter does not find in landscape, he had better leave where he finds it. His view of Mount Washington is, we think, his finest picture. There is a fine haziness about the clouds, and after-rain clearness in the atmosphere, with pure transparent shadows falling across the landscape. It is very artistic in its treatment, and fresh in feeling. In the "Mediterranean Sea-coast," there is some exquisitely truthful painting in the distance, including the gray, misty sky around

the rising moon, and the distant water. It expresses the gathering of the evening under the moist, vapory atmosphere of the sea-coast, as perfectly as anything that we have ever seen. The enjoyment conferred by rich passages of truth, is much greater and more enduring than that which any story could give; for it always comes to the mind with the freshness of Nature itself, ever grateful, while the story, once told, wearies in the repetition.

It is not our purpose, however, to criticise pictures, or even individual painters, but rather to indicate wherein our artists are fulfilling the requirements of a true school, and we have, we believe, said enough to point out the direction in which we should look for the signs of such fulfillment.

Mount's pictures are so well known, that to criticise him by those of past exhibitions would be useless, and the examples of his talent, in this, are scarcely to be characterized as his. We believe it to be a great mistake, however, to class his pictures as humorous. They are, in fact, as serious and truthful as any pictures we have, and, it seems to us, painted without the slightest intention of perpetrating a witticism of any kind, with the exception, perhaps, of one or two pictures, which are among his least successful. He has drawn from life as he sees it, and in the most earnest feeling. It may be that the incident is in some degree laughable, as in the "Boys Raffling;" but it is still a passage of genuine life, and regarded, so far as the author is concerned, with the utmost seriousness of which he is capable. If he ventures from his proper feeling, he fails, as in the "Webster," where he has attempted something in what he felt to be a heroic vein—something ideal in some way. Thus, his failure is a witness of the truth of our position, that Art, to be successful now, must deal with things which the artist actually knows or sees, and that an endeavor to attain something only felt will fall without result. If Mount had learned the ways of the old school, he might have made a fine composition, and have succeeded as they succeed; but the picture would have been worth no more than now, since the subject was out of his range, and on the subject alone depends the essential value of the work.

Darley, though not so natural in his

perception of character, is, doubtless, the greatest triumph of American Art in power and subtilty of treatment. His drawing is accurate and refined to a high degree, and his perception of individual character most admirable. To compare him with any other artist would be unjust, since he is utterly unlike any other of whom we know anything. In our point of view, Darley demonstrates the vitality of the new school, in having attained, by his own perception, the very qualities in which the European academies endeavor to educate their pupils. It would not be strange to find an artist like Mount awake to all the peculiarities of the people, and, therefore, entirely national in his subjects; but Mount is not in a high degree possessed of technical excellence; his treatment is *palpable* as might be expected from the youth of Art; for the technics of painting are supposed, and not without some reason, to be gained by training and study of that kind which men do not find alone, and for which they go to Düsseldorf, Munich and Rome. It is easy enough for a man who uses his senses properly, to find what to paint, but to learn how to paint it, which is all that is involved in the technics of painting, we think we must go to the great masters. Yet, here is an artist who, without the slightest aid from European teachers, has given his pictures a higher degree of excellence in drawing, light and shade, and composition, than any other in his line of art in America, and, if our judgment is good for anything, as high as any modern European artist. This, if true, is of great use to us, because, if the fallacy of a necessity that our students of art should go abroad can be entirely exploded, we shall at once fall back on our own undeveloped resources, and, by keeping them at home, prevent their national feeling for subjects from being corrupted, as it must be, by studying foreign material. This would be a great point gained towards the foundation of a national school.

We may make this clearer by dividing art into its two great elements—subject, or *what* to represent, and treatment, or *how* to represent. But as we have before distinguished the old from the new school, by making the former to be based on treatment, and the latter on subject, it follows at once that the subdivisions of the new school must be

marked by their nationality of subject, since treatment is the same always, or differing only by superficial qualities. This, which was, to a slight extent, true in landscape, is strongly so when we come to the representation of character. It is true, that none but an Englishman can understand an Englishman, and, of course, none other can paint one; and so the painters of our national character must be "to the manor born;" and how shall they understand Americans if their lives are passed among Frenchmen or Italians? But the only object to be gained by foreign study is, to learn the technics of Art; and if it can be shown that these may be cultivated as well here as abroad, there exists no pretext for destroying the nationality of our Art. We are aware that there is a great "ideal" school, which, recognizing no necessity for individuality in its subject, makes its greatness to consist in its grand method; but this, be it in sculpture or in painting, is but the rear guard of the school of the past, which at present we ignore. The devotees of this find themselves at home in Rome and Paris, because it matters not to them what or who they study, since the "grand style" is a cloak which they may throw over a manikin if they please. We may be narrow-minded, but we should prefer one of the vignette drawings, by Darley, in the present exhibition, to any picture we have ever seen sent home from Italy.

Portraiture has not with us, or indeed with any modern school, the elevation of grand Art. We paint likenesses, but there we stop—the idea of making a portrait a work of Art, as well as a likeness, does not seem to be widely entertained. The aim, then, is subject to the exclusion of method, not so dangerous, but quite as false a condition as its reverse. We must not forget that there is a best way of telling any truth. We paint a likeness of our subject, and then stop, rubbing in a back-ground, and furnishing draperies as cheap as possible. All accessories are paint—nothing more. Gray's "Portrait of a Child" is the only exception in the exhibition; but Gray is an old-school man, as far as is possible to be, in portraiture. As an example of that school, this picture is admirable; but the method is too apparent, and throws the picture out of our present range. Hicks and Baker have, in their full-length portraits, made bold

pushes towards the desired end; but we can only say, that they are the most successful attempts of our school at bringing system into portraiture. Baker's, particularly, deserves great credit as a bold attempt to give significance to the surroundings of his portrait.

Yet, as likeness-painting, this branch of American art is good, perhaps, on the whole, better than that of any modern school; but everywhere it has fallen from the old elevation of Titian and Gainsborough, owing, we apprehend, to this very carelessness which has obtained in England and on the Continent as here;

and now almost the only question we can ask respecting a portrait is, is it a good representation of the original? If it is, then it fulfills all that we demand of it; and, this settled, all interest in the picture ceases. This ought not to be so, for there is no man whose life has not some significance which might be expressed in his portrait with the same advantage that the study of his life would afford. No man stands alone in this life; but there are relations with all things around him, which the thoughtful artist will feel and desire to represent, doing which he reaches the ideal of portraiture.

### THE BIRTH-PLACE OF MOZART

MY greatest surprise in Europe was at Salzburg. Would you believe it, that I had never heard of the beauty of the place, or, if I had heard, had forgotten it, so that when I walked out, the morning of our arrival there (we came from Linz in the night), I was perfectly overwhelmed by its sudden and splendid appearance. The vision was so lovely and striking on all sides that I rubbed my eyes lest it should be a dream. It seemed like one of the prettiest cities of Italy set down in the fairest valley of Switzerland. The sun and the skies of Italy were there; the red, flat-roofed houses, with their marble fronts to the streets, with their fountains, the old churches and their towers, all spoke of Italy; but the high rocky hills which encircled them, the sweet intervals and the distant snow-covered mountains, sending up their peaks into the clear blue air, told as plainly of the land of the Swiss.

I shall not attempt to describe the place, because language could not do justice to it, and the pencil of a Claude or Turner only might convey to one who has not seen it a remote conception of its ever-varying charm of aspect. It is built on both shores of the prattling Salzach, which are connected by a single pretty bridge: on three sides it is shut in by immense spurs of rock, which rise directly over the town and are surmounted by fortresses and convents; and on the other side fertile

plains, rich in vegetation and dotted with gardens and country seats, carry the eye to the gigantic ranges of the Noric Alps. All that is sweetest and grandest in natural scenery is combined in its position, which man has improved and heightened by all the graces of his art. The native writers have well termed it the "Alpine rose in the garland of German cities." Its history, too, is a kind of epitome of the history of the world, furnishing us with barbarian memorials, Roman ruins, middle-age structures, scenes of battles, and the birth-place as well as the grave-stone of genius.

In the most ancient times Salzburg was occupied by the warlike Tauriskers, a branch of the Celts, who were dislodged by the Romans, in the time of Augustus, when it was converted into the castle of Juvavia. The Emperor Hadrian, perceiving the rare beauty of the situation, founded a colony there, which soon grew into a considerable town, with a temple, a palace, streets and market-places. But, wave after wave of invasion dashed around its rocky base; it was successively desolated by the West Goths under Alaric, by the Huns under Attila, and by the Heruli under Odoacer. For more than a century, then, it lay in stillness and waste, trodden by wild animals, and covered with bushes and moss. In the seventh century, the Bavarian Duke Theodo gave it to St. Rupert, as a re-

ward for his services in converting him to Christianity, and Rupert built a convent on one of the heights, since named the Monchsberg. He also constructed a church, *St. Peter's Kirche*, and a chapel and a cloister for nuns, and thus laid the foundations of the modern town. Salzburg afterwards became a free ecclesiastical domain, the residence of a succession of archbishops, who also enjoyed the dignity of Princes of the Empire, exercising the jurisdiction of magistrates, maintaining armies, and at times exchanging the mitre and crosier for the sword. During the stormiest times of the middle ages they took a personal share in the wars of Austria and of Bavaria, and after the Reformation were among the bloodiest of the persecutors who sought to extirpate the new doctrines by fire and flame. Under the single reign of Archbishop Leopold von Firmian, no less than twenty-five thousand of the industrious inhabitants of the district were driven into exile, and their property confiscated, or, as a German writer has it, Firmian "*nahm ihnen Weib, Kinder, Hab und Gut, und trieb sie aus dem Lande.*" In 1802 the archbishopric was secularized, and converted into an electorate for the Archduke Ferdinand.

Without waiting to breakfast, even, we hurried to the top of Monchsberg, to get a view of the country. The ascent, by means of paths and steps cut in the rock, was not difficult; but had it been as difficult as the ascent of Mont Blanc, the view would have well rewarded us. In every direction, like the billows of a stupendous but motionless sea, the sunny ridges of the mountains rolled up one after another; between them lay the cultivated pastures and green meadows; the Salzach wound like a belt of white ribbon through the valleys; convents or castles, overgrown with ivy, crowned the lesser heights; while immediately under our feet rose the spires and pinnacles of the still shaded city. Our heads fairly reeled with an intoxication of delight, as, at every step, some new object, some new combination of mingled beauty and grandeur, met the eye.

A rough path led us to another height, called the Schlossberg, on which the fortress of Hohensalzburg is erected. It is near the site of the Roman *Castrum Juvaviense*, and was formerly occupied by the archbishops as a place

of retreat and defense, in their wars with their enemies as well as with the people of the towns, their subjects, when they revolted. It is a massive and seemingly impregnable structure, commanding every access to the city, as well as every house in it, and though in the irregular style of the feudal ages, is vastly imposing. It is now somewhat dilapidated, and the once magnificent apartments of the priests are unfurnished and converted into barracks; but enough of the ancient decorations remain to show in what splendor the princely archbishops lived. Only three of the chambers are shown, but these, with their rich inlaid cabinets and lofty ceilings, ornamented in gold and ultramarine, serve to give you an idea of their former state. In a square tower, at one of the angles of the castle, is the torture chamber—an indispensable apartment, it would appear, in those times—and the rock on which captives were raised to the wall and allowed to fall with weights on their limbs, still witnesses to the Christian charity of its old owners. Looking down upon Monchsberg, we saw that the whole summit was laid out in pleasure gardens, while the sides of the rock were escarped, and cut into vaults and cells. In the latter the monks probably performed their macerations, while they made amends for any excess of suffering they might inflict on themselves in the wholesome viands which they raised in the former. If tradition does them no wrong, the monks were good lives as well as very pious men.

At the foot of the castle-hill is the *Nonnenberg*, where a temple to Mercury stood in the days of the Romans, but which is now occupied by a small church of Benedictine nuns. "Christian hymns and prayers are now heard," says the local guide-book—an excellent one, by the way—"where the priests of Jupiter formerly celebrated their pagan rites." The little church, built in the ancient German style, has been somewhat injured by frequent renovations and restorations, but the showy and well-preserved glass-painting, behind the main altar, is an admirable specimen of the art of the fifteenth century. Images of the Virgin and of the original abbess, St. Ehrentrude, and statues of St. Rupert and St. Henry, adorn the entrance portal, which is an exquisite piece of architecture.

Leaving the church we passed through a square, called the *Residence Place*, where there is a striking white marble fountain, which dates from about 1656. A well-formed sea-god casts the water high over his head, when it falls into two great muscles, and afterwards in a basin below, over the heads of four prancing sea-horses, which also scatter the water from their nostrils and mouths. On the east side stands the Residence, a spacious edifice, formerly the dwelling-place of Archbishop Marcus Sitticus, and containing a collection of portraits of the archbishops; while directly opposite to it is the new Residence, whose tower contains a celebrated musical clock. This clock, contrived by one of the native artists, Jeremiah Santer, in 1703, plays a fine melody three times a day, changing the air every month. A narrow street leads thence to the cathedral, a majestic structure, of white marble, in the Italian style, with two lofty towers, connected by a broad middle wall and ornamented gable, and adorned with statues of the Evangelists. The interior is worthy of the exterior, and the more impressive because of the absence of those masses of gold and silver, and those glaring colors, which mar the simplicity and dignity of so many of the churches in Europe. In this respect, it resembles the cathedral at Florence, whose lofty and naked columns are far more imposing than the frescoed walls and gilt tracery of the churches of Genoa and Venice. This cathedral, however, is not destitute of paintings and sculptures, for it contains several pictures by Mascagni, Schönfeldt, etc., and the tombs of eleven archbishops, whose bones rest beneath its floors. In the *Domplatz*, directly in front of the entrance to the cathedral, is a graceful bronze statue, erected "in honor of the immaculate conception of Mary, the mother of God," representing the Virgin as standing on the Globe, in an attitude of blessing, while two angels uphold the sphere, one of whom has stricken down Satan by a flash of lightning. The whole rests upon a pedestal of white marble, with a metal figure at each of the four corners, typifying the church, wisdom, an inviting cherub, and the aforesaid Beelzebub smitten to the earth. It is a work that one lingers over, and stops to look at anew, every time that he passes.

A few minutes' walk brings us next to

the church and cloister of St. Peter, which is a curious pile in itself, but more interesting to us for the monument which it contains of Michael Haydn, a brother of the Haydn. He was only less celebrated as a musician, in his day, than the composer of the "Creation" and the "Seasons." But the world-wide fame of the latter has since overshadowed his renown. The monument, erected by a few friends, is in a retired nook of the church, and consists of a cross planted on a rock; at the foot stands an urn (which contains his head), and a broken lyre leaning against it, having no inscription but the words, "Michael Haydn, born Sept. 14, 1737, and died August 10, 1806." Not far from it is a memorial of another musical celebrity, Madame Von Sonnenberg, the sister of Mozart, the "little Nannerl" of his letters, who, in her more youthful days shared with him the plaudits of Europe. Salzberg appears to have been a musical region, for the Mozarts and Neukomm were born there; and Carl Maria Von Weber, as well as the Haydns, made it for a time their residence.

It was impossible to gaze at the tomb of Madame Von Sonnenberg without being reminded that we had not yet seen the statue and house of Mozart, and accordingly we repaired at once to St. Michael Place, where the former is erected. It is the work of Schwanthaler, whose genius has illustrated so many parts of Germany, and was built by contributions collected from all the nations of Europe. The figure, as well as the pedestal, is of bronze, and represents the great artist, "the Raphael of music," standing erect, in his coat, with the left foot slightly advanced; and a graceful mantle hanging over the left shoulder. His right hand grasps a style, while his head is a little thrown up, as if he had just caught from the celestial spheres some of those immortal melodies which have made his name immortal. The expression of the face is full of genius and character, as we may easily conceive it to have looked in one of those inspired moments when, as he himself says in that characteristic letter to Baron Von —, "the thoughts came streaming down upon me, without my knowing whence or how they came." On three sides of the pedestal are reliefs, representing, allegorically, the several styles of musical art in



which he was preëminent, and on the other side the all-sufficient inscription, "Mozart." It was a singular and touching coincidence—one, however, as we saw upon reflection, that must often happen—that while we were looking at the monument, the old clock of the *Residenz-platz* pealed forth a delicious air from one of Mozart's own operas, the *Magic Flute*—"Es klingelt so herrlich, es klingelt so schön,"—which is better known from the Italian version, as the "*O dolce concerto*."

From the statue we went to Mozart's house, in the University Place, where he was born and passed his childhood's years. It was easily distinguishable by a harp surrounded with laurel, which ornaments the building. We did not gain access to it, but it was agreeable to see even the outside, to walk through the streets in which he walked, and to admire the beautiful nature which must have impressed his young sensibilities. Few of the great names of history weave themselves into the affections with a more irresistible power than the name of Mozart. He is familiar to us, both as a child and as a man, and always as the same gentle, affectionate, disinterested, and gifted creature. The life of his youth, passed in this house, is especially interesting to us. We can still see the little flaxen-haired fellow, full of intelligence and vivacity, listening with rapture to his father's violin, or, equally full of tenderness, asking those about him, ten times a day, if they loved him, and when they jestingly answered in the negative, melting into tears. We can see him, when only six years old, bending over a bit of paper, on which he has scribbled a wilderness of musical notes—so blotted, too, by his fingers, that the notes can scarcely be seen—and we can hear the good father's laugh as he takes up the scroll, supposing it a jest of the boy, suddenly turned into a gush of joyful tears, when he finds there "an original and difficult concerto, with all the orchestral accompaniments, even to the trumpets and drums."

Nothing is more delightful in the life of Mozart, than the playful and affectionate letters which he wrote to his sister and mother during the height of his celebrity—when he was the pet of Emperors and Princesses, and the wonder and admiration of Europe. He does not appear to have been conscious

of his prodigious accomplishments, and none of his successes—the verses written about him, the rich gifts sent him, the plaudits of the crowd—could turn his head or divert his heart from the dear friends at home.

"One morning, during the journey," writes his father, "Wolfgangerl, on awaking, began to cry. I asked him what was the matter. He said he was so sorry that he could not see his friends Wagenauer, Weurl, Reible," etc., etc.—the good little soul—musicians in the chapel at Salzburg. But he was generally in exuberant spirits, and his letters are often a whimsical mixture of English, Italian, French, and a strange German patois, discovering not only irrepressible vivacity and boyish drollery, but much dramatic force and shrewdness of observation. He appears to have learned everything almost instinctively—arithmetic, languages, games, horses, instruments, and poetry, as well as music.

It is not often that the prodigious boy becomes the prodigious man, and a great many of Mozart's friends—among the rest, Baron Grimm—predicted that his extraordinary career as a *virtuoso* would close in disappointment. But the feats of his boyhood were nothing to his maturer achievements; and the precocity, which had been simply a wonder, grew into the deepest and noblest talent of his or any day. His rich prematurity was followed by a richer maturity. At the theatres, when he first began to visit them as a young man, the performers laughed at his appearance: "because I am so little and young," said he, "they think nothing great and old can be in me; but they shall soon see." This was the consciousness of genius prefiguring its future. But Mozart attained his fame, like many another great genius before him, only by the saddest experiences. He trod the rough brakes and thorny paths which seem to be the sole appointed way of the most exalted merit. The princely archbishop of his native place—he that inhabited these magnificent palaces we have just seen—tasked his best services at a miserable stipend, insulted him by his arrogance, and set him to eat at the same table with his valets and cooks. At the court of the imperial Joseph of Austria, he was complimented and flattered, but almost left to starve. Wretched Italian adventur-

ers—crosses of the artist and the mountebank—intrigued against him, and stole his music and prevented the recognition of his merit. While he saw persons of not a tithe of his ability showered with princely rewards, and raised to comfortable appointments by court favor, he was forced to waste his fine talent in procuring the mere necessities of life in the drudgery of music-teaching, concert-playing, and compositions (but such compositions!) for the public gardens. It is true, his career was not without its gleams of sunshine—in the noble friendship and appreciation of Haydn—in the love of a most indulgent wife—in the plaudits of the concert room, and the theatre—and in the deep free expression of himself in a symphony, a concerto, a mass, or a Don Giovanni. But whether in sunshine or shade, he was ever the same kindly, magnanimous, hard-working, lovable, and wonderful creature. He never cringed to the great, in his deepest distresses, and he never forgot his humble friends in his highest prosperity. When, at last, his real position was beginning to be recognized—when the Figaro, the Don Giovanni, the Zauberflöte, and the Clemenza di Tito were about to convince the world of what Joseph Haydn had long before said, that “he was the greatest composer that had ever lived,” the recognition came too late. The hard struggle with misfortune had already reacted into excesses of indulgence—into those snares which pleasure baits for the too weary sons of toil and despair—and the seeds of disease blossomed into the lilies of death. He was carried off in the thirty-sixth year of his age. The “Requiem,” his last work, so strangely ordered, was performed at his own funeral.

Posterity has avenged the neglect of Mozart's contemporaries, by assigning him his true place in the ranks of fame. For fertility of invention, for wealth of melody, for piquant chromatic harmonies, for flexibility and brilliancy of expression, for refinement and delicacy of sentiment, for spontaneous grace and beauty, for deep, sad, sweet, pathetic tenderness, for original and exhaustless inspiration,—it has decreed that Mozart is thus far without a rival,—the master of the lyric drama,—incomparably in advance of all the composers in that style that had preceded him, and only equaled in more modern times by one

or two, at most. For sixty years now his operas have been the delight of every stage of the civilized world, while his minor pieces have penetrated to every music-hall and garden, and palace and cottage. Oh! to what millions of men his genius has given hours of the purest and most rapturous delight! What a perennial freshness and charm in his works! What a delicious fragrance is breathed from this atmosphere which he once breathed, and how the thought of what he was and did kindles the heart into a warm and holy glow! Yet in recalling his history he seems hardly a man,—rather a divine impersonation of art,—an embodied tone, or fountain of tones,—whose life was not upon earth, but amid the etherialities of the creative sphere. Salzburg seems a fitting material type of the grace and beauty and brilliancy in which his spirit lived.

There seems to me great fitness in the comparison between Mozart and Raphael. They were alike in the character of their genius, in personal temperament, and in destiny. The same youthful ripeness, the same easy, almost unconscious command of the deepest secrets of their arts, the same free-hearted gaiety, the same deep love and tenderness, the same wild animal enjoyment in the midst of a simple child-like piety, the same unapproachable grace in whatever they touched, and the same sad early death. It might be easy to select out of the pictures of Raphael and the compositions of Mozart, a series of companion-pieces, in which these eminent masters have expressed, each in his way, the same lofty and noble sentiments; while in the St. Cecilia of the former, in which he poured forth his whole conception of the world of harmony and sound, he seems to have foreshadowed the mysterious depth and wondrous richness of the magic art of the latter. It brings before us, in visible shape, the total activity of Mozart's life,—a ravishing sentiment of beauty and devotion, bursting forth into song, which the whole earth (represented by the figures of St. Paul, the Magdalene, etc.) reverberates and echoes, and a chorus of child-like angels in the clouds, carries off to the dazzling unisons of Heaven. Nor are the broken and scattered instruments of the foreground without their significance, in the disappointed hopes and thwarted aims of the poor earthly life of the artist.

In the afternoon we visited the Mirabel Palace—one of the former pleasure-houses of Wolf Dietrich, and also of the late King Ludwig, of Bavaria—an exceedingly neat and graceful structure, in one of the prettiest squares that can be imagined. We also ascended the Capuchin Hill, on the same side of the river, where the cloisters and gardens of the Capuchin monks are built, giving a glorious out-look over both town and country. In returning, about half way down we stopped at the Church of St. John, which is chiefly remarkable for the fact that the place in which it stands was once visited by John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist themselves. In the year 1487 these illustrious personages came to the gate of Salzburg and demanded admission; but the warder and burgomaster were not quite satisfied with their appearance. They were shabbily dressed, and the one gave himself out as a stone-mason of Nazareth, and the other as a torch-maker of Galilee. The burgomaster, saying that there were plenty of that sort in Salzburg already, drove them away; but a servant of the warder, who had heard their story, took pity on them, and promised them shelter in a little hut he proposed to build on the hill. Thereupon the wanderers dropped their beggar clothes, and revealed to the astonished gaze of the servant the glorified forms of the two Johns. They blessed him and disappeared, and afterwards the Church was erected on the spot on which the hut was to have been raised, to commemorate the holy apparition.

Not far off is another church of some interest, called St. Sebastian's Church, in whose cemetery the bones of Paracelsus repose. It is doubted by some whether this distinguished alchemist and philosopher died in Salzburg, though

the inhabitants point out the very house in which the event is said to have occurred, and it is very sure that a white marble monument in the vestibule of this church has this inscription in Latin: "Reader! Under this pyramid lies PHILIP THEOPHRASTUS, celebrated for his chemical science and the so-called Philosopher's Stone; his bones, at the building of the new church, in 1752, were dug up and deposited here, to remain until the resurrection shall again clothe them with the flesh!" The little bound guide-book is quite indignant that History should have recorded Paracelsus as a mere charlatan and quack, and not as one of the great minds and beneficent characters of his day. I quite share in the feeling. It is true that he participated in the superstitions of his contemporaries—that he was misled by the scientific errors of the 16th century—that he sought the Philosopher's Stone, and even gave out that he had discovered it—that he believed in the influence of the stars upon human destiny, and was a devotee of magic; but he was an aspiring, noble soul, notwithstanding all that—a genuine pioneer in the cause of the natural sciences, and a genial as well as sagacious philosopher.

Modern science, or, at least, its most illustrious teachers—Comte, Liebig, Faraday, etc.—are beginning to do justice to the historical importance of the alchemists and their researches. Though they sought for truth in a wrong direction, their labors were incidentally valuable to the progress of knowledge, and were inspired by a fine instinct. Indeed, the curious phenomena of chemistry, called allotropism, isomerism, and isomorphism, almost persuade one that the transmutation of the common metals into gold was not an impossible hope.

## A CRUISE IN THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

"When I sailed: when I sailed."—BALLAD OF ROBERT KIDD.

WITH the opening of spring my heart opens. My fancy expands with the flowers, and as I walk down town in the May-morning toward the dingy counting-room and the old routine, you would hardly believe that I would not change my feelings for those of the Barber-Poet Jasmin, who goes, merrily singing, to his shaving and hair-cutting.

The first warm day puts the whole winter to flight. It stands in front of the summer, like a young warrior before his host, and, single-handed, defies and utterly destroys its remorseless enemy.

I throw up the chamber-window to breathe the earliest breath of summer.

"The brave young David has hit old Goliath square in the forehead this morning," I say to Prue, as I lean out and bathe in the soft sunshine.

My wife is trying her cap at the glass, and, not quite disentangled from her dreams, thinks I am speaking of a street-brawl, and replies that I had better take care of my own head.

"Since you have charge of my heart, I suppose," I answer gaily, turning round to make her one of Titbot-tom's bows.

"But seriously, Prue, now is it about my summer wardrobe?"

Prue smiles, and tells me we shall have two months of winter yet, and I had better stop and order some more coal as I go down town.

"Winter—coal!"

Then I step back, and, taking her by the arm, lead her to the window. I throw it open even wider than before. The sunlight streams on the great church-towers opposite, and the trees in the neighboring square glisten and wave their boughs gently, as if they would burst into leaf before dinner. Cages are hung at the open chamber-windows in the street, and the birds, touched into song by the sun, make Memnon true. Prue's purple and white hyacinths are in full blossom, and perfume the warm air, so that the canaries and the mocking birds are no longer aliens in the city streets, but are once more swinging in their spicy native groves.

A soft wind blows upon us as we

stand, listening and looking. Cuba and the Tropics are in the air. The drowsy tune of a hand-organ rises from the square, and Italy comes singing in upon the sound. My triumphant eyes meet Prue's. They are full of sweetness and spring.

"What do you think of the summer-wardrobe now?" I ask, and we go down to breakfast.

But the air has magic in it, and I do not cease to dream. If I meet Charles who is bound for Alabama, or John who sails for Savannah with a trunk full of white jackets, I do not say to them as their other friends say,—

"Happy travelers, who cut March and April out of the dismal year!"

I do not envy them. They will be sea-sick on the way. The southern winds will blow all the water out of the rivers, and, desolately stranded upon mud, they will relieve the tedium of the interval by tying with large ropes a young gentleman raving with delirium tremens. They will hurry along, appalled by forests blazing in the windy night, and, housed in a bad inn, they will find themselves anxiously asking, "Are the cars punctual in leaving?"—grimly sure that impatient travelers find all conveyances too slow. The travelers are very warm, indeed, even in March and April,—but Prue doubts if it is altogether the effect of the southern climate.

Why should they go to the South? If they only wait a little, the South will come to them. Savannah arrives in April; Florida in May; Cuba and the Gulf come in with June, and the full splendor of the Tropics burns through July and August. Sitting upon the earth, do we not glide by all the constellations, all the awful stars? Does not the flash of Orion's cineter dazzle as we pass? Do we not hear, as we gaze in hushed midnights, the music of the Lyre; are we not throned with Cassiopeia; do we not play with the tangles of Berenice's hair, as we sail, as we sail?

When Christopher told me that he was going to Italy, I went into Bourne's conservatory, saw a magnolia, and so reached Italy before him. Can Christopher bring Italy home? But I brought

to Prue a branch of magnolia blossoms, with Mr. Bourne's kindest regards, and she put them upon the mantle, and our little house smelled of Italy for a week. The incident developed Prue's Italian tastes, which I had not suspected to be so strong. I found her looking very often at the magnolias; even holding them in her hand, and standing before the mantle with a pensive air. I suppose she was thinking of Beatrice Cenci, or of Tasso and Leonora, or of the wife of Marino Faliero, or of some other of those sad old Italian tales of love and woe. So easily Prue went to Italy!

Thus the spring comes in my heart as well as in the air, and leaps along my veins as well as through the trees. I immediately travel. An orange takes me to Sorrento, and roses, when they blow, to Pestum. The camelias in Aurelia's hair bring Brazil into the happy rooms she treads, and she takes me to South America as she goes to dinner. The pearls upon her neck make me free of the Persian gulf. Upon her shawl, like the Arabian prince upon his carpet, I am transported to the vales of Cashmere; and thus, as I daily walk in the bright spring days, I go round the world.

But the season wakes a finer longing, a desire that could only be satisfied if the pavilions of the clouds were real, and I could stroll among the towering splendors of a sultry spring evening. Ah! if I could leap those flaming battlements that glow along the west—if I could tread those cool, dewy, serene isles of sunset, and sink with them into infinite starlight.

I say so to Prue, and my wife smiles.

"But why is it so impossible, if you go to Italy upon a magnolia branch?"

The smile fades from her eyes.

"I want a shorter voyage than that," she answered; "it was only to Mr. Bourne's."

I walked slowly out of the house and overtook Titbottom as I went. He smiled gravely as he greeted me, and said:

"I have been asked to invite you to join a little pleasure party."

"Where is it going?"

"Oh! anywhere," answered Titbottom.

"And how?"

"Oh! anyhow," he replied.

"You mean that everybody is to go wherever he pleases, and in the way he

best can. My dear Titbottom, I have long belonged to that pleasure party, although I never heard it called by so agreeable a name before."

My companion said only:

"If you would like to join, I will introduce you to the party. I cannot go, but they are all on board."

I answered nothing; but Titbottom drew me along. We took a boat and put off to the most extraordinary craft I have ever seen. We approached her stern, and, as I curiously looked at it, I could think of nothing but an old picture that hung in my father's house. It was of the Flemish school, and represented the rear view of the *erow* of a burgomaster, going to market. The wide yards were stretched like elbows, and even the studding-sails were spread. The hull was seared and blistered, and in the tops I saw what I supposed to be strings of turnips or cabbages, little round masses, with tufted crests; but Titbottom assured me they were sailors.

We rowed hard, but came no nearer the vessel. "She is going with the tide and wind," said I; "we shall never catch her."

My companion said nothing.

"But why have they set the studding-sails?" asked I.

"She never takes in any sail," answered Titbottom.

"The more fool she," thought I, a little impatiently, angry at not getting any nearer to the vessel. But I did not say it aloud. I would as soon have said it to Prue as to Titbottom. The truth is, I began to feel uncomfortably from the motion of the boat, and remembered, with a shade of regret, Prue and peppermint. If wives could only keep their husbands a little nauseated, I am confident they might be very sure of their constancy.

But, somehow, the strange ship was gained, and I found myself among as singular a company as I have ever seen. There were men of every country, and costumes of all kinds. There was an indescribable mistiness in the air, or a premature twilight, in which all the figures looked ghostly and unreal. The ship was of a model such as I had never seen, and the rigging had a musty odor, so that the whole craft smelled like a ship-chandler's shop grown mouldy. The figures glided rather than walked about, and I perceived a strong smell of cabbage issuing from the hold.



But the most extraordinary thing of all was, the sense of resistless motion which possessed my mind the moment my foot struck the deck. I could have sworn we were dashing through the water at the rate of twenty knots an hour. (Prue has a great, but a little ignorant, admiration of my technical knowledge of nautical affairs and phrases.) I looked aloft and saw the sails taut with a stiff breeze, and I heard a faint whistling of the wind in the rigging, but very faint, and rather, it seemed to me, as if it came from the creak of cordage in the ships of Crusaders; or of quaint old craft upon the Spanish main, echoing through remote years—so far away it sounded.

Yet I heard no orders given; I saw no sailors running aloft, and only one figure crouching over the wheel. He was lost behind his great beard as behind a snow-drift. But the startling speed with which we scudded along did not lift a solitary hair of that beard, nor did the old and withered face of the pilot betray any curiosity or interest as to what breakers, or reefs, or pitiless shores might be lying in ambush to destroy us.

Still on we swept; and as the traveler in a night train knows that he is passing green fields, and pleasant gardens, and winding streams, fringed with flowers, and is now gliding through tunnels and darting along the base of fearful cliffs, so I was conscious that we were pressing through various climates and by romantic shores. In vain I peered into the gray twilight mist that folded all. I could only see the vague figures that grew and faded upon the haze, as my eye fell upon them, like the intermittent characters of sympathetic ink when heat touches them.

Now, it was a belt of warm, odorous air in which we sailed, and then cold as the breath of a polar ocean. The perfume of new-mown hay and the breath of roses came mingled with the distant music of bells, and the twittering song of birds, and the low surf-like sound of the wind in summer woods. There were all the sounds of pastoral beauty, of a tranquil landscape, such as Prue loves, and which shall be painted as the background of her portrait whenever she sits to any of my many artist friends; and I strained my eyes into the cruel mist that held all that music and that suggested beauty, but I could see no-

thing. It was so sweet that I scarcely knew if I cared to see. The very thought of it charmed my senses and satisfied my heart. I smelled and heard the landscape that I could not see.

Then the pungent, penetrating fragrance of blossoming vineyards was wafted across the air; the flowery richness of orange groves, and the sacred odor of crushed bay leaves, such as is pressed from them when they are strewn upon the flat pavement of the streets of Florence, and gorgeous priestly processions tread them under foot. A steam of incense filled the air. I smelled Italy—as in the magnolia from Bourne's garden—and, even while my heart leaped with the consciousness, the odor passed, and a stretch of burning silence succeeded.

It was an oppressive zone of heat—oppressive not only from its silence but from the sense of awful, antique forms, whether of art or nature, that were sitting, closely veiled, in that mysterious obscurity. I shuddered as I felt that if my eyes could pierce that mist, or if it should lift and roll away, I should see upon a silent shore low ranges of lonely hills, or mystic figures and huge temples trampled out of history by time.

This, too, we left. There was a rustling of distant palms, the indistinct roar of beasts, and the hiss of serpents. Then all was still again. Only at times the remote sigh of the weary sea, moaning around desolate isles undiscovered, and the howl of winds that had never wafted human voices, but had rung endless changes upon the sound of dashing waters, made the voyage more appalling and the figures around me more fearful.

As the ship plunged on through all the varying zones, as climate and country drifted behind us, unseen in that gray mist, but each, in turn, making that quaint craft, England or Italy, Africa and the Southern seas, I ventured to steal a glance at the motley crew, to see what impression this wild career produced upon them.

They sat about the deck in a hundred listless postures. Some leaned idly over the bulwarks, and looked wistfully away from the ship, as if they fancied they saw all that I inferred but could not see. As the perfume, and sound, and climate, changed, I could see many a longing eye sadden and grow moist, and as the chimes of bells re-

motely echoed like the airy syllables of names, and, as it were, made pictures in music upon the minds of those quaint mariners,—then dry lips moved, perhaps to name a name, perhaps to shape a prayer. Others sat upon the deck, vacantly smoking pipes that required no refilling, but had an immortality of weed and fire. The more they smoked the more mysterious they became. The smoke made the mist around them more impenetrable, and I could clearly see that those distant sounds grew more distant, and, by some of the most desperate and constant smokers, were heard no more. The faces of such had an apathy, which, had it been human, would have been despair.

Others, still, stood staring up into the rigging, as if calculating when the sails must needs be rent and the voyage end. But there was no hope in their eyes, only a bitter longing. Some paced restlessly up and down the deck. They had evidently been walking a long, long time. At intervals they, too, threw a searching glance into the mist that enveloped the ship, and up into the sails and rigging that stretched over them in hopeless strength and order.

One of the promenaders I especially noticed. His beard was long and snowy, like that of the pilot. He had a staff in his hand, and his movement was very rapid. His body swung forward, as if to avoid something, and his glance half turned back over his shoulder, apprehensively, as if he were threatened from behind. The head and the whole figure were bowed as if under a burden, although I could not see that he had anything upon his shoulders; and his gait was not that of a man who is walking off the ennui of a voyage, but rather of a criminal flying, or of a startled traveler pursued.

As he came nearer to me in his walk, I saw that his features were strongly Hebrew, and there was an air of the proudest dignity, fearfully abased, in his mien and expression. It was more than the dignity of an individual. I could have believed that the pride of a race was humbled in his person.

His agile eye presently fastened itself upon me, as a stranger. He came nearer and nearer to me, as he paced rapidly to and fro, and was evidently several times on the point of addressing me, but, looking over his shoulder apprehensively,

he passed on. At length, with a great effort, he paused for an instant, and invited me to join him in his walk. Before the invitation was fairly uttered, he was in motion again. I followed, but I could not overtake him. He kept just before me, and turned occasionally with an air of terror, as if he fancied I were dogging him; then glided on more rapidly.

His face was by no means agreeable, but it had an inexplicable fascination, as if it had been turned upon what no other mortal eyes had ever seen. Yet I could hardly tell whether it were, probably, an object of supreme beauty or of terror. He looked at everything as if he hoped its impression might obliterate some anterior and awful one; and I was gradually possessed with the unpleasant idea that his eyes were never closed—that, in fact, he never slept.

Suddenly, fixing me with his unnatural, wakeful glare, he whispered something which I could not understand, and then darted forward even more rapidly, as if he dreaded that, in merely speaking, he had lost time.

Still the ship drove on, and I walked hurriedly along the deck, just behind my companion. But our speed and that of the ship contrasted strangely with the mouldy smell of old rigging, and the listless and lazy groups, smoking and leaning on the bulwarks. The seasons, in endless succession and iteration, passed over the ship. The twilight was summer haze at the stern, while it was the fiercest winter mist at the bows. But as a tropical breath, like the warmth of a Syrian day, suddenly touched the brow of my companion, he sighed, and I could not help saying:

“You must be tired.”

He only shook his head and quickened his pace. But now that I had once spoken, it was not so difficult to speak, and I asked him why he did not stop and rest.

He turned for a moment, and a mournful sweetness shone in his dark eyes and haggard, swarthy face. It played flittingly around that strange look of ruined human dignity, like a wan beam of late sunset about a crumbling and forgotten temple. He put his hand hurriedly to his forehead, as if he were trying to remember—as a lunatic who, having heard only the wrangle of fiends

in his delirium, suddenly, in a conscious moment, perceives the familiar voice of love. But who could this be, to whom mere human sympathy was so startlingly sweet?

Still moving, he whispered with a woeful sadness, "I want to stop, but I cannot. If I could only stop long enough to leap over the bulwarks!"

Then he sighed long and deeply, and added, "But I should not drown."

So much had my interest been excited by his face and movement, that I had not observed the costume of this strange being. He wore a black hat upon his head. It was not only black, but it was shiny. Even in the midst of this wonderful scene, I could observe that it had the artificial newness of a second-hand hat; and, at the same moment, I was disgusted by the odor of old clothes—very old clothes, indeed. The mist and my sympathy had prevented my seeing before what a singular garb the figure wore. It was all second-hand and carefully ironed, but the garments were obviously collected from every part of the civilized globe. Good heavens! as I looked at the coat, I had a strange sensation. I was sure that I had once worn that coat. It was my wedding surtout—long in the skirts—which Prue had told me, years and years before, she had given away to the neediest Jew beggar she had ever seen.

The spectral figure dwindled in my fancy—the features lost their antique grandeur, and the restless eye ceased to be sublime from immortal sleeplessness, and became only lively with mean cunning. The apparition was fearfully grotesque, but the driving ship and the mysterious company gradually restored its tragic interest. I stopped and leaned against the side, and heard the rippling water that I could not see, and flitting through the mist, with anxious speed, the figure held its way. What was he flying? What conscience with relentless sting pricked this victim on?

He came again nearer and nearer to me in his walk. I recoiled with disgust, this time, no less than terror. But he seemed resolved to speak, and, finally, each time, as he passed me, he asked single questions, as a ship which fires whenever it can bring a gun to bear.

"Can you tell me to what port we are bound?"

"No," I replied; "but how can you take passage without inquiry? To me it makes little difference."

"Nor do I care," he answered, when he next came near enough; "I have already been there."

"Where?" asked I.

"Wherever we are going," he replied. "I have been there a great many times, and oh! I am very tired of it."

"But why are you here at all, then, and why don't you stop?"

There was a singular mixture of a hundred conflicting emotions in his face as I spoke. The representative grandeur of a race, which he sometimes showed in his look, faded into a glance of hopeless and puny despair. His eyes looked at me curiously, his chest heaved, and there was clearly a struggle in his mind between some lofty and mean desire. At times I saw only the austere suffering of ages in his strongly-carved features, and again I could see nothing but the second-hand black hat above them. He rubbed his forehead with his skinny hand; he glanced over his shoulder, as if calculating whether he had time to speak to me; and then, as a splendid defiance flashed from his piercing eyes, so that I now know how Milton's Satan looked, he said, bitterly, and with a hopeless sorrow that no mortal voice ever knew before:

"I cannot stop: my woe is infinite, like my sin!"—and he passed into the mist.

But in a few moments he reappeared. I could now see only the hat, which sank more and more over his face, until it covered it entirely; and I heard a querulous voice, which seemed to be quarreling with itself, for saying what its instinct and nature compelled it to say, so that the words were even more appalling than what it had said before:

"Old shoes! old shoes!"

I gazed at the disappearing figure in speechless amazement, and was still looking, when I was tapped upon the shoulder, and, turning round, saw a German cavalry officer, with a heavy moustache, and a dog-whistle in his hand.

"Most extraordinary man, your friend yonder," said the officer; "I don't remember to have seen him in Turkey, and yet I recognize upon his feet the boots that I wore in that great Russian cavalry charge, where I individually

rode down five hundred and thirty Turks, slew seven hundred, at a moderate computation, by the mere force of my rush; and, taking the seven insurmountable walls of Constantinople at one clean flying leap, rode straight into the seraglio, and, dropping the bridle, cut the Sultan's throat with my bridle-hand, kissed the other to the ladies of the harem, and was back again within our lines, and taking a glass of wine with the hereditary Grand Duke Generalissimo before he knew that I had mounted. Oddly enough, your old friend is now sporting the identical boots I wore on that occasion."

The cavalry officer coolly curled his moustache with his fingers. I looked at him in silence.

"Speaking of boots," he resumed, "I don't remember to have told you of that little incident of the Princess of the Crimea's diamonds. It was slight, but curious. I was dining one day with the Emperor of the Crimea, who always had a cover laid for me at his table, when he said, in great perplexity, 'Baron, my boy, I am in straits. The Shah of Persia has just sent me word that he has presented me with two billions of pearl-of-Oman necklaces, and I don't know how to get them over, the duties are so heavy.' 'Nothing easier,' replied I; 'I'll bring them in my boots.' 'Nonsense!' said the Emperor of the Crimea. 'Nonsense! yourself,' replied I, sportively: for the Emperor of the Crimea always gives me my joke; and so after dinner I went over to Persia. The thing was easily enough done. I ordered a hundred thousand pairs of boots or so, filled them with the pearls; said at the Custom-house that they were part of my private wardrobe, and I had left the blocks in to keep them stretched, for I was particular about my bunions. The officers bowed, and said that their own feet were tender, upon which I jokingly remarked that I wished their consciences were, and so in the pleasantest manner possible the pearl-of-Oman necklaces were bowed out of Persia, and the Emperor of the Crimea gave me three billions of them as my share. It was no trouble. It was only ordering the boots, and whistling to the infernal rascals of Persian shoe-makers to go hang for their pay."

I could reply nothing to my new acquaintance, but I treasured his stories

to tell to Prue, and at length summoned courage to ask him why he had taken passage.

"Pure fun," answered he; "nothing else under the sun. You see, it happened in this way:—I was sitting quietly and swinging in a cedar of Lebanon, on the very summit of that mountain, when suddenly, feeling a little warm, I took a brisk dive into the Mediterranean. Now I was careless, and got going obliquely, and with the force of such a dive I could not come up near Sicily, as I had intended, but I went clean under Africa, and came out at the Cape of Good Hope, and as Fortune would have it, just as this good ship was passing. So I sprang over the side, and offered the crew to treat all round if they would tell me where I started from. But I suppose they had just been piped to grog, for not a man stirred, except your friend yonder, and he only kept on stirring."

"Are you going far?" I asked.

The cavalry officer looked a little disturbed. "I cannot precisely tell," answered he, "in fact, I wish I could:" and he glanced round nervously at the strange company.

"If you should come our way, Prue and I will be very glad to see you," said I, "and I can promise you a warm welcome from the children."

"Many thanks," said the officer, — and handed me his card, upon which I read, *Le Baron Munchausen*.

"I beg your pardon," said a low voice at my side; and, turning, I saw one of the most constant smokers—a very old man—"I beg your pardon, but can you tell me where I came from?"

"I am sorry to say I cannot," answered I, as I surveyed a man with a very bewildered and wrinkled face, who seemed to be intently looking for something.

"Nor where I am going?"

I replied that it was equally impossible. He mused a few moments, and then said slowly, "Do you know, it is a very strange thing that I have not found anybody who can answer me either of those questions. And yet I must have come from somewhere," said he, speculatively—"yes, and I must be going somewhere, and I should really like to know something about it."

"I observe," said I, "that you smoke a good deal, and perhaps you find tobacco clouds your brain a little."

"Smoke! Smoke!" repeated he, sadly, dwelling upon the words; "why, it all seems smoke to me;" and he looked wistfully around the deck, and I felt quite ready to agree with him.

"May I ask what you are here for," inquired I; "perhaps your health, or business of some kind? although I was told it was a pleasure party."

"That's just it," said he; "if I only knew where we were going, I might be able to say something about it. But where are you going?"

"I am going home, as fast as I can," replied I warmly, for I began to be very uncomfortable. The old man's eyes half closed, and his mind seemed to have struck a scent.

"Isn't that where I was going? I believe it is; I wish I knew; I think that's what it is called. Where is home?"

And the old man puffed a prodigious cloud of smoke, in which he was quite lost.

"It is certainly very smoky," said he. "I came on board this ship to go to—in fact, I meant—as I was saying, I took passage for—." He smoked silently. "I beg your pardon, but where did you say I was going?"

Out of the mist where he had been leaning over the side, and gazing earnestly into the surrounding obscurity, now came a pale young man and put his arm in mine.

"I see," said he, "that you have rather a general acquaintance, and, as you know many persons, perhaps you know many things. I am young, you see, but I am a great traveler. I have been all over the world, and in all kinds of conveyances; but," he continued, nervously, starting continually, and looking round, "I haven't yet got abroad."

"Not got abroad, and yet you have been everywhere!"

"Oh! yes; I know;" he replied, hurriedly; "but I mean that I haven't yet got away. I travel constantly, but it does no good;—and perhaps you can tell me the secret I want to know. I will pay any sum for it. I am very rich and very young, and, if money cannot buy it, I will give as many years of my life as you require."

He moved his hands convulsively, and his hair was wet upon his forehead. He was very handsome in that mystic light, but his eye burned with eager-

ness, and his slight, graceful frame thrilled with the earnestness of his emotion. The Emperor Hadrian, who loved the boy Antinous, would have loved that youth.

"But what is it that you wish to leave behind?" said I, at length, holding his arm paternally; "what do you wish to escape?"

He threw his arms straight down by his side, clenched his hands, and looked fixedly in my eyes. The beautiful head was thrown a little back upon one shoulder, and the wan face glowed with yearning desire and utter abandonment to confidence, so that, without his saying it, I knew that he had never whispered the secret which he was about to impart to me. Then, with a long sigh, as if his life were exhaling, he whispered,

"Myself."

"Ah! my boy, you are bound upon a long journey."

"I know it," he replied, mournfully; "and I cannot even get started. If I don't get off in this ship, I fear I shall never escape."

His last words were lost in the mist which gradually removed him from my view.

"The youth has been amusing you with some of his wild fancies, I suppose," said a venerable man, who might have been twin-brother of that snowy-bearded pilot. "It is a great pity so promising a young man should be the victim of such vagaries."

He stood looking over the side for some time, and at length added,

"Don't you think we ought to arrive soon?"

"Where?" asked I.

"Why, in Eldorado, of course," answered he. "The truth is, I became very tired of that long process to find the Philosopher's Stone, and, although I was just upon the point of the last combination which must infallibly have produced the medium, I abandoned it when I heard Orellana's account, and found that Nature had already done in Eldorado precisely what I was trying to do. You see," continued the old man, abstractedly, "I had put youth, and love, and hope, besides a great many scarce minerals into the crucible, and they all dissolved slowly and vanished in vapor. It was curious, but they left no residuum except a little ashes, which were not strong enough to make a lye to cure



a lame finger. But, as I was saying, Orellana told us about Eldorado just in time, and I thought, if any ship would carry me there, it must be this. But I am very sorry to find that any one, who is in pursuit of such a hopeless goal as that pale young man yonder, should have taken passage. It is only age," he said, slowly, stroking his white beard, "that teaches us wisdom, and persuades us to renounce the hope of escaping ourselves; and, just as we are discovering the Philosopher's Stone, relieves our anxiety by pointing the way to Eldorado."

"Are we really going there?" asked I, in some trepidation.

"Can there be any doubt of it?" replied the old man. "Where should we be going, if not there? However, let us summon the passengers and ascertain."

So saying, the venerable man beckoned to the various groups that were clustered, ghost-like, in the mist that enveloped the ship. They seemed to draw nearer with listless curiosity, and stood or sat near us, smoking, as before, or still leaning on the side, idly gazing. But the restless figure who had first coaxed me still paced the deck, flitting in and out of the obscurity; and as he passed there was the same mien of humbled pride and the air of a fate of tragic grandeur, and still the same faint odor of old clothes, and the low querulous cry, "Old shoes! old shoes!"

The ship dashed on. Unknown odors and strange sounds still filled the air, and all the world went by us as we flew, with no other noise than the low gurgling of the sea around the side.

"Gentlemen," said the reverend passenger for Eldorado, "I hope there is no misapprehension as to our destination?"

There was a general movement of anxiety and curiosity. Presently the smoker, who had asked me where he was going, said doubtfully:

"I don't know—it seems to me—I mean, I wish somebody would distinctly say where we are going."

"I think I can throw a little light upon this subject," said a person whom I had not before remarked. He was dressed like a sailor and had a dreamy eye. "It is very clear to me where we are going. I have been taking observations for some time, and I am glad to announce that we are on the

eve of achieving great fame; and I may add," said he modestly, "that my own good name for scientific acumen will be amply vindicated. Gentlemen, we are undoubtedly going into the Hole."

"What hole is that?" asked M. le Baron Munchausen, a little contemptuously.

"Sir, it will make you more famous than you ever were before," replied the first speaker, evidently much enraged.

"I am persuaded we are going into no such absurd place," said the Baron, exasperated.

The sailor with the dreamy eye was fearfully angry. He drew himself up stiffly and said:

"Sir, you lie!"

M. le Baron Munchausen took it in very good part. He smiled and held out his hand:

"My friend," said he, blandly, "that is precisely what I have always heard. I am glad you do me no more than justice, I fully assent to your theory; and I constitute myself the Historiographer of the Expedition. How soon, after getting into the Hole, do you think we shall get out?"

"The result will prove," said the marine gentleman, handing the officer his card, upon which was written Captain Symmes. The two gentlemen then walked aside; and the groups began to sway to and fro in the haze as if not quite contented.

"Good God," said the pale youth, running up to me and clutching my arm, "I cannot go into any Hole alone with myself. I should die—I should kill myself. I thought somebody was on board, and I hoped you were he, who would steer us to the Fountain of Oblivion."

"Very well, that is in the Hole," said M. le Baron, who came out of the mist at that moment, leaning upon the Captain's arm.

"But can I leave myself outside?" remarked the youth, nervously.

"Certainly," interposed the old Alchemist; "you may be sure that you will not get into the Hole, until you have left yourself behind."

The pale young man grasped his hand, and gazed into his eyes.

"And then I can drink and be happy," murmured he, as he leaned over the side of the ship, and listened to the rippling water, as if it had been the music of the Fountain of Oblivion.

"Drink! drink!" said the smoking old man. "Fountain! fountain! Why, I believe that is what I am after. I beg your pardon," continued he, addressing the Alchemist. "But can you tell me if I am looking for a fountain?"

"The fountain of youth, perhaps," replied the Alchemist.

"The very thing!" cried the smoker, with a shrill laugh, while his pipe fell from his mouth, and was shattered upon the deck, and the old man tottered away into the mist, chuckling feebly to himself, "Youth! youth!"

"He'll find that in the Hole, too," said the Alchemist, as he gazed after the receding figure.

The crowd now gathered more nearly around us.

"Well, gentlemen," continued the Alchemist, "where shall we go, or, rather, where are we going?"

A man in a friar's habit, with the cowl closely drawn about his head, now crossed himself, and whispered:

"I have but one object. I should not have been here if I had not supposed we were going to find Prester John, to whom I have been appointed father confessor, and at whose court I am to live splendidly, like a cardinal in Rome. Gentlemen, if you will only agree that we shall go there, you shall all be permitted to hold my train when I proceed to be enthroned as Bishop of Central Africa."

While he was speaking, another old man came from the bows of the ship, a figure which had been so immovable in its place, that I supposed it was the ancient figure-head of the craft, and said in a low, hollow voice, and a quaint accent:

"I have been looking for centuries, and I cannot see it. I supposed we were heading for it. I thought sometimes I saw the flash of distant spires, the sunny gleam of upland pastures, the soft undulations of purple hills. Ah! me. I am sure I heard the singing of birds, and the faint low of cattle. But I do not know: we come no nearer; and yet I felt its presence in the air. If the mist would only lift, we should see it lying so fair upon the sea, so graceful against the sky. I fear we may have passed it. Gentlemen," said he, sadly, "I am afraid we may have lost the island of Atlantis for ever."

There was a look of uncertainty in the throng upon the deck.

"But yet," said a group of young men in every kind of costume, and of every country and time, "we have a chance at the Encantadas, the Enchanted Islands. We were reading of them only the other day, and the very style of the story had the music of waves. How happy we shall be to reach a land where there is no work, nor tempest, nor pain, and we shall be forever happy."

"I am content," said a languid youth, with heavily matted curls; "what can be better than this? We feel every climate, the music and the perfume of every zone are ours. In the starlight I woo the mermaids, as I lean over the side, and no enchanted island will show us fairer forms. I am content. The ship sails on. We cannot see, but we can dream. What work or pain have we here? I like the ship; I like the voyage; I like my company, and am content."

As he spoke, he put something into his mouth, and drawing a white substance from his pocket, offered it to his neighbor, saying, "Try a bit of this lotus; you will find it very soothing to the nerves, and an infallible remedy for home-sickness."

"Gentlemen," said M. le Baron Munchausen; "have no fear. The arrangements are well made; the voyage has been perfectly planned, and each passenger will discover what he took passage to find, in the Hole into which we are going, under the auspices of this worthy Captain."

He ceased, and silence fell upon the ship's company. Still on we swept; it seemed a weary way. The tireless pedestrian still paced to and fro, and the idle smokers puffed. The ship sailed on, and endless music and odor chased each other through the misty air. Suddenly, a deep sigh drew universal attention to a person who had not yet spoken. He held a broken harp in his hand, the strings fluttered loosely in the air, and the head of the speaker, bound with a withered wreath of laurels, bent over it.

"No, no," he said; "I will not eat your lotus, nor sail into the Hole. No magic root can cure the home-sickness I feel; for it is no regretful remembrance, but an immortal longing. I have roamed further than I thought the earth extended. I have climbed mountains; I have threaded rivers; I have sailed seas; but nowhere have I seen

the home for which my heart aches. Ah! my friends, you look very weary; let us all go home."

The pedestrian paused a moment in his walk, and the smokers took their pipes from their mouths. The soft air which blew, in that moment, across the deck, drew a low sound from the broken harp strings, and a light shone in the eyes of the old man of the figure-head, as if the mist had lifted for an instant, and he had caught a glimpse of the lost Atlantis.

"I really believe that is where I wish to go," said the seeker of the fountain of youth. "I think I would give up drinking at the fountain if I could get there. I do not know," he murmured, doubtfully; "it is not sure; I mean, perhaps, I should not have strength to get to the fountain, even if I were near it."

"But is it possible to get home," inquired the pale young man. "I think I should be resigned if I could get home."

"Certainly," said the dry, hard voice of Prester John's confessor, as his cowl fell a little back, and a sudden flush burned upon his gaunt face; "if there is any chance of home, I will give up the Bishop's palace in Central Africa."

"But, Eldorado is my home," interposed the old Alchemist.

"Or is home Eldorado?" asked the poet, with the withered wreath, turning toward the Alchemist.

It was a strange company and a wondrous voyage. Here were all kinds of men, of all times and countries, pursuing the wildest hopes, the most chimerical desires. One took me aside to request that I would not let it be known, but that he inferred from certain signs we were nearing Utopia. Another whispered gaily in my ear that he thought the water was gradually becoming of a ruby color—the hue of wine; and he had no doubt we should wake in the morning and find ourselves in the land of Cockaigne. A third, in great anxiety, stated to me that such continuous mists were unknown upon the ocean; that they were peculiar to rivers, and that, beyond question, we were drifting along some stream, probably the Nile, and immediate measures ought to be taken that we did not go ashore at the foot of the Mountains of the Moon. Others were quite sure that we were in the way of striking the great southern continent; and a young man, who gave his name

as Wilkins, said we might be quite at ease, for presently some friends of his would come flying over from the neighboring islands and tell us all we wished.

Still I smelled the mouldy rigging, and the odor of cabbage was strong from the hold.

Oh! Prue, what could the ship be, in which such fantastic characters were sailing toward impossible bournes—characters which in every age have ventured all the bright capital of life in vague speculations and romantic dreams? What could it be but the ship that haunts the sea forever, and, with all sails set, drives onward before a ceaseless gale, and is not hailed, nor ever comes to port?

I know the ship is always full, I know the graybeard still watches at the prow for the lost Atlantis; and still the Alchemist believes that Eldorado is at hand. Upon his aimless quest, the doctard still asks where he is going, and the pale youth knows that he shall never fly himself. Yet they would gladly renounce that wild chase and the dear dreams of years, could they find what I have never lost. They were ready to follow the poet home, if he could have told them where it lay.

I know where it lies. I breathe the soft air of the purple uplands which they shall never tread. I hear the sweet music of the voices they long for in vain. I am no traveler; my only voyage is to the office and home again. William and Christopher, John and Charles sail to Europe and the South, but I defy their romantic distances. When the spring comes and the flowers blow, I drift through the year belted with summer and with spice.

With the changing months I keep high carnival in all the zones. I sit at home and walk with Prue, and if the sun that stirs the sap quickens also the wish to wander, I remember my fellow-voyagers on that romantic craft, and looking round upon my peaceful room, and pressing more closely the arm of Prue, I feel that I have reached the port for which they hopelessly sailed. And when winds blow fiercely and the night-storm rages, and the thought of lost mariners and of perilous voyages touches the soft heart of Prue, I hear a voice sweeter to my ear than that of the syrens to the tempest-tost sailor: "Thank God! Your only cruising is in the Flying Dutchman!"

## THE BEASTS OF THE PRAIRIES.

HAVING, in former numbers of this magazine, treated of the Fishes and Birds of the Prairies, or of the great central plains which extend from the Western shore of Lake Michigan to the Rocky Mountains, we now propose to say something of the beasts of chase, or "varmints," as they are called in hunter phrase, the term embracing all wild animals that are followed for sport, for profit, or for extermination.

A gentleman who writes very pleasant books on American field sports, insists upon restricting the term game to such animals as are in England killed for sport. This is very well in England, where the sport, being confined to the higher classes, the sportsmen are a privileged few, and can make and enforce their own code of laws; but in the United States, where the hunters and shooters comprise the great body of the people, no such sporting canons are practicable. Although, therefore, it may be more strictly in rule to speak of "a gaggle of geese," or "a whiteness of swans," or to call the male deer "a hart," and the female "a hind," as we are directed by the learned author above-mentioned, we much fear that in this case, as in many others, wisdom will cry aloud in the streets and no man regard her, and that the ignorant Yankee nation will shoot away at flocks of geese and swans regardless of the proprieties of language, so they hit, and that they will none the less relish their venison though it be killed, with a rude disregard for the niceties of woodcraft, under the names of buck and doe.

In fact, the science of woodcraft seems to be essentially Norman and aristocratic, and so wholly opposed to the Anglo-Saxon way of thinking, as exhibited by the Americans of the free States, that it is very difficult to enforce laws for the protection of our game even in the breeding season, and in consequence there is danger that a few years will see it exterminated. It is in anticipation of such a result that our sketches are made, and perhaps in the year 1900 they may possess an interest wholly wanting now, as treating of the habits of an extinct Occidental Fauna.

## THE BISON, OR BUFFALO.—This

animal is peculiar to America, and probably before the arrival of Europeans roamed over most of the continent, as the early voyagers frequently mention "wild bulls," and there is no other member of the ox tribe known to be native.

It has always been an animal of great value to the Indians, furnishing them with food, clothes, and dwellings; in fact, the Indians of the plains are entirely dependent on the buffalo, and when he fails in his annual migrations, they are reduced to starvation.

It is believed that all attempts to mingle permanently the blood of these desert-born cattle, with that of the domestic breed, have proved unsuccessful. Like the offspring of the red and white races of man, they cannot be depended upon as civilized or tamed, but are apt, at the first chance, to take to the woods again.

Although a large and apparently formidable animal, the bison seems to be inferior in courage and ferocity to the wild cattle of Europe and Asia. It flies at the sight of man, and although when brought to bay will make a furious charge at the hunter, with a good horse this is easily evaded, and so mounted, a man can pick out the fattest of the herd with very little danger. Indeed, a scamper among the buffalo is now the common finish to a sporting tour in America, by the young gentlemen of England and their Boston and New York imitators. Salmon fishing in Nova Scotia, grouse shooting in Illinois, and buffalo hunting on the Plains,—all requiring enough pluck to keep the Cock-nies out.

The range of the buffalo is still very extensive, from the Rocky Mountains on the West to within two hundred miles of the Mississippi on the East; and from Texas on the South to Lake Winnipeg on the North.

THE ELK, OR WAPITI.—This magnificent stag is to be found, like the buffalo, on the great plains west of the Mississippi, which he seems to prefer to the timbered country.

There is great need of a standard work on American Mammalia. We have large and satisfactory books on our Ornithology; something has been done, and more is doing, on Ichthyology,

while the only work we have on the quadrupeds of America is that of Dr. Godman, which is much behind the present state of science.

The animal under consideration has been frequently confounded with the large deer of the timbered country, the cariboo, and this last again with the rein-deer. The distinctions between these species have been ably pointed out by Mr. Herbert in his work on American Field Sports. The elk is domesticated without much difficulty, and has, we believe, frequently been trained to harness, for which its strength and speed are well adapted; while its clean and graceful limbs and splendid antlers would make a pair of elks, going a three-minute gait along the avenue, a real sporting team. To the parks of our country gentlemen the elk would form an appropriate ornament, while their flesh affords a delicious venison. The hunting of the elk and cariboo affords the finest sport which is to be had on this continent. The watchfulness and speed of the animals, with their courage and ferocity when brought to bay, render it anything but a holiday recreation, but one demanding great knowledge of woodcraft and skill with weapons, as well as courage and endurance.

**THE DEER.**—We do not propose to inflict upon the patient readers of this magazine any description of this well-known animal, found in all parts of the Union, from Cape Cod to the Columbia river, but merely to describe some ways of hunting him.

**First.—Driving with Hounds.** It is usual in this mode of hunting deer, to station the sportsmen at certain stands or passways, where the deer are expected to pass on being roused by the hounds. Armed with a double-barrel, heavily loaded with buck shot, the patient hunter must remain for hours or days immovable and silent, waiting for his game to be brought to him. There may be one chance in six that he may see the deer; one in ten that the deer will pass his stand, and one in fifteen that, if a beginner, he will have presence of mind to fire; and one in twenty that, if all the other chances occur, he will kill his game. This driving is the favorite method at the South, where the indolent gentry, wishing to kill time and procure an appetite

without much exertion, keep negro hunters and drivers to do the work, while they sit all day on a log, smoking. Neither is it a bad way for New York Cockneys to air their fine London guns and shooting jackets on Long Island; but, as to sport, we really cannot see where it lies.

**Second.—Coursing with Greyhounds.** This is brilliant sport, superior to any hunting in America, except, perhaps, the regular Carolina fox hunting in the pine woods. You go out upon the prairie, well mounted, with your dogs in the leash. They are a cross between the greyhound and some heavier and fiercer race, and, if right, will run into and pull down a buck single handed. It is a fine morning in December, and the surface of the prairie, blackened with the autumnal fires, is covered with patches of white frost. The air is clear and bracing, and as we ride out of town and emerge upon the open prairie, our horses, anticipating the well-known sport, prance gaily about. Our company consists of about thirty horsemen; some armed with pistols, others with rifles or double guns. We have five large half-bred greyhounds, tawny and brindled, with deep chests and strong limbs; three couple of foxhounds, who ever and anon utter their impatient bay; two or three terriers and a crowd of curs. We push out into the prairie, steering south, towards Blue Island, where we expect to find a herd of deer. (This is supposed to be in 1840.) On arriving at the timber, five or six hunters, with the dogs, take the lead, and the rest of the field follows as it best may through the timber. We keep along through the grove for a couple of miles, when the word is given that deer are ahead, and we are desired to spread ourselves so as to drive them out of the grove on to the large prairie south, where the dogs can run to advantage. Here let us remark, that it is dangerous to let greyhounds run in the timber, as they are very apt to kill themselves by running against trees. Slowly and carefully we proceed, with the fox-hounds in advance, their deep voices showing the route we are to pursue. At length, we come out of the grove, and spy the deer, ten or twelve in number, bounding away over the prairie about a mile off; not much alarmed, as yet, and occasionally stopping to look behind at their pursuers.



"Now, men," says our leader, "spread yourselves, and go!" The greyhounds are slipped, and start at full speed, followed by the crowd of shouting riders and yelling curs. The deer take the alarm at once, and, after making two or three very lofty bounds, as if to try their limbs, they set off at a rate which would seem likely to carry them out of sight, very soon. We go at our best pace for about a mile, when the field begins to grow select. First, the big gray, with the butcher on him, gives out, and a canter is all that can be got out of him. Next the bay colt and the black mare, hired from a livery stable, and ridden by two spruce looking young clerks, are brought to a trot, blowing heavily. Now those three Germans, rigged out "*en grand chasseur*," with guns strapped to their backs, game bags large enough to hold a well grown fawn, and hunting horns round their necks, have pulled up their tired nags, which have hardly got a puff in either of them, and proceed with great deliberation to light their pipes.

"Halloo! Mike! is your mare done?"

"Sure and I have no call to them cratur's wid the horns, and why would I be breaking the ould mare's heart this way?" said the Irish drayman, who, being of a sporting turn, and owning a nice gray mare which was quite fair for a quarter race, had engaged her in a business for which she was not quite able.

Five or six more begin to show "bellows to mend," and gradually to drop astern, as we get along into the prairie, and it is evident that the deer are making for the next grove, some five miles further. We had run them about three miles at a killing pace, when the state of things was as follows. About a quarter of a mile behind the deer are the greyhounds, running on a line about ten feet apart, and evidently gaining on the chase. A quarter of a mile behind them are the fox-hounds, close together, heads and tails well up, with a breast-high scent and a full cry. Just behind them comes Major D., on a thoroughbred chestnut horse, who goes as if he could keep that stride to the Mississippi. Then, side by side, came Dr. C., on a powerful bay Morgan, who looked as if the pace was a little too good for him, and the writer, on a mare of the Major's raising, called Creeping Kate; she was by his sorrel horse, which is directly descended from Henry and

Eclipse. No wonder, then, that she can run a little, though she is over ten years old. Straggling behind these come half a dozen of the best mounted of the field—the rest, with the cur dogs, are nowhere.

"Will they get to the grove, Major?" said I. "Not all of them, I reckon," he replied, turning half round in the saddle, "if those greyhounds are good for anything." "I'll answer for old Spring," said I, "that is the brindled dog on the right; he will make his rush directly, and then you will see the fur fly."

Just then, as if by mutual agreement, the five greyhounds extended their front so as to be on the flanks of the flying herd, then increased their speed, till in ten minutes they were abreast; then they began to close up with the deer. Now the chase is most exciting—deer and dogs are both doing their best, while we have to ply the spur to keep our places in the hunt. At this moment old Spring makes his rush, seizes the big buck by the haunch and capsizes him; the other dogs follow his example, and the prettiest kind of a skirmish ensues—deer and dogs rolling over in the snow, kicking, striking, biting, and growling. Those of the deer who were not seized by the greyhounds scattered in all directions, and Dr. C., pulling up his not unwilling horse, got a double shot at about sixty yards. One he knocked over and the other he missed. Seeing a young buck going off alone on a course which would cross my track, I start to head him off. He bears off to the right, but after a run of two hundred yards I close up within twenty yards of him, and give him a ball from my pistol, behind the shoulder; he falls, and I ride up to give him a shot in the head, and have dismounted for the purpose, when up he jumps with his hair all standing the wrong way, and comes at me. Fortunately, however, I have a loaded pistol in my belt with which I give him a ball through the brains. Then cutting the deer's throat, and having with some difficulty persuaded Kate to allow the carcass to hang across her back, I mount to ride in search of the rest of the party.

The whole thing was over, I soon saw, as I approached the group of horsemen near the grove. The greyhounds had killed three, Major D. had

shot one with his pistol, Dr. C. had one, and two of the outsiders had killed one each; eight in all, out of a herd of eleven.

**Third.—Still Hunting.** This is precisely what the English call "stalking," and signifies going forth alone (or, if attended by a dog, he must keep at heel till you have wounded your game), to do battle against the monarch of the woods; to set man's knowledge and skill against the instinct of the animal. You walk slowly and quietly along through the woods, like a ghost, leaving no sound of your footfall; your eyes glance constantly round; sometimes for five minutes you stand still in the shadow of a big tree trunk, to the color of which your dress corresponds so nearly, that, when not in motion, you are invisible. A stranger of an imaginative turn of mind, on meeting you in the forest so employed, would take you for the spirit of old Daniel Boone, or Natty Bumppo, moving West, out of the way of the settlements. Truly this, and not angling, is the "Contemplative Man's Recreation."

The object of all this spirit-like gliding, gentle reader, is that you may get a sight of the deer before he sees you. It is a question of precedence. If the deer sees you first, and his eyes are quick, he quietly slips off, and you must glide after another. If you get the first sight, and it is astonishing to what a pitch of accuracy the eye may be educated, you stand still, and, like Austria, wait the progress of events. If the deer comes straight towards you, of course the game is your own, if you can keep still till he gets within shot. But if, as is most probable, he takes another course, you must fly from tree to tree, and from cover to cover, with the quickness and invisibility of an owl or an Indian, till you get within shot, when your rifle must do the rest.

This is the favorite manner of hunting deer in the Western forests: a man needs nothing for it but a rifle and a good pair of legs and eyes; the latter especially, for a near-sighted man can never excel at this sport. Those, however, who try it, become so fond of it as to despise all other hunting. We have seen deer stalked, with great success, by means of a sled and a yoke of oxen. Let the hunters lie down in the bottom of the sled among the hay, and let the driver drive his team not direct-

ly towards the deer, but round them in concentric circles, gradually lessening in diameter, till he carries you within ten rods of them. The writer was one of a party of four, who by the sled dodge got six deer in one morning, and ought to have killed twice as many, from the number of fair shots we had.

**THE PANTHER.**—This, the largest and most formidable of the North American cats, is seldom seen upon the plains, except when traveling from one grove to another. They prefer a mountainous and broken country.

**THE NORTHERN LYNX.**—A few years ago this animal was rather common in Northern Illinois, a specimen having been killed within the limits of the present city of Chicago about twelve years since. This lynx feeds upon birds, and other small animals, and seems, notwithstanding its formidable size, to be a timid animal, and easily killed. It is sometimes eaten.

**THE BLACK BEAR.**—Although the country on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan abounds with these animals, they are seldom seen on the west side of the Lake, and then only as transient visitors; they preferring a heavily timbered country, which furnishes them with more food and shelter than they can get on the prairies.

We have always thought that there was something more human about the bear than the other prowlers of the woods; and so think the Indians, who call him "brother," and when they kill him for food, or from a desire to appropriate his thick overcoat, generally apologize to him for the liberty, and attribute it solely to their necessities. Like man, the black bear is omnivorous, though he prefers fruit and vegetables; seldom meddling with the sheep or hogs if he can get berries or mast. He is not aggressive in his temper, but likes his share of the road, and does not allow himself to be crowded. Instead of roving about the country in winter, mad with cold and hunger, like the ferocious and disreputable wolf, our bear snugly stows himself away in his den and sleeps till spring. He is an excellent boxer, and, in a ring fight, would puzzle the best shoulder-bitter in New York to touch him, while a wipe from his paw would take the

conceit out of Hyer or Yankee Sullivan. There are many bear stories about, but the following, by an old Hoosier, is one of the best we remember:

"When I came into this neck of woods, about twenty years back, there was a powerful chance of 'Bar' yer. Many is the good hide I've shucked off the varmints, and many a jar of ile I've toted down to Lar Fyett, for the pot-ecaries, and me and my old woman always all'owed that bar meat did stick to the ribs better than hog. I was goin' to tell you of her scrape with the old he bar. It was in the spring, airly, one day, when I was away in the timber with the boys, mauling rails, that the sarcumstance happened, which made me laugh powerful, I tell ye. The old woman was alone in the cabin, trying out some pork fat, say near sundown, when this old he, traveling through the timber, smelt the fat I reckon, for he clim the fence and came snuffing round the cabin. We had both the guns with us in the woods, or the old woman wouldn't have asked no favors; but as she had no shootin' iron, she fastened the door, and the bar seein' he couldn't get in at the door, he clim up the logs and got to the ruff, so as to come down the chimbley, bein' just naterally bound to have that pork fat. So, as he came backing down the chimbley, bar fashion, my old woman, she jumps to the bed and heaves an armful of straw on the fire. You may believe that and the fat blazed considerable, and so did the bar's posteriums, and the way that old he went up the chimbley wasn't slow. He just made a bee line for the timber, and never said another word about pork fat. And that's the way my woman, she tarried the bar, and kinder skortched his britches."

**THE GRIZZLY BEAR.**—If the last mentioned bear is sometimes a joker, the grizzly bear is not, being the most powerful and ferocious beast on this continent, and, as is thought by those competent to judge, equally formidable with the tiger or the lion of the African deserts. This bear is peculiar to America, and his range is about the base of the Rocky Mountains, where his favorite food, the buffalo, is to be found.

The chase of this animal is attended with great danger, for, beside his enormous strength and ferocity, which generally prompt him to attack rather

than avoid mankind, he is so cased in thick skin and muscles like cordage, that a shot, except through the heart or brain, seldom makes any impression. Then the skull is so thick and so formed, that a bullet, unless entering through the eye, is apt to be flattened or glanced off. Lewis and Clark, who met with this bear in their exploring expedition to the Oregon, some thirty or forty years ago, and first described him, tell us of several instances where the grizzly bear fought furiously with two or three shots through the heart, and they found them by far more formidable than the Indians. And we know that the killing of one of these animals is the greatest possible exploit for an Indian, and stamps him at once as a great brave.

The mountain men and trappers, however, do not hesitate to attack the grizzly bear, single handed, and with rifle and knife generally "get his meat," which is esteemed as food, and can be found at the eating houses in California. Sometimes, however, the tables are turned, and the bear, "equal to either fortune," turns out the eater, and not the eaten.

**THE BADGER.**—This, a plantigrade cousin of the Bear family, is found on the Western plains. It much resembles in appearance the European Badger, though there are said to be organic differences between them. It lives in holes in the ground, from which it seldom issues forth by day. It fights desperately when assailed by man or dog, and, being protected by a skin of great thickness, is not easily killed.

Wisconsin has taken the badger for its emblem or "totem," as the Indians call it, as Michigan has assumed the wolverine; and we think that the former has the advantage, the badger being a more honest and respectable animal than the wolverine, which is a sort of pirate of the woods, lying in wait for defenseless deer, which he pounces upon by stealth, and esteeming it to be his manifest destiny to eat up all the pigs and sheep that come in his way. We advise the Michigan people to drop the wolverine, and assume the bear,—a decent beast that minds his own business.

**THE WOLF.**—Of this animal we have

three species, the large Gray Wood Wolf, the Black Wolf, and the Prairie Wolf. The first is a powerful and dangerous animal everywhere, though in this region he does not appear ever to have been so formidable to the human race as in the mountains of the Middle and Eastern States. This may arise from the abundance of his favorite food, venison, in the West, so that he is not often driven by hunger to attack mankind, which he always avoids doing if possible, being a cowardly brute, that dislikes a fair fight.

Twenty years ago the gray wolf was abundant in the wooded parts of the State of Illinois, but being driven back by the approach of man, trapped and hunted, and, more than all, poisoned by strychnine, they are now confined to the heavy timber of the Illinois and Mississippi bottoms, and some of the large groves in the northern part of the State. Though cowardly, they fight desperately when cornered or wounded, and we were told by a hunter, that having caught a gray wolf in a trap, the beast, with the heavy trap hanging to one foot, actually whipped a pack of ten or twelve good dogs, several of which were killed or wounded in the fray.

We recollect several years ago, while traveling in the northern part of Wisconsin, in a very severe winter, when the wolves were unusually bold, witnessing an amusing scene. Quite a number of the young men of the vicinity were in the bar-room of the tavern, which was near a heavy tract of timber, when about midnight the wolves were heard howling near the house. Two of the youths, valiant with whisky, seized clubs and rushed to the attack. We all went to the door to see the fun, and by the bright light of the moon we could see the young heroes pursue the wolves to the edge of the timber, shouting and brandishing their sticks in a manner very valiant to behold. Suddenly, however, their charge became a halt, the halt a retreat, and, finally, the retreat a most decided and ignominious flight. The wolves, five or six in number, (and they did loom up large in the moonlight,) pursued the fugitives a short distance towards the house, but were turned back by a shot fired at them from the door. It seems that the wolves had retreated, and drawn the young men into an ambush.

The howl of the wolf is one of the

most frightful sounds that a novice can hear in the woods. We were once camping out in Iowa in winter, some seventy miles west of the Mississippi, and at that time beyond the frontier. It was midnight, and all the party were asleep except two of us, who sat by the camp fire at the opening of the tent, smoking, and spinning long yarns, when

"At once there rose so wild a yell,  
Within that dark and narrow dell,  
As all the fiends from heaven that fell,  
Had pealed the banner cry of hell."

The whole air seemed filled with the vibrations of that infernal sound. Nothing could be seen within the circle of light made by our fire, but outside of it all the wolves in Iowa seemed to be seated open-mouthed and vocal. Not being used to such diabolical music, we allow we were badly scared. For the first time we knew what it meant to have our hair stand on end. Our horses broke loose, and crowded into the camp for protection, and the dogs ran between our legs. Our companion, who was used to this sort of thing, replied to the howl with another nearly as long-drawn and as devilish as that of the wolves themselves, which produced a rejoinder from the hairy outsiders. This lasted for about five minutes, when our friend seized his rifle and fired it at random into the howling circle. Instantly all was still, and we heard no more of them that night, though they continued to prowl about our camp for some days.

The black wolf is by some naturalists supposed to be only a variety of the gray species, but we think there is good reason to mark him as a distinct sort. The hunters who are familiar with this wolf, consider him as a more formidable animal than the gray. They roam singly, and are rarely met with anywhere. The last black wolf that we have heard of was killed near the head of Lake Michigan, about five years ago. He had the boldness to take a calf out of a farm yard at midday, which raised the neighborhood upon him.

The prairie wolf is about the size of a setter dog, though more powerfully made, and resembling a good deal, in appearance and habits, the European jackall. He is exclusively a native American species, though far from being a "Know Nothing." His range formerly extended to Lake Michigan,

on the East, but in the settled parts of Illinois he has become rare. They are swift of foot, live in burrows like the fox, hunt in packs, and are much less afraid of man than the other wolves. We have never heard of any well-authenticated instance of an attack by prairie wolves upon the human family or the larger domestic animals, though they are very destructive to hogs and sheep, as well as to the smaller kinds of game. Before the settlement of Illinois by the whites, the prairie wolves made great havoc among the grouse, trailing the hens to the nest with the unerring nose of the pointer, when mother and eggs would disappear in the capacious maw of the destroyer. The birds were observed to increase rapidly wherever the wolves were driven out.

On the extensive prairies about Chicago, where, twenty years ago, these animals abounded, great sport was had in hunting them with hounds and mounted men. Thirty or forty riders, armed with guns, pistols, or clubs, attended by all the dogs in town, a motly collection of greyhounds, fox-hounds, terriers, bulldogs, and curs; anything, in short, that could fight or run, would sally forth over the frozen prairie. Some wolves would be started from the long grass and weeds, and a dozen separate runs would be going on at once. The only dogs which could outrun the wolves were the greyhounds, but these, and, if of pure blood, were not sufficiently powerful and fierce to kill them. Their game was to run against the wolf, at full speed, generally giving him a fall,

and so retarding his progress till the slower and stronger dogs could come up. This wolf fights desperately when at bay, and few dogs like to attack him single handed.

A bulldog or bull-terrier, which grapples them at once, regardless of their terrible snap, kills them easily. A large and powerful dog, bred between the greyhound and some large and courageous breed, proved very useful, having speed enough to run the wolf down, and strength and courage to finish him. One in particular we remember, as the hero of these hunts. He was a magnificent fellow, standing twenty-eight to thirty inches at the shoulder, tawny colored, like a lion, with a black muzzle, and a set of legs which would carry him up to wolf or deer in a mile's run. He would seize the wolf by the back, and throw him clear from the ground, and such was his strength and activity, that, though he has killed five or six wolves in a day, he was rarely hurt. A deer he would seize by the nose or the haunch, and throw him, then instantly grapple him by the throat, and at these times it was very unsafe for any one but his master to come between him and his prey, for he feared neither man nor beast.

Sometimes a well-mounted man would run down and kill a wolf with pistol or club, the varmint dying mute, but fiercely snapping to the last. The horses came soon to enjoy the chase, and some of them would strike the wolf with their fore feet, in very genuine style.



## AMERICA FOR THE AMERICANS.

AN individual, masked under the vulgar name of SAM, furnishes just now a good deal more than half the pabulum wherewith certain legislators and journalists are fed. Whether he is a mythical or real personage,—a Magus or a monkey,—nobody seems to know, but we are inclined to regard him as real, because of his general acceptance among Dalgetty politicians, and because of the irresistible merriment his occasional “coming down” on something or other affords the newspapers. We saw a paunchy old gentleman the other day, with a face like the sun, only more red and blue and spotty, and a dismally wheezy voice, who came near being carried off with a ponderous apoplectic chuckle, which seized him when somebody casually observed that “Sam was pitching into the police,” and he was only relieved from the fatal consequences, by a series of desperate movements, which resembled those of a seventy-four getting-under-way again after the sudden stroke of a typhoon. Now, if Sam was not unquestionably a real personage, and this old gentleman unquestionably a real disciple of his, we are at a loss to account for the reality of the phenomena thus exhibited.

But whether real or mythical, it has been impossible for us to raise our admiration of Sam to the popular pitch. After due and diligent inquiry, we have arrived at only a moderate estimate of his qualities. In fact, considering the mystery in which he shrouds his ways, we are disposed to believe that he is more of a Jerry Sneak than a hero. The assumption of secrecy on the part of any one, naturally starts our suspicions. We cannot see why he should resort to it, if he harbors only just or generous designs. We associate darkness and night with things that are foul, and we admire the saying, that twilight even, though a favorite with lovers, is also favorable to thieves. Schemes which shrink from the day, which skulk behind corners, and wriggle themselves into obscure and crooked places, are not the schemes we love at a venture. And all the veiled prophets, we apprehend, are very much like that one we read of in the palace of Merou, who hid his face, as he pretended to his admirers, because its brightness

would strike them dead, but in reality because it was of an ugliness so monstrous, that no one could look upon it and live.

There is an utterance, however, imputed to this impervious and oracular Sam, which we cordially accept. He is said to have said that “America belongs to Americans”—just as his immortal namesake, Sam Patch, said that “some things could be done as well as others”—and we thank him for the concession. It is good, very good, very excellent good,—as the logical Touchstone would have exclaimed,—provided you put a proper meaning to it.

What is America, and who are Americans? It all depends upon that, and, accordingly as you answer, will the phrase appear very wise or very foolish. If you are determined to consider America as nothing more than the two or three million square miles of dirt, included between the Granite Hills and the Pacific, and Americans as those men exclusively whose bodies happened to be fashioned from it,—we fear that you have not penetrated to the real beauty and significance of the terms. The soul of a muck-worm may very naturally be contented with identifying itself with the mould from which it is bred, and into which it will soon be resolved, but the soul of a man, unless we are hugely misinformed, claims a loftier origin and looks forward to a nobler destiny.

America, in our sense of the word, embraces a complex idea. It means, not simply the soil with its coal, cotton and corn, but the nationality by which that soil is occupied, and the political system in which such occupants are organized. The soil existed long before Vespucci gave it a name,—as long back, it may be, as when the morning stars sang together,—but the true America, a mere chicken still, dates from the last few years of the eighteenth century. It picked its shell for the first time amid the cannon-volleys of Bunker Hill, and gave its first peep when the old State-House Bell at Philadelphia rang out “liberty to all the land.” Before that period, the straggling and dependent colonies which were here were the mere spawn of the older nations,—the eggs and embryos of America, but

not the full fledged bird. It was not until the political constitution of '89 had been accepted by the people that America attained a complete and distinctive existence, or that she was able—continuing the figure with which we began—to spread her “sheeny vans,” and shout a cock-a-doodle to the sun.

It would be needless, at this day, to state what are the distinguishing principles of that political existence. They have been pronounced ten thousand times, and resumed as often in the simple formula which every school-boy knows—the government of the whole people by themselves and for themselves. In other words, America is the democratic republic—not the government of the people by a despot, nor by an oligarchy, nor by any class such as the red-haired part of the inhabitants, or the blue-eyed part; nor yet a government for any other end than the good of the entire nation—but the democratic republic, pure and simple. This is the political organism which individualizes us, or separates us as a living unity from all the rest of the world.

All this, of course, would be too elementary to be recounted in any mature discussion, if recent events had not made it necessary to an adequate answer of our second question—who, then, are Americans? Who constitute the people in whose hands the destinies of America are to be deposited?

The fashionable answer in these times is “the natives of this Continent, to be sure!” But let us ask again, in that case, whether our old friends Uncas and Chingachgook, and Kag-ne-ga-bow-wow—whether Walk-in-the-water, and Talking-snake, and Big-yellow-thunder, are to be considered Americans par-excellence? Alas, no! for they, poor fellows! are all trudging towards the setting sun, and soon their red and dusky figures will have faded in the darker shadows of the night! Is it, then, the second generation of natives—they who are driving them away—who compose exclusively the American family? You say, yes; but we say, no! Because, if America be as we have shown, more than the soil of America, we do not see how a mere cloddy derivation from it entitles one to the name of American. Clearly, that title cannot enure to us from the mere argillaceous or silicious compounds of our bodies—clearly, it descends from no vegetable ancestry—and it must disdain to trace

itself to that simple relationship to physical nature which we chance to enjoy, in common with the skunk, the rattlesnake, and the catamount. All these are only the natural productions of America—excellent, no doubt, in their several ways—but the American man is something more than a natural product, boasting a moral or spiritual genesis; and referring his birth-right to the immortal thoughts, which are the soul of his institutions, and to the divine affections, which lift his politics out of the slime of state-craft, into the air of great humanitarian purposes.

The real American, then, is he—no matter whether his corporeal chemistry was first ignited in Kamschatka or the moon—who, abandoning every other country and forswearing every other allegiance, gives his mind and heart to the grand constituent ideas of the Republic—to the impulses and ends in which and by which alone it subsists. If he have arrived at years of discretion—if he produces evidence of a capacity to understand the relations he undertakes—if he has resided in the atmosphere of freedom long enough to catch its genuine spirit—then is he an American, in the true and best sense of the term.

Or, if not an American, pray what is he? An Englishman, a German, an Irishman, he can no longer be; he has cast the slough of his old political relations forever; he has asserted his sacred right of expatriation (which the United States was the first of nations to sanction) or been expatriated by his too ardent love of the cause which the United States represents; and he can never return to the ancient fold. It would spurn him more incontinently than powder spurns the fire. He must become, then, either a wanderer and a nondescript on the face of the earth, or be received into our generous republican arms. It is our habit to say that we know of no race nor creed, but the race of man and the creed of democracy, and if he appeals to us, as a man and a democrat, there is no alternative in the premises. We must either deny his claims altogether—deny that he is a son of God and our brother—or else we must incorporate him, in due season, into the household. It is not enough that we offer him shelter from the rain—not enough that we mend his looped and windowed raggedness—not enough that we replenish his wasted midriff with be-

con and hominy, and open to his palsied hands an opportunity to toil. These are commendable charities, but they are such charities as any one, not himself a brute, would willingly extend to a horse found astray on the common. Shall we do no more for our fellows? Have we discharged our whole duty, as men to men, when we have avouched the sympathies we would freely render to a cat? Do we, in truth, recognize their claims at all, when we refuse to confess that higher nature in them, whereby alone they are men, and not stocks or animals? More than that: do we not, by refusing to confess a man's manhood, in reality heap him with the heaviest injury it is in our power to inflict, and wound him with the bitterest insult his spirit can receive?

We can easily conceive the justness with which an alien, escaping to our shores from the oppressions of his own country, or voluntarily abandoning it for the sake of a better life, might reply to those who receive him hospitably, but deny him political association:—"For your good will, I thank you—for the privilege of toiling against the grim inclemencies of my outcast and natural condition, which you offer, I thank you—for the safeguard of your noble public laws, I thank you; but the blessed God having made me a man, as well as you—when you refuse me, like the semi-barbarians of Sparta, all civil life—when, with Jewish exclusiveness, you thrust me out of the holy temple, as a mere proselyte of the gate—your intended kindnesses scum over with malignity, and the genial wine-cup you proffer, brims with wormwood and gall."

We are well aware of the kind of outcry with which such reasoning is usually met. We know in what a variety of tones,—from the vulgar growl of the pot-house pugilist to the minatory shriek of the polemic, frenzied with fear of the Scarlet Lady,—it is proclaimed that all foreign infusions into our life are venomous, and ought to be vehemently resisted. Nor do we mean to deny the right of every community to protect itself from hurt, even to the forcible extrusion, if necessary, of the ingredients which threaten its damage. But that necessity must be most distinctly proved. The case must be one so clear as to leave no doubt of it, as an absolute case of self-

defense. Now, there is no such overruling necessity with us, as to compel either the exclusion, or the extrusion, of our alien residents. They are not such a violent interpolation, as when grains of sand, to use Coleridge's figure, have got between the shell and the flesh of the snail,—that they will kill us if we do not put them out and keep them out. A prodigious hue and cry against them wakes the echoes of the vicinage just now, such as is raised when a pack of hungry foxes stray into the honest hen-roost, but the clamor is quite disproportionate to the occasion. The foxes are by no means so numerous or predacious as they are imagined to be, and there is no such danger of them for the future that we need to be transfixed with fright, or scamper away in a stampede of panic terror. The evils which our past experience of Naturalization has made known to us,—for there are some—are not unmanageable evils, requiring a sudden and spasmodic remedy, and menacing a disastrous overthrow unless they are instantly tackled. The most of them are like the other evils of our social condition,—mere incidents of an infantile or transitional state,—of a life not yet arrived at full maturity—and will be worked off in the regular course of things. At any rate, they solicit no headstrong, desperate assault; only a consciousness of what and where our real strength is, and patient self-control.

On the other hand, it is a fixed conviction of ours, in respect to this whole subject of aliens,—that there is much less danger in accepting them, under almost any circumstances, than there would be in attempting to keep them out. In the latter case, by separating them from the common life of the community,—making them amenable to laws for which they are yet not responsible,—taxing them for the support of a government in which they are not represented,—calling upon them for purposes of defense when they have no real country to defend,—we should in effect erect them into a distinct and subordinate class, on which we had fastened a very positive stigma, or degradation. How lamentable and inevitable the consequences of such a social contrast!

The reader, doubtless, has often seen a wretched oak by the way-side, whose trunk is all gnarled and twisted into

knots; or he may have passed through the wards of a hospital, where beautiful human bodies are eaten with ulcers and sores; or he may have read of the Pariahs of India, those vile and verminous outcasts, who live in hovels away from the cities, and prey on property like rats and weasels; or, again, chance may have led him through the Jews' quarters, the horrid *ghettos* of the old continental towns, where squalor accompanies ineffable crime; or, finally, his inquiries may have made him familiar with the free blacks of his own country, with their hopeless degradations and miseries! Well, if these experiences have been his, he has discerned in them the exponents—in some, the symbols, and in others, the actual effects—of the terrible spirit of exclusion, when it is worked out in society. For, it is a universal truth, that whatever thing enjoys but a partial participation of the life to which it generically belongs, gets, to the extent of the deprivation, diseased. It is also a universal a truth, that the spread of that disease will, sooner or later, affect the more living members. Make any class of men, for instance, an exception in society; set them apart in a way which shall exclude them from the more vital circulations of that society; place them in relations which shall breed in them a sense of alienation and of degradation at the same time—and they must become either blotches or parasites, which corrupt it; or else a band of conspirators, more or less active, making war upon its integrity. Let us suppose that some ruler, a Louis Napoleon or Dr. Francia, should decree that all the inhabitants of a certain country, of oblique or defective vision, should be rigidly confined to one of the lower mechanical occupations: would not all the squint-eyed and short-sighted people be immediately degraded in the estimation of the rest of the community? Would not the feeling of that debasement act as a perpetual irritant to their malice—lead them to hate the rest, and to prey upon them—and so feed an incessant feud—open or sinister, as the injured party might be strong or weak—between the strabismic families and those of a more legitimate ocularity? In the same way, but with even more certainty and virulence of effect, any legal distinctions among a people, founded upon differences of birth or race, must generate unpleasant and pernicious

relations, which, in the end, could only be maintained by force. Say to the quarter million of foreigners who annually arrive on our shores, that, like the *metoikoi* and *perioikoi* of the Greeks, they may subsist here, but nothing more; that the privileges of the inside of the city, suffrage, office, equality, ambition, are closed to them; that they may sport for our amusement in the arenas, look on at our courts, do our severer labors for us, and reverently admire our greatness; but that they shall have no part nor lot in that political life which is the central and distinguishing life of the nation; and, so far forth, you convert them, infallibly, into enemies—into the worst kind of enemies, too—because internal enemies, who have already effected a lodgment in the midst of your citadel. Coming as an invading army—these thousands—with avowed unfriendly purposes—they might easily be driven back by our swords; but coming here, to settle and be transmuted into a caste—into political lepers and vagabonds—they would degenerate into a moral plague, which no human weapon could turn away. Proscribed from the most important functions of the society in which they lived, they would cherish an interest separate from the general interest, and, as they grew stronger, form themselves into an organized and irritable clanship. Their just resentments, or their increasing arrogance, would sooner or later provoke some rival faction into conflict; and then the deep-seated, fatal animosities of race and religion, exasperated by the remembrance of injuries given and taken, would rage over society like the winds over the sea.

History is full of warnings to us on this head. No causes were more potent, in sundering the social ties of the ancient nations, than the fierce civil wars which grew out of the narrow policy of restricting citizenship to the indigenous races. No blight has fallen with more fearful severity on Europe than the blight of class domination, which, for centuries, has wasted the energies and the virtues, the happiness and the hopes, of the masses. Nor is there any danger that threatens our own country now—scarcely excepting slavery—more subtle or formidable than the danger which lurks in those ill-suppressed hatreds of race and religion, which some

persons seem eager to foment into open quarrel. Already the future is walking in to-day. The recent disgraceful exhibitions in this city—the armed and hostile bands which are known to be organized—the bitter taunts and encounters of their leaders—the low criminalities of the Senate-house—the pugilistic *mêlée*, ending in death—the instant and universal excitement—the elevation of a bully of the bar-room into the hero of a cause—the imposing funeral honors, rivaling in pageantry and depth of emotion the most solemn obsequies that a nation could decree its noblest benefactor—all these are marks of a soreness which needs only to be irritated to suppurate in social war.

Our statesmen at Washington are justly sensible of the dangers of sectional divisions; but no sectional divisions which it is possible to arouse are half so much to be dreaded as an inflamed and protracted contest between natives and aliens, or Catholics and Protestants. The divisions which spring from territorial interests appeal to few of the deeper passions of the soul, but the divisions of race and religion touch a chord in the human heart which vibrates to the intensest malignity of hell. Accordingly, the pen of the historian registers many brutal antagonisms—many lasting and terrible wars; but the most brutal of all those antagonisms—the most lasting and terrible of all those wars, are the antagonisms of race, and the wars of religion.

It will be replied to what we have hitherto urged, that our argument proceeds upon an assumption, that aliens are to be totally excluded from political life; whereas nobody proposes such a thing, but only a longer preparatory residence.

We rejoin, that the persons and parties who are now agitating the general question, because they propose the exclusion of adopted citizens from office, do, in effect, propose a total political disqualification of foreigners. All their invectives, all their speeches, all their secret assemblages, have this end and no other. They agree to ostracise politically every man who is not born on our soil; they conspire not to nominate to any preferment, not to vote for, any candidate who is born abroad; and these agreements and conspiracies are a present disfranchisement, so far as they are effective, of every adopted

citizen, and a future anathema of every alien. Whether the aim be accomplished by public opinion, by secret conclave, or by law, the consequences are the same; and the general objections we have alleged, to the division of society into castes, apply with equal force.

We rejoin again—in respect to the distinction made between a total exclusion of foreigners, and a change in the naturalization laws—that it is a distinction which really amounts to nothing. For, firstly, if the probation be extended to a long period, say twenty-one years, as some recommend, it would be equivalent to a total exclusion; and, secondly, if a shorter period, say ten years, be adopted, the change would be unimportant, because no valid objection against the present term of five years would thereby be obviated. Let us see, for a moment.

Firstly, as to a term of twenty-one years: we say that, inasmuch as the majority of foreigners who arrive on our shores are twenty-five years of age and over when they arrive, if we impose a quarantine of twenty-one years more, they will not be admitted as citizens until they shall have reached an age when the tardy boon will be of little value to them, and when their faculties and their interests in human affairs will have begun to decline. Whether they will care to solicit their right at that period is doubtful, and, if they do, they can regard it as scarcely more than a mockery. How many of them will live to be over forty-five or fifty years of age, if we leave them in the interval to loiter in the grog-shops, and amid scenes of vice, as they are more likely to do if not absorbed into the mass of citizens? How many, having passed twenty-one years of political ban, and even of ignominy—for it would come to that—would be thereby better prepared for adoption? The younger ranks of the emigrants might possibly benefit by the hope of one day becoming citizens, and look forward to it with some degree of interest, but to all the rest it would be a *fata morgana*, and the protracted test virtually an interdiction.

Secondly, as to any shorter novitiate, say ten or twelve years, it would not be more effective, in the way of qualifying the pupil, than the existing term. As the laws now stand, an alien, giving three years' notice of intention, must have been five years consecutively a



resident of the United States, and one year a resident of the State and County in which he applies,—must be of good moral character,—must be attached to our constitution and laws,—must abjure all foreign powers, particularly that he was subject to,—and must swear faithful allegiance to the government of his adoptive country,—before he can be admitted a member of the State. What more could be exacted of him, at the end of ten years, or twenty? If unfit for acceptance, too—according to these requirements—at the end of five years, would he be more likely to be fit at the end of ten? In short, is there a single disqualification, which zealous Nativists are apt to allege against foreigners—such as their ignorance, their clannishness, their attachment to foreign governments, and their subjection to the Roman Catholic Church—which would be probably alleviated by means of a more protracted embargo? None: on the contrary, as we have intimated in another place, all their worse qualities would be aggravated by the exclusive association among themselves for so many years longer, in which they would be kept,—while they would lose, as we shall show more fully hereafter, the best means of fitting themselves for good citizenship, in losing the educational influences of our actual political life.

It is true, in respect to the present laws of naturalization, that our Courts have shown a baneful laxity in enforcing their conditions, and that our leading parties, corrupt everywhere, are nowhere more corrupt than in their modes of naturalizing foreigners; but there is no reason to expect that either Courts or parties will grow more severe under more stringent laws. They will have the same motives, and be just as eager, to license fraudulent voters then as they are now; and the few days before a great Presidential election will exhibit the same disgraceful scenes of venality and falsehood. No simple change in the time of the law, at any rate, can work any improvement. Nor will such a change render it any more difficult for the dishonest alien to procure the franchise. He can just as easily swear to a long residence as a short one; while it will happen, that the rarer we make the privilege, the more we increase the difficulties of access to it, the longer we postpone the minority, the greater

will be his inducements to evade the law. In proportion as a prize becomes more valuable, the temptations to a surreptitious seizure of it increase: but where an end is easily achieved, the trouble of waiting till it be obtained in the regular way is preferred to the hazards of a clandestine or criminal attempt to carry it off.

Besides, it is a puerile piece of injustice towards the alien, to inflict him with a disability because of our own laches. We have failed to administer our laws as they should be, and, experiencing some injury in consequence, we turn round to abuse the foreigner, like a foolish and petulant boy who kicks the stone over which he stumbled. The more magnanimous as well as sensible course would be, to amend our own faults. Let us make the five years of probation what the Courts may easily make them, by rigidly exacting the criterions of the law—an interval of real preparation for citizenship—and the present term will be found long enough. But whether long enough or not, the question of time, that is, whether it shall be five years or ten, is a simple question of internal police, not of lasting principles, to be determined by the facts of experience, and by no means justifying the virulent and wholesale denunciations of foreigners it is the fashion with some to fulminate.

In fact, the entire logic of the Nativists is vitiated by its indiscriminating character. Because a large number of the Irish, and a considerable number of the Germans, have been reduced by the long years of abuse which they have suffered at home, to an inferior manhood, it is argued, that all the rest of the Germans and the Irish, and all the Swiss, English, French, Scotch, Swedes and Italians, must be made to suffer for it: but what a grievous error! The poor exiles and refugees, many of them, are no doubt sufficiently debased,—some, even, excessively insolent, too,—but among them are others who are not so,—among them, are thousands upon thousands of men, of hardy virtues and clear intelligence, whose industry contributes vastly to the wealth, as their integrity does to the good order, of our society. Laboring like slaves for us, they have built our cities and railroads; piercing the western wilds, they have caused them to blossom into gardens; taking part in our commerce and manu-

factures, they have helped to carry the triumphs of our arts to the remotest corners of the globe. It was from their ranks that our Statesmanship recruited Gallatin, Morris, and Hamilton,—that the Law acquired Rutledge, Wilson, and Emmett,—that the Army won its Gates, its Mercer, and its Montgomery,—the Navy its Jones, Blakeley, and Barry,—the Arts, their Sully and Cole,—Science, its Agassiz and Guyot,—Philanthropy, its Eliot and Benezet, and Religion its Witherspoon, its White, its Whitfield, and its Cheverus.

The adopted citizen, no doubt, preserves a keen remembrance of his native land; but "lives there on earth a soul so dead" as not to sympathize in that feeling? Let us ask you, oh patriotic Weissnicht, all fresh as you are from the vociferations of the lodge, whether you do at heart think the less of a man because he cannot wholly forget the play-place of his infancy,—the friends and companions of his boyhood,—the old cabin in which he was reared,—and the grave in which the bones of his honored mother repose? Have you never seen two long-separated friends, from the old world, meet again in the new, and clasp each other in a warm embrace, while their conversation blossomed up, from a vein of common memory, in

"Sweet household talk, and phrases of the hearth,"

and did you not love them the more, in that their eyes grew liquid with the dear old themes? Or is there, in the whole circle of your large and respectable private acquaintance, a single Scotchman to whom you refuse your hand because his affections melt under the "Auld lang syne" of Burns, or because his sides shake like a falling house when "Halloween" or "Tam O'Shanter" is read? Can you blame even the poor Frenchman, if his eyes light up into a kind of deathless glow, when the "Marseillaise," twisted from some wandering hurdy-gurdy, has yet power to recall the glorious days in which his fathers and brothers danced for liberty's sake, and with gay audacity, towards the guillotine? We venture to say for you, No! and we believe, if the truth were told, that often, on the lonely western plains, you have dreamed over again with the German his sweet dream of the resurrection and unity of the Fatherland? We have ourselves seen

you, at the St. George dinners, oh Weissnicht, swell with a very evident pride, when some flagrant Englishman, recounting, not the battles which his ancestors for ten centuries had won, on every field of Europe,—but the better trophies gained by Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, or Cromwell,—told you that a little of that same blood coursed in your veins! The blood itself, as it tingled through your body and suffused your cheeks, confessed the fact, if your words did not! How, then, can you, who gaze at Bunker Hill with tears in your eyes, and fling up your hat of a Fourth of July with a jerk that almost dislocates the shoulder, retire to your secret conclave, and chalk it up behind the door, against the foreigner, that he has a lingering love for his native country? Why, he ought to be despised if he had not, if he could forget his heritages of old renown,—for it is this traditional tenderness, these genial memories of the immortal words and deeds and places, that constitute his patronymic glories, which show that he has a human heart still under his jacket, and is all the more likely, on account of it, to become a worthy American. Do not you delude yourself, however, into the shallow belief that the aliens, because of these sentimental attachments, will be led into the love of their native governments, which, having plundered them and their class, for years, at last expelled them to our shores. Ah! no—poor devils—they have not been so chucked under the chin, and fondled and caressed—and talked pretty to, and fed with sweet-cakes, and humored in all sorts of self-indulgences, by the old despotisms, as to have fallen in love with them, forever and ever. On the contrary, if the reports are true, quite other endearments were showered upon them—such as cuffs and kicks—with a distinct intimation, besides, as Mr. Richard Swirell said to Mr. Quilp, after pounding him thoroughly, that "there were plenty more in the same shop—a large and extensive assortment always on hand—and every order executed with promptitude and dispatch." Now, these are experiences that are apt to make republicans of men, and to fill them with other feelings than those of overweening attachment to oppressors!

But this is a slight digression, and we return to the main current of our

argument, to say—what we esteem quite fatal to all schemes for excommunicating foreigners, or even greatly extending their minority—that the best way, on the whole, for making them good citizens, is to make them citizens. The evils of making them a class by themselves, we have already alluded to, and we now speak, on the other hand, of the benefits which must accrue to them and to us from their absorption into the general life of the community. It is universally conceded by the liberal writers on government and society, that the signal and beneficent advantage of republican institutions (by which we mean an organized series of local self-governments) is, that their practical influences are so strongly educational. They train their subjects constantly into an increasing capacity for their enjoyment. In the old despotic nations—as we are all aware—where the State is one thing and the people another—the State is in reality a mere machine of police, even in its educational and religious provisions—maintaining a rigid order, but acting only externally on the people, whom it treats either as slaves or children. It does not directly develop the sense of responsibility in them, nor accustom them to self-control and the exercise of their faculties. But in free commonwealths—which abhor this excessive centralizing tendency, and which distribute power through subordinate municipalities, leaving the individual as much discretion as possible—the people are the State and grow into each other as a kind of living unity. Thrown upon their own resources, they acquire quickness, skill, energy, and self-poise; yet, made responsible for the general interests, they learn to deliberate, to exercise judgment, to weigh the bearings of public questions, and to act in reference to the public welfare. At the same time, the lists of preferment being open to them, they cultivate the virtues and talents which will secure the confidence of their neighbors. Every motive of ambition and honor is addressed to them, to improve their condition, and to perfect their endowments; while a consciousness of their connection with the State imparts a sense of personal worth and dignity. In practice, of course, some show themselves insensible to these considerations, but a majority do not. The consequence is, that the commonalty of the republic are

vastly superior to the same classes abroad. Compare the farmers of our prairies to the boors of the Russian steppes, or to the peasants of the French valleys! Or compare the great body of the working men in England with those of the United States! Now, the American is not of a better nature than the European—for he is often of the same stock—nor is there any charm in our soil and climate unknown to the soil and climate of the other hemisphere; but there is a difference in institutions. Institutions, with us, are made for men, and not men for the institutions. It is the jury, the ballot-box, the free public assemblage, the local committee, the legislative assembly, the place of trust, and, as a result of these, the school and the newspaper, which give such a spur to our activities, and endow us with such political competence. The actual responsibilities of civil life are our support and nutriment, and the wings wherewith we fly.

If, consequently, you desire the foreigner to grow into a good citizen, you must subject him to the influences by which good citizens are made. Train him as you are yourselves trained, under the effective tutelage of the regular routine and responsibility of politics. He will never learn to swim by being kept out of the water, any more than a slave can become a freeman in slavery. He gets used to independence by the practice of it, as the child gets used to walking by walking. It is exercise alone which brings out and improves all sorts of fitnesses—social as well as physical—and the living of any life alone teaches us how it is to be best lived. Nor will any one work for an end in which he and his have no part. They only act for the community who are of the community. Outsiders are always riders. They stand or sit aloof. They have no special call to promote the internal thrift and order, which may get on as it can, for all them. But incorporate them into it, and it is as dear as the apple of their eye. Choose a person selectman of the village, and he conceives a paternal regard for it instantly, and makes himself wondrously familiar with its affairs, and their practical management. Show a rude fellow the possibility of a place in the police, and he begins to think how important the execution of the law is. Hang the awful dignity of

a seat in the Justice's bench before the ambition of the country squire, and straightway he looks as wise as Lord Eldon, and will strive to become so, rather than otherwise. How the prospect, too, of a winter at Albany or Washington stimulates all the local notables into a capacity for it, as well as desire. Thus, our whole political experience is an incessant instruction, and should no more be withdrawn from any class in society than the atmosphere. It is prettily told, in that book of Eastern fables which delights our youth and enriches our manhood, that the father of Aladdin Abushamat, lest he should be hurt by the world, kept him under a trap-door, where he was visited only by two faithful slaves. But, pining and weary, the young man one

day stole from his retreat, and running to his father, who was syndie of the merchants, said, "Oh, my father, how shall I be able to manage the great wealth thou hast gained for me, if thou keepest me here in prison, and takest me not to the markets, where I may open a shop, and sit among the merchandise, buying and selling, and taking and giving?" The father thought for awhile, and said, "True, my son; the will of God be done; I will take thee to the market-street and the shops," and we are told that Aladdin Abushamat became, though not without some slips, a very rich man, as well as the right hand of the great Caliph, Haroun Al-raschid, Prince of the Faithful, whose name be ever exalted!

## TWICE MARRIED.

### MY OWN STORY.

[Continued from page 420.]

DURING this time his thoughts were in such a state of confusion that it would be difficult to give any account of them, except that, it is safe to say, his cousin Lucy was never once out of his mind. And when he found himself sitting at the table right opposite to her, I verily believe, that if the liquid in his cup had been a strong decoction of mayweed and thoroughwort, sweetened with molasses, instead of being, as in fact it was, an infusion of fragrant young hyson, mingled with rich cream and with a lump of loaf sugar dissolved in it, John would never have perceived the difference; albeit herb-drink, from his boyhood, had been a beverage most distasteful to his palate.

"Cecil, a coxcomb," I think it was who was cured of his fancy for a handsome German lady, by beholding her devour sour-kraut, carrying the morsels to her pretty lips with a steel knife-blade blackened with vinegar. And there are many over-nice gentlemen whom I have heard to aver, that to see a lady eat, has at all times a potent disenchanting influence. It dissolves the charm, they say, to be obliged thus to

take actual notice that these delicate creatures, as Othello calls them, have their appetites, and live by consuming bread and meat, and by the exercise of physical functions common to man and other lower animals. But, I warrant you, if any of these squeamish gentlemen had seen Lucy Manners at the tea-table that afternoon, though she ate with a traveler's appetite, he would have longed, as John in fact did, to be transformed into a biscuit, a doughnut, a slice of loaf-cake, or even a pickled cucumber, so that he might have stood a chance of touching her rosy lips, and of being pressed by the little pearly teeth that showed themselves between them. Be that as it may, I can say of John Dashleigh, that his admiration, instead of being diminished, was sensibly augmented and heightened by witnessing the spectacle before him, and his love waxed more violent during each moment of the repast.

When it suddenly occurred to him that the tea-cup, which for the occasion was appropriated to his particular use, had, doubtless, before that time, been hallowed by the contact of Lucy's lips,

he carefully drank from each segment of the rim, so that no portion of the consecrated surface should escape his touch. Inspired by a similar idea, he bestowed numberless kisses upon the bowl of his teaspoon, and the tines of his unconscious fork. Thus he drank in love, as it were, with each draught of tea, and, whereas, by reason of the expedients which I have mentioned, he neglected the solids of the meal, but perspiration starting from every pore imbibed a most unusual quantity, it will be readily believed that when at last he rose from the table, with the his face, he was, like Solomon of old, full of love.

After tea the laborers came in from the fields to their supper, and the boys drove the cows in from pasture. John took his pail and went out to the barnyard, but no sooner had he seated himself on a three-legged stool beside a stately red cow, and the streams of milk had begun to patter upon the bottom of the pail, than Lucy and Ellen appeared at the gate, and came tripping towards him, holding their frocks so high that John, who, though one of the most modest young men in the world—as I have said before—was, after all, no hermit, could not help again observing the fashion of Lucy's dainty ankles.

The red cow pricked up her ears, stopped chewing her cud, and gazed steadfastly at the unwonted visitors.

"So, so, boss!" said John soothingly. "Stand still, now."

"Oh! oh! that's Cherry!" cried Lucy; "Cherry, my own heifer, that I taught to drink out of a pail when she was a little speck of a calf! I've helped to milk her many a time. Let me try now, cousin John, to see whether I've forgotten how!"

"I wouldn't, Lucy, you'll spoil your nice dress," remarked prudent little Ellen.

"And soil your hands," added John, looking at Lucy's white, taper fingers, sparkling, like every school girl's just returned home, with many keepsake rings; and as Cherry herself remonstrated with an angry toss of the head, and a start forward that came near upsetting the milk-pail, Lucy was forced to relinquish the attempt. So she contented herself with looking on, standing with Ellen as near to John as Cherry would permit, and talking with him while he continued his task.

"Cherry is like all the rest of the

world," said Lucy, pouting in the most bewitching manner. "She forgets her friends after a little time of absence."

"They've only just taken away her calf," said Ellen, "and it makes her cross, poor thing."

"She is usually very gentle," added John.

"She is my own heifer," said Lucy. "She was born on my birth-day, six years ago, and papa gave her to me for my own."

Ellen thought this circumstance a most wonderful matter, and John was conscious of an increased esteem for his favorite cow.

"When I am married, papa says I am to have Cherry as a part of my setting out," said Lucy; at which remark John's hand trembled so that he milked all over his knees.

"Maybe Cherry will be a very old cow by that time," said Ellen.

"Oh, no! I fear not," replied Lucy with a rueful laugh (if one may say so). "Dear me! Don't you think papa told me the other day, that I am to be married next Thanksgiving day!"

"To Joab Sweeny, I suppose?" said Ellen, while John held his breath and tightened his gripe on Cherry's teats.

"Yes, to cousin Joab," replied Lucy, with a shrug and grimace. "It's been a settled thing, you know, for ever so many years; and papa is set upon it. But, just to think of it—to marry my cousin! It's just as if I should marry you, John!"

John thought he could perceive a distinction, not without a difference, between the two cases; but held his peace and kept on milking.

"I wouldn't marry Joab Sweeny for a thousand dollars," remarked Ellen; "no, not for the whole world!" she added in a positive tone, after a pause.

"Hush! Nelly!" murmured poor John.

"And I am sure," cried Lucy, passionately, as she remembered, with a shudder the odious, leering simper with which Joab had uttered his gallant speech, on the occasion of Andrew's wedding; "and I am sure I wouldn't, if I could help myself. God knows I don't wish to marry him, for I hate him as I do a snake. And mamma, too—I truly believe she would be glad if the match could be broken off without making papa outrageous. She never liked Aunt Axy, nor Joab either; and what papa sees to like in him is more than I can tell. Cousin John! I'll take



back what I said. Marrying Joab would not be like marrying you. I'd rather have you a thousand times!" she added, impetuously, at which John looked up from his pail for an instant, and Lucy's flashing eyes fell as they met his glance, and the glow of excitement on her cheek deepened into a crimson blush.

At this moment, Susan appeared at the gate, and delivered a message from the matrons in the house, admonishing the young ladies of the lateness of the hour, and that the dew was beginning to fall. So Lucy bade John good-night, and gave Cherry a timid pat on the side, which the ungrateful brute resented with a whisk of her tail that knocked John's hat over his eyes, and effectually prevented his watching Lucy's retreat, as she ran laughing towards the gate.

The most trivial circumstance sometimes has a momentous influence upon the destinies of men and of nations. I cannot stop here to cite instances of this truth; and, indeed, it would be needless, for everybody knows that it is so. Now, if it had not been for the untying of the knot of Susan's garter, I verily believe that Lucy Manners would have been to-day Mrs. Deacon Joab Sweeny. For, as Susan was crossing the yard, while on her way to do the errand wherewith she was charged, she suddenly felt her garter slip. So, first having glanced quickly about in every direction, lest some of the men might be within eye-shot, she stooped, and modestly lifting her skirts, tightened the piece of lacing that encircled her plump and shapely limb, and went upon her way. But the brief delay caused by this lucky accident gave Lucy time to reply to Ellen, as is hereinbefore set forth. If that reply had never been uttered, or if Lucy and John had not exchanged glances in the way I have just described.—But I must not anticipate. I fear I shall never learn to tell a story according to the rules of the art.

When, that night, John went up into his little chamber in the attic of the widow's gable-roofed cottage, there was not, I am very sure, in any one of the United States of America, a young man more thoroughly in love than he. Though he was a plain, unsophisticated young farmer, bred in the wilds of the Genesee country, and unaccustomed to read novels and romances, or the poetry of my Lord Byron, I dare take it upon

myself to say that, throughout the length and breadth of the Republic, there was not a dry-goods clerk or eke a college student more intensely or heartily in love. Instead, therefore, of going straight to bed, as was his habit at this busy season of the year, or, as was sometimes his wont, when not too weary with the toils of the day—sitting down by the side of his table to read awhile until he grew sleepy, he at once blew out his light, drew the curtain of his narrow, eight-paned, dormer window, and seated himself beside it, on the foot of his humble bed. For awhile, the tumult of his thoughts was too violent to permit reflection. The blissful consciousness of being so entirely in love filled his soul completely. The accustomed sway of reason was suspended. Once only in a lifetime does the lover experience the delicious emotions with which John Dashleigh was overwhelmed. After the first passionate ecstasy of new-born love, came doubts, and fears, and jealousies. The lustre of the new life becomes dimmed, like the brightness of metal. Once only in a man's life, then, is he completely happy, happy without alloy, when, forgetting the fear of misfortune, pain, and disease, and the ever-present dread of death, he remembers only that the world contains the beloved one, and so is better and brighter than even the abodes of the angels.

John's nerves had not yet ceased to thrill with the rapture of Lucy's kiss, and once he was at the pains even to re-light his candle, and go to the little looking-glass that hung against the chimney, where he gazed for the space of five minutes at the reflection of his own lips, which, that day, had met those of his cousin Lucy in that memorable salute. Then he again put out his candle and resumed his post at the window. There was a light in one of the chambers of the big house over the way. It shone in Lucy's room, and on the muslin curtains of the window he could perceive the shadow of a slight form, which sometimes seemed to move about the room, and then anon, for awhile, would stand at rest. He could even guess, with great precision, what, from time to time, Lucy was doing. Now he felt convinced that she was standing at the mirror, arranging her hair. After that, it was evident that she was tying on her night-cap. Presently, she came to the window, and, drawing the curtain

a little to one side, peeped out, while John, watching intently, forgot even to breathe, and came very near breaking a pane of glass with his nose. Then, careless girl, she went into her closet with the candle, as the glimmer through the curtain testified. If she should drop a spark there, and in the dead hours of the night the house should burst forth in flames, John thought how he would rush through the blazing windows, and bear the dear incendiary forth in safety, or perish with her in his arms. Then, for a brief space, the light burned steadily upon the table, and the shadow did not fall upon the curtain. Lucy was, doubtless, kneeling at her prayers. At last, she rose, peeped once more from the window, so that John was sure he caught a glimpse of one cheek, and the ruffle of her night-cap, and the next moment all was dark.

It was a warm and balmy spring night. The gentle breeze, laden with the fragrance of lilac shrubs and blossoming orchards, seemed like the very breath of May, as it stirred the leaves of the big buttonwoods with a quiet, whispering rustle. The frogs in the river piped a melodious treble, and the roar of the mill-dam in the gorge came down upon the wind, softened to a deep undertone of harmonious bass. The plaintive notes of a whip-poor-will sounded faintly in the distance. There was a soft glow in the sky beyond the eastern hills, that announced the rising of the moon.

John was not insensible to the gentle influence of the time. The fever of his excitement abated. He was able to think with comparative calmness, to reason with himself concerning the state of his feelings, and to form resolutions and plans with respect to his future conduct. It was a grave question that he presently put to himself; and three long midnight hours did he give to its consideration. Seated upon the foot of his bed, with the moonlight streaming in on his pale face, he pondered whether it was his duty to crush the sweet hopes that so lately had sprung up in his heart, and with them crush the heart in which they grew withal.

Easy as it may seem to write or to read about it, this was, nevertheless,

stern and terrible trial, for the result was at times very doubtful, and upon that result, John knew, depended his hopes of earthly happiness. Had his conscience, sitting in judgment, decided against his inclination, the decree would have been executed.

The conclusion to which he at last arrived, as the stroke of one, from Walbury steeple, came vibrating through the silent air, he expressed aloud. "If she loved him," said he, "or even regarded him with indifference, I wouldn't try to thwart the will of my good, kind uncle, in the matter of his long cherished plan. I would tell him all; leave my mother and sister to his care; and never return until I could endure the misery of seeing Lucy the wife of another man. But she does not love him; she even dislikes, hates him. And who can wonder at it? To think of her being the wife of such a fellow! She never could be happy! He hasn't heart enough to love her; and I—I have loved her from childhood. When I first met her in Hartford, the reason why I did not know her was, that I had cherished the image of her, as I had seen her last, so faithfully. But my heart knew its mistress! Then I struggled to overcome what I deemed to be a hopeless passion. But now I cannot believe that duty and honor require me to forego the effort to win that without which I can never be happy. So help me God, then, I will win her if I can—though I serve for her fourteen years, as Jacob did for Rachel!"

Having thus settled the matter in his own mind, John looked out of the window to see if all was safe across the way, and then, discerning no signs of danger, he quickly undressed himself and went to bed, and in spite of his passion he was fast asleep in ten minutes afterwards.

So it came to pass, that the next Sunday night, when young Joab Sweeney went down to call upon his cousin Lucy, and to open his courting campaign, by repeating to his intended bride certain speeches and sayings which his mother had instructed him were proper and pertinent to the occasion, he had, without suspecting it, a most dangerous and determined rival.

(To be continued.)

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

## LITERATURE.

AMERICAN.—We confess to considerable pride, in the fact that our Monthly, though still in the bloom and freshness of her youth, is already the nursing mother of a goodly family of children. One after another they have gone forth from her maternal care, into the struggling world, to set up for themselves, and acquire, if they can, a respectable position. Nor have their efforts been wholly unavailing. The first of the flock, it is true, was somewhat of an erratic genius, and devoted himself with too much enthusiasm—honest, however—to the cause of a certain “Lost Bourbon,” who was supposed to have straggled off into the woods, and was afterwards actually picked up among the Caughnewaga Indians; but his success was unequivocal while he lived, and many sincere weepers have mourned his untimely death. His eldest sister, the lively and ingenious “Mrs. Potiphar,” was of a more worldly turn, and contrived, by her agreeable manners and graceful wit, to win a friendly welcome into all the first mansions of the Fifth avenue, as well as into several very quiet country homes. The third, the student of the Family, a “Shakespeare’s Scholar,” as he was modestly named, after establishing an intimacy in the most cultivated circles of his own land, went abroad, to make a tour of Europe, where he is now domiciled among the eminent literary critics, as an especial favorite. He has just been followed by a brother of more rollicking disposition—the one who went to Spain, and now talks so pleasantly of *Cosas de Espana*—and is destined, as we have elsewhere intimated, to shake the cobwebs from the ribs of all who manage to get into a chat with him. The youngest of the tribe is named “Israel Potter,” the earnest, indomitable, free-hearted, much suffering Israel, who having just made his bow to “his Highness, the Bunker Hill Monument,” is about to make a patriotic progress, like a new President, over the nation. May he be everywhere received according to his deserts!

Thus, we repeat, within the brief period of two years, no less than six of the intellectual offspring of the Monthly have gone

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forth, to challenge the love and admiration of the world, or at least to conquer for themselves an independent, influential, and well-to-do place among their fellow-citizens. Nor will the “procreant bed and cradle” of their young mother refuse us other pledges of her affection. If reports be true, she promises to bless us soon with other fruits of travail. “Titbottom” is putting on his white cravat, preparatory to an introduction into society; the burly-headed, two-fisted “Politician,” who smashes Presidents and parties, with such gusto, threatens a descent into the ring;—our ever popular “Philosopher,” who sets Nature in motion, may soon gather up the folds of his garments to walk abroad, to say nothing of a bevy of young poetical fledglings, who seem eager to try their wings outside of the native homestead.

We say that we take considerable pride in these facts, because we doubt whether they are paralleled in the history of periodical literature. A good many excellent books, it is true, have been gathered out of the pages of *Blackwood*, and a few out of *Fraser*; but then *Blackwood* and *Fraser* are both patriarchs in the literary world, and have a right to a numerous progeny, whereas *Putnam* is a mere chicken,—scarcely more than a green and tender sprout—and to have leaved and flowered so soon and so luxuriantly, shows unusual pith and vigor. In short, it is a result—to blurt out our whole vanity at once—which demonstrates two important things, firstly, that there are a good many good writers amongst us, and, secondly, that *Putnam* knows how to bring them out! Of course, the books to which we allude would probably have seen the light without the careful nursing of the Magazine, but could they have got so handsome a start into the world without its aid? With this ancestral pat upon the head, therefore, we wish all our children—“God speed.”

—We shall not take the liberty of discussing the subject involved in Mr. HENRY JAMES’S *Inquiry into the Nature of Evil*, because we are not sure that we quite apprehend his argument; and, if we did, we do not esteem this the place for ventilating our private opinions in theology. At the same time, there is no reason why we

should not speak of it as a literary performance. It is the last of some two dozen replies, which have been made to that remarkable specimen of Calvinistic *felo de se*, Dr. Beecher's "Conflict of Ages," and, in many respects, it is the ablest. Mr. James, however, does not confine himself to the question as stated in Dr. Beecher's work, viz. : how God can be shown to be just in the condemnation of the sinful creature, but endeavors to show how the existence of sin itself is compatible with the Divine perfections,—which he regards as a deeper and broader question. Taking for granted the fundamental or traditional truths of the Church, as the great and undeniable facts of life, i. e., the sovereignty of God, the fall and corruption of man, the need of an incarnation, and the necessity of a regenerate life, in order to the attainment of peace on earth, and bliss in heaven, he gives a new philosophy, or a new intellectual statement of those truths, founded upon Swedenborg, and more in accordance, as he supposes, with the demands of the heart and the understanding. Both the theology and philosophy of the old Church, he argues, are submerged in a gross naturalism, and until they are rescued from it, and placed on the vantage-ground of a truly spiritual perception, they will depart more and more from genuine Christianity, and lose themselves, either in the mists of a purely metaphysical, or in the bogs of animal indulgence. He refers, in proof of this danger, to the later developments of both Theology and Philosophy in Germany, which are the legitimate outgrowth or flowering of the naturalistic root, from which orthodoxy, as now interpreted, springs. With what success Mr. James has accomplished his task, the readers of his book will judge; and we leave it, therefore, to them and to the strictly religious journals to say.

We are free to confess, however, to a strong admiration of Mr. James's rhetorical endowments. He is a master of sinewy, idiomatic English, and a most fresh and graceful style. Abstract as his speculations are, from the very nature of his subject, he always contrives to invest them with a genial and lively interest. One is often conscious of reading whole pages, even without understanding them, from the simple charm of the manner. But when you do understand them, as you may

by a little study,—while the whole mind, perhaps, bristles up in almost angry opposition to his doctrines—he quite disarms your malice by the pleasant music of the words, his concealed mirth, his sweetness of temper, and his racy, smacking sincerity. In frequent passages, too, he rises into the purest eloquence, in which a robust strength is married to a stately yet easy grace. We should like to cite some of these passages, as specimens of decorous controversy, as well as of persuasive teaching, but our space will not permit.

What the generality of readers will complain of, in Mr. James, they will call a tendency to mysticism, but which, in reality, is not any obscurity in his thought, so much as a habit of too rapid generalization. Entirely familiar himself with the region in which he travels, he is apt to forget that to others it is quite unknown ground. Statements, or reasonings, consequently, which are as clear to him, and to those who adopt his methods, as the noon-day, lie in the twilight and shadow to other minds. Indeed, in more than one instance, we have heard his speculations denounced as meaningless, and that, too, by persons who ought to be able, if they are not, to follow his course of thought. We can assure all such, however, that they are full of meaning, and that if they will have the patience to take up the links of association, sometimes inadvertently dropped out between two important assertions, they will discover that his movements are wholly logical,—not leaps, as they appear, but regular progressions. At the same time, it would be absurd to expect, that a treatise on spiritual religion, which is a matter of inward experience and life, and not of formal logic, will adapt itself as readily to the understanding as a discussion in natural sciences, or an essay on the *belles lettres*.

In remarking, that we should leave the doctrines of Mr. James to the strictly religious periodicals, we meant to suggest that we should like to see him thoroughly reviewed. We have a curiosity to see in what way so vigorous and trenchant an opponent of the orthodox formulas is to be met. It is clear, that a book of such manifest vitality and talent should not be wholly ignored. It will make a profound impression among earnest and cultivated men, many of whom have neither the time,

nor the intellectual discipline to enable them to grapple with the deeper problems it undertakes to solve, and who will, therefore, naturally look to the regular standards of opinion for instruction and help. Will not some of the sturdier champions of the accepted faiths, then, take up the glove of this armed and confident challenger, and put him to the test? The theological system of Swedenborg, which he adopts substantially, but which he presents under somewhat new aspects, is silently making its way, we are told, among the younger minds of the nation, and is altogether too portentous a subject to be dismissed in the ordinary newspaper style. It may have been demolished, for aught we know, a thousand times, but there would be no harm in doing it over again, if it can be done, in the interest of the new generations.

—*Cosas de España* is one of the works for which, as having partly first met the public eye in our pages, we may be indulged with a little paternal pride and satisfaction. It is, in fact, one of the most racy, sensible, and sprightly records of a charming episode of European travel that we have seen. And so great an admiration have we of the American talent for traveling, and for telling the stories of travel, that we intend in our June number to say something more at length about *Cosas de España*, and some other recent books of travel. Until then, with a hearty commendation of this most entertaining and brilliant volume, to which we may sincerely say, *au revoir*, we take leave of it.

—One might parody an ancient English jest, and say that the writer of *American Agitators and Reformers*, who is Mr. D. W. BARTLETT, seems to divide the world into men, women and the Beecher family. Of the fifteen or twenty distinguished individuals whom he sketches, three are Beechers—Mrs. Stowe, old Mr. Lyman, and young Master Henry Ward. We cannot confess to a knowledge of all Mr. Bartlett's pets—N. P. Rogers being only remotely discerned in these parts, while Mr. Ichabod Codding and Thurlow Brown have never before come within range of our object-glasses. But there are others of his heroes whose names are more familiar to us; such as Garrison, Gough, Greeley, Giddings, and Frederick Douglass. When Dickens was in this country, he was as-

tonished at the number of "remarkable men" that he heard of, and we are quite sure that the number has not decreased since he left us. At any rate, Mr. Bartlett tells us that Theodore Parker is "one of the most remarkable men of our time;" that Frederick Douglass is "a remarkable man, who was born a slave in Maryland;" that Mrs. Stowe has written "a remarkable volume;" that Elihu Burritt's "maternal grandfather, Hinsdale, was a remarkable man," as Elihu is, himself; that James Russell Lowell is "a remarkable man, and a poet;" and so on, we presume, to the end of the chapter. Among this score of remarkable men, we find the name of William Cullen Bryant—sandwiched, too, between Joshua Giddings and Lyman Beecher—and we wonder how he got there. Bryant, the most shy, modest, retiring of poets, who has lived thirty years in New York, and is hardly known, personally, to as many men; who shrinks, with the timidity of a woman, from every sort of gaze, and who has a much better acquaintance with the woods and fields than the haunts of bipeds—to be classed as an agitator! It is true that he has fearlessly discharged the duties of his calling, as the editor of a newspaper; but we can fancy, if he were brought in actual contact with those with whom he is here placed, how incontinently he would explode out of the hot company into the free, cool air!

The fact is, that we have little sympathy with Mr. Bartlett's worship of personalities, and think he might employ his pen to better purpose. He is excusable, perhaps, on the ground that nearly all of his great men are abolitionists, who, having had a good deal of pounding heretofore, may be now entitled to a share of the pudding and praise; and yet, as a general rule, he may adopt it, that good men do not like eulogy and notoriety, and bad men do not deserve them—while the public is rather nauseated with celebrities of all sorts.

—Professor F. A. P. BARNARD'S *Letters on College Government*, reprinted in pamphlet form, from the *Mobile Register*, are very lucidly and argumentatively written. The following short extract is terribly true:

"The system of government existing in American colleges, considered as a system of moral restraint, is all but worthless. My own convictions would justify me in using even stronger language than this. To me, it has all the character of an ascer-



tained fact, a matter of immediate knowledge, and not of inference or information, that initiation into the charmed collegial circle is, morally, rather a release from old restraints than an imposition of new ones.

Is it reasonable to expect good to grow out of a system like this? And if young men emerge spotless from the ordeal of a college life, is it not plain that they do so, not in consequence of the system, but in spite of it? Vice and crime would be unknown, but for temptation; temptation would usually be powerless, but for opportunity. Youthful passions rarely fail to find the first; the American college system furnishes the second in its amplest form."

Considerations like these may well appall every mother who is sending away her sons to finish their scholastic training in a college. She may very properly feel that she is casting her child into a whirlpool of the most dreadful dangers. Professor Barnard goes on to show how existing faults have been derived from the imitation, by our colleges, of the European universities; and to urge, very powerfully, the importance and practicability of a reform in the particulars considered, by giving up the dormitory system, leaving the students under the civil authority as to breaches of the peace and minor misdemeanors; and by placing colleges, wherever its possible, in large towns, instead of in remote rural locations. The arguments advanced in support of his views demand and deserve the most careful consideration, from all friends of colleges and of students.

—*Harvestings in Prose and Verse*, by SYBIL HASTINGS, is a collection of sketches of social life, interspersed with short poems. Of these last, very little can be said. The prose tales show considerable power of imagination, but are told in an overstrained, passionate way, and embody some incidents too little probable to be worked up satisfactorily, without a very remarkably plausible rhetoric.

—It has sometimes been inquired whether MR. MELVILLE'S *Israel Potter* is a romance or an authentic narrative; and in the dedication of the book (which did not appear in our Monthly), he explains. He says:—"Shortly after his return," (i. e. Israel's return to this country from England,) "a little narrative of his adventures, forlornly published, on sleazy gray paper, appeared among the peddlers, written, probably, not by himself, but taken down from his lips by

another. But, like the crutch-marks of the cripple at the Beautiful Gate, this blurred record is now out of print. From a tattered copy, rescued by the merest chance from the rag-pickers, the present account has been drawn, which, with the exception of some expansions, and additions of historic and personal details, and one or two shiftings of scenes, may, perhaps, be not unfitly regarded something in the light of a dilapidated old tomb-stone retouched."

The original, however, is not so rare as Mr. Melville seems to think. At any rate, we have a copy before us, as we write, which is clearly printed and neatly bound, with a coarse wood-cut frontispiece, representing Israel as he trudged about London, with his two children, crying "old chairs to mend." The title-page we copy for the benefit of the reader:—"Life and Adventures of Israel R. Potter, (a native of Cranston, Rhode Island,) who was a soldier in the American Revolution, and took a distinguished part in the battle of Bunker hill, (in which he received three wounds,) after which he was taken prisoner by the British, conveyed to England, where, for 30 years, he obtained a livelihood for himself and family, by crying 'old chairs to mend' through the streets of London. In May last, by the assistance of the American Consul, he succeeded (in the 79th year of his age) in obtaining a passage to his native country, after an absence of 48 years. Providence: Printed by J. Howard, for I. R. Potter, 1824. Price 31 cents."

Mr. Melville departs considerably from his original. He makes Israel born in Berkshire, Mass., and brings him acquainted with Paul Jones, as he was not. How far he is justified in the historical liberties he has taken, would be a curious case of literary casuistry.

—*A Long Look Ahead*, by A. S. ROE, is a story of rural life, of which the scene is laid in Fairfield county, Connecticut. It is an honest, hearty narrative of the successful struggles of a rather remarkably gifted young man, who, with his brother, begins with a small farm and two hundred dollars in cash, and ends with much more land and much more cash, besides great reputation and influence. As a work of art, the book is not of a high order. The language is very often either too good or too bad for the social standing of the speakers; and the incidents are selected, as if by some

conventional rule, from an assortment of incidents which had been used before. The value of the work is in its detailed, truthful delineations of New England life; which are very creditable to Mr. Roe's observation.

—*The History of Connecticut, from the first settlement of the Colony to the adoption of the present Constitution*, by G. H. HOLLISTER, is a work to be completed in two volumes, of which the first is just issued. It is handsomely printed, and is enriched with accurately engraved portraits of several of the famous men of Connecticut, Gov. John Winthrop, Rev. John Davenport, Ezra Stiles, General Putnam, Jonathan Edwards, Oliver Wolcott, and others. The work is not only invaluable to every son of Connecticut, but it is the most interesting recent contribution to our history,—since all local history is part of the national history. The author says his "main object, in undertaking the work, was to turn the attention of the descendants of the Connecticut emigrants from the present to the glorious past. . . . Indeed, no state, since the fall of Lacedæmon, has ever, in the history of the world, waged so many wars in the same number of years, with equal success, or voluntarily borne such heavy burdens as Connecticut." And when it is remembered how much of the charm and romance of early New England history, and the fierce Indian wars, had for its scene the placid valley of the Connecticut; that there Putnam was born and lived, and Edwards preached; that it was the land of blue laws, and the most ascetic Puritanism, of the Regicides and the Hartford Convention, and it will be seen at once how important and ample, how various and picturesque the material is, and we could hardly praise the work more than to say, that the material has found a worthy workman, and the historic traditions a shrewd and genial chronicler.

The present volume brings the history down to the capture of Lewisburg, in the old French War. It deals, not only with the political and religious affairs of the Colonists, but presents careful and graphic pictures of old Colonial life and manners, with a penetrating and discriminating analysis of the old Connecticut character. It is a comprehensive and exhaustive survey of Connecticut society, in every aspect, from the settlement of the State. And if

a similar history of every State were prepared, with the same intelligence, appreciation, and ardor, the task of the national historian would become an easy and grateful labor.

The style of the narrative is sometimes quite too ambitious, but the excess is easily to be traced to that enthusiasm of the author for his subject which best fits him to treat it well. He maintains stoutly the side of the Yankees against the Knickerbockers, but, on the whole, he seems to us to do justice to all parties, even if, with national jealousy, he is impatient of our good Diedrich Knickerbocker's estimate of "the losel Yankees."

We shall await with great interest the appearance of the second volume, which will contain, we learn, a careful examination of the connection of General Putnam with the battle of Bunker hill. And we cannot but congratulate our neighbors, that their history of the State has fallen to the pen of a scholar who adds to the accuracy of the chronicler the imagination of the poet.

—BURNHAM sounds like Barnum, and Mr. Burnham has written a book which reads like the book of Mr. Barnum. In subject, style, and end, they are as like as two peas; i. e., as like as a big pea and a little pea. Mr. Barnum made money by woolly-horses and Fejee mermaids, and Mr. Burnham made money by Shanghai chickens. Mr. Barnum writes a book about the way in which he did it, and Mr. Burnham writes another book about the way in which he did it. Both practiced a little delusion on the public, and both are proud of it; and both have resolved to let the public know what ninnies they were. The difference is, that Barnum is the more genuine humbug, or the Simon Pure of Humbugs; while Burnham is only an imitator. Barnum has the merit of originality, but Burnham has no merit whatever. He only follows in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor. He is a pinchbeck copy of a pinchbeck model. He is the sneaking Jacques Strop striving to put on the large and free manner of Robert Macaire—a miserable long-legged, befattered, and oppressed-looking Shanghai, decking himself in the gay plumage of the peacock, and chattering like a parrot. He is funny, of course: Barnum was irresistibly funny; and so Burnham must be deadlily-lively.

He chuckles over the adroitness with which he allowed the public to deceive itself,—to buy real imported Cochín-Chinas reared at Roxbury, and to pay twenty dollars a dozen for eggs, as if he had endowed the public with the royalest favors. He pretended to sell chickens all the time that he was only selling geese; and his morality is, that if the geese were silly enough to be sold, he might as well have the profits of the bargain as any other rogue. It is pretty certain that the public will be cheated, and it is better for you and I to cheat them, than Tom, Dick, and Harry. We shall cheat them more scientifically than those vulgar knaves,—we shall do it with a sly laugh in our sleeve, but they with fear and trembling; we shall make a joke out of it, as well as a living, but they only a living, and that a poor one, ending at Sing-Sing.

Mr. Burnham heads one of the chapters of his book (which is entitled *The History of the Hen Fever*, as we ought to have said before) with the motto, that "Policy is the best Honesty," and we have no doubt that it is the best he knows. He seems to think that if one can feather his nest, like one of his own Dorkings or Bantams, he has done all. There is no virtue and wisdom beyond that. And yet, let us tell Mr. Burnham, and all who would do like him, that it is not very great, or wise, or noble, or sagacious, or even cunning, to take in a fool. Here is an extract from a letter addressed to him by one of his victims,—a man who paid twenty-six dollars for three fowls:

"I bred them orl by themselves an never had no other cockrill on my plase, an i no yu cheeted me like the devl, an yu no it 2."

Surely, it is not a very difficult or glorious thing to have deluded a fellow such as this letter indicates,—a thing to write a book about, and call upon the world to admire. Some crimes have an air of magnificence about them, but robbing a hen-roost, or picking the pocket of an idiot, or misleading a very old countrywoman in a very large city, is not of this class.

It is curious in the history of swindles, that the adepts should all aim at Queen Victoria, as if she were the prime hen of all to be plucked. Why is it that they all apply to Buckingham Palace for passports? Barnum paraded Tom Thumb before royalty, and Burnham got a portrait

from the Queen for his fowls; but who will be the next favorite?

It may seem beneath our while to notice such books as this; but such books are getting to be common in our literature, and it is time that they were stopped.

—MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE has just sent forth a *Primary Geography*, which is spoken of by practical teachers as a very judicious one, clearly arranged, and well-adapted to juvenile instruction. It differs in plan from other geographies, inasmuch as it begins with the town in which the learner is supposed to live, teaching him all about the geography of that, and then advancing gradually to the county, the state, the nation, the continent, and finally the world. The old way was to begin with the world, and come down to the town, or, in other words, to descend from generals to particulars. Mrs. Stowe ascends from particulars to generals.

—*The New Pastoral*, by THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, (Philadelphia: Parry and McMillan) is a poem, in thirty-seven books of blank verse. It treats of the homeliest incidents of Western Pennsylvanian life, of twenty or thirty years ago, in the homeliest manner. The Husking, the Fourth of July, the common-place and the rural charm of the country, all have their praise and their careful description. The poem has the same scope as Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea, and a prolix minuteness like Thomson's Seasons. The happy and unhappy loves of village girls and youths, however, do not afford incident or variety of passion enough for 249 pages. The landscape and festival descriptions do not seem accessory to the human interest of the poem, but they supersede it. The pastoral, as it is the most fascinating, so it is the most difficult style, to treat well. It tends to monotony and dullness, and only a very masterly genius can withstand these tendencies, and by the cunning play of its resources make a graceful and complete poem. Mr. Read's work is, in one sense, complete. It touches, with varying power of description, all the aspects of American rural life. So far, it is curious, and will be always interesting to the historical student. But it nowhere kindles the reader's mind with sympathy, or the exquisite sense of entire mastery. *The New Pastoral* is tedious, and we doubt if many, who begin with the first page, will persevere, much

less be irresistibly swept on, to the two hundred and forty-ninth. A work of the kind here attempted might well be the work of a life, and would be quite sufficient for a permanent reputation. American rural life offers no less material for the great poet than English, or German, or Italian. But *The New Pastoral* is not the poem which will be cherished in solitary cottages, and scanned by delighted farmers as the poetic picture of their life. It is written with sincerity and feeling: there are descriptions which have great truth of detail, and the poem has the great merit of a subdued and natural tone. There is no strain after something fine. It is often crude, but rather in thought than in manner. On the whole, we should call it a work by which Mr. Read will maintain, but will hardly enhance, his reputation. In entering the field of descriptive pastoral poetry he finds Bryant, Lowell, and Street before him. But his various works evince a resolution to do something, and to do it well, and we see no reason why Mr. Read should be the least in any field where he chooses to labor.

—SYDNEY SMITH, in his review of *Madame D'Epinay's Memoirs*, says, "There used to be in Paris, under the ancient régime, a few women of brilliant talents, who violated all the common duties of life, and gave very pleasant little suppers." Of the same class, in London, according to general report, was the late Lady Blessington—and this report was true, so far as the brilliant talents and the little suppers are concerned. A woman of remarkable beauty, of graceful manners, charming conversation, and the kindest heart, her house—which shone with all the splendors of a palace, chastened by the refinements of artistic taste—was the resort of the most distinguished authors and wits of her time. The names of her intimate friends and admirers recall many of the brightest in the politics, the literature, and the arts of the last half century. Among them, for instance, are such as Byron, Landor, Moore, the two D'Israeli's, the two Bulwers, the two Smiths (Horace and James), Lord Lyndhurst, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Holland, Henry Erskine, Dr. Parr, Lord John Russell, the Prince Sontro, Hospodar of Moldavia, William Godwin, Fonblanque, Thomas Noon Tal-  
fourd, Thos. Campbell, Galt, Reynolds,

Landseer, Maclise, Haydon, Wyatt, Eugene Sue, Casimir Delavign, Alfred de Vigny, Mlle. Rachel, Emile de Girardin, Louis Napoleon, Chorley, Macready, Barry Cornwall, the Mathewses, Milnes, Dickens, Thackeray, Washington Irving, N. P. Willis, etc., etc.; not forgetting Baboo Dwarkanouth Tagore, the celebrated Hindoo, and America Vespucci. Her saloon, though less powerful in its social influence than that of Madame De Stael, and in some respects less brilliant than those of Madame Geoffrin and Lady Holland, must take its place among the most intellectual known to history. As a reunion of wit and genius, it was deficient only in one direction—the want of women. We do not find there, as in the other assemblages we have named, and in the dazzling salons of Mlle. Contat, Madam Recamier, Lady Charleville, the beauty which is the inspiration of both wit and genius. The Countess of Blessington, with an occasional female friend from the continent, and her nieces, were the sole divinities: but what is society, however brilliant, without the presence of its most enduring and tender charm? The deficiency, however, was one of choice, on the part of the Countess, and not of necessity, as some have alleged, to her disadvantage. Among her correspondents were many distinguished women, such as Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Sigourney, Lady Canterbury, etc.

What a fine life was that of the Countess of Blessington! some will, perhaps, exclaim. Beauty, wealth, fashion, admiration, luxury, fame, genius, travel, art—all were hers! But no, dear reader, it was not a fine life—even if there had been no Death at the feast. Life, to be really fine, must have other objects than these,—higher aims than such successes—and better lights than the flashes of wit. Look behind it, into the naked facts of it, and how much of it is sad and hideous? Lady Blessington, whose maiden name was Power, was the daughter of a rollicking, murderous Irishman, bankrupt in fortune, character, and domestic happiness, who ought to have been hung, but was not. In her fifteenth year she was married, against her will, to a half-crazy Captain, whom she was obliged to desert in a few years, and who subsequently died in a drunken frolic. Her second husband, the Earl of Blessington, though an accomplished man, to whom she

was attached, was a used-up, extravagant lord, who wasted immense estates in self-indulgence, and compelled his daughter, not fifteen years of age, to marry Count D'Orsay, whom she had not seen till within a few weeks of the ceremony, and from whom she shortly separated. On the death of the Earl she lived in magnificent style in London, with her son-in-law, the Count, as a companion, harassed by debts, though her income for most of the time could not have been less than twenty thousand dollars a year, until the entire establishment was sold under execution, and she and the Count were obliged to take refuge in Paris. She died in comparative poverty—though not deserted—and the Count soon followed her, the victim of disappointment and Louis Napoleon's ingratitude. Now, that is not a fine life! That is not a great success! The Countess, however, appears to have been a person of noble and generous disposition, passionately beloved by all who knew her (as the fine tribute in Landor's recent letter shows).

Her *Memoirs*, by DR. MADDEN, recently re-published by the Harpers, is a book of absorbing interest, though perfectly unpardonable in its free use of private letters. It tells the story of the Countess's literary life with fidelity, and in a sympathizing tone. The letters in it, from eminent men, are mostly on personal topics, full of compliments and mutual admiration, but are entertaining—especially those of Landor, Dickens, Mathews, and Sir William Gell. But the most amusing are several by Viscount D'Arlingcourt, a French nobleman and writer, who combines as much aristocratic hauteur with authorial conceit as can easily be imagined. The supreme disdain with which he speaks of the bookseller, (whom he wishes to print a translation of one of his works,) and his avaricious anxiety to drive a good bargain, at the same time, are ludicrously contrasted. A sentence in one of the letters written to Lady Blessington in Paris, after the auction sale of Gore House, by one of the domestics left behind, will suggest a thought or two:—"Le Doctor Quin est venu plusieurs fois, etc. *M. Thackeray est venu aussi, et avait les larmes aux yeux, en partant. C'est peut-être la seule personne que j'ai vu réellement affecté en votre départ.*" Think of the picture. The cold, stern satirist, as he is called, the big,

burly, true-hearted man, as he is, amid the ruins of that splendid mansion, the only one of all its former joyous crowds, with tears in his eyes! We are sure we shall read the next number of the "New-comer" with additional zest.

—In *St. Domingo, its Revolutions and its Hero*, by C. W. ELLIOTT, we have a brief but spirited and deeply interesting account of the career of Toussaint L'Ouverture, the liberator of St. Domingo. After an allusion to the history and condition of the island up to 1789, when the first insurrection of the slaves took place, the author passes to the personal character and conduct of Toussaint Breda, who afterwards took so important a political part. Mr. Elliott describes the incidents of his career with bold and startling effect; and, by a remarkable power of condensation, presents a complete picture of varied and protracted action, in a few touches. His style, however, is wanting in simplicity at times, particularly in passages which appear to have been suggested by the spasmodic Carlyle.

—Professor JOHN DABBY, of Auburn, Alabama, has prepared a *Botany of the Southern States*, which is presented to Colleges and High-schools as a text-book. In the first part, the leading principles of vegetable anatomy and physiology are presented in a concise form, with a variety of wood-cut illustrations; and in the second, a descriptive classification of all the plants of the Southern States is given. As far as we are able to judge, the book is well-executed and complete.

REPRINTS.—Mr. Calvin Blanchard has reproduced in this country the English translation, by MARIAN EVANS, of FEUERBACH's celebrated work called "*The Essence of Christianity*." It ought to have been called the "Essence of Infidelity, or Naturalism the true Religion,"—for it is one of the most audacious attacks on all religion that we have read—audacious and yet puerile. Feuerbach occupies, in common with Strauss, (not he of the fine waltzes, as an English periodical laughably asserted,) and Bruno-Bauer, the extreme left of Hegelianism in Germany. Strauss, in his "*Life of Jesus*," endeavors to explode the historical verity of Christianity, Bruno-Bauer its biblical evidences, while Feuerbach completes the circle, by an assault upon Christianity in general. The peculiar stand-point of the latter, given



out with much apparent philosophical precision, is this,—that all religion is the mere projection into objective existence of the inward thoughts and emotions of the human being. Man is distinguished from the brutes by the simple fact of self-consciousness,—by his ability to make his species, his essential nature, an object of thought. He possesses, consequently, a two-fold life, an inner and outer life, the first having relation to his species, or to his general nature, and the second to his individual nature. But this inner life seems to him always infinite, and outer life only is finite or limited. His self-consciousness, consequently, is essentially infinite. The power of will, the power of thought, and the power of affection, which constitute this self-consciousness, are infinite powers and are the ground and substance of all religion; considered as objective existences, these three-fold powers are God—the Trinity. The consciousness of the object and self-consciousness, coincide and are one. Religion is the relation of man to himself,—to his own subjective nature; but a relation to it viewed as a nature apart from his own. The divine being, so called, is nothing else but the human being freed from the limits of the individual man, or made objective, and contemplated and revered as another or distinct being.

It will be seen that this is naturalism run to seed, or rather naturalism carried out to its extreme and legitimate expression. Starting from the doctrine—too generally accepted, we fear, both in the Church and the world—that man is the source of his own life,

“Himself, his world, and his own God,”

it ends with the denial of the Infinite Goodness and Wisdom as the living and substantial source of all life.

There is some truth in Feuerbach's statement that men make their own God,—that in the heroic times, he is the God of Battles,—to the Jew a narrow and avenging Deity,—to the martyr a sympathetic sufferer,—to the devout monk a larger Pope, and to the speculative thinker, like Hegel, as Menzel says, a pedant on the throne of the Universe; but these errors of former, and even of the present time, need not obscure our conceptions of Him, as he is declared to be in Revelation, or as he is loved and revered by the regenerate heart.

Human opinions are all subject to progress and change, but the absolute and the eternal, in which alone our thoughts and affections can rest, ceases to be the absolute and eternal, when we conceive of it, not as self-subsistent, but as the mere projection of our own nature.

—*The Banking-House*, by SAMUEL PHILLIPS, is a short story, singularly and rather roughly constructed. Its situations and events spring from the efforts of Michael Allcraft, the Banker, to preserve the business reputation and pay the debts of his father, Abraham Allcraft, who, though reputed enormously rich, died insolvent. In these efforts, Michael is thwarted by the villainy of one of his partners, and the follies of the two others; and the various excitements prepared for the reader, which are all painful, are founded upon the narrative of the terrible efforts of the unhappy and overmatched man, the successively deeper miseries into which he falls, and his death, when broken in health and reputation, and penniless. His sorrow is aggravated by remorse for having borrowed all his wife's large fortune, to repair his successive losses, and by her prospective poverty. She at last finds refuge in a country parsonage, and in doing good. The remaining characters are left to hang themselves; at least, they are entirely unaccounted for. The book is well written, but must, apparently, either have been very hastily composed, or have been much cut down and compressed for insertion in the periodical where it first appeared; inasmuch that it does not adequately show its author's power. The use of significant names, too openly significant, as in many other novels, destroys all the illusion of the story. When we read of a cunning miser named Allcraft, of a projector named Planner, we cannot read, in the truthful and pleasant, appropriate delusion, that there were such men. Names of this kind should only be used in professed allegory.

—*Fabiola*; or, *the Church of the Catacombs*, by His Eminence CARDINAL WISEMAN, is a Roman Catholic religious novel, which treats of events supposed to have happened at Rome, in the first half of the fourth century, during the persecutions under Dioclesian and Maximian. For Protestant readers it has little interest, except as a literary curiosity. It is a book of the same class with *Amy Herbert*, and

the other novels of the GRESLEY and SEWELL school, and intended to propagate a ritual and hierarchic churchism; but with this difference, that whereas these latter are only at the verge, *Fabiola* is wholly inside the pale of the Roman Catholic Church. It is somewhat overcharged, too, with the sentimentality proper to Young Rome; narrating the ecstasies, and even the miracles of its three saintly characters, St. Agnes, St. Sebastian and St. Pancras, with sickening detail. The Lives of the Saints, and the Acts of the Martyrs are quoted, throughout, as quite reliable authority, and the ordinary ceremonies and forms of the Church, along with other antique observances, are a staple material in the progress of events. The story is not remarkable, being the frequently repeated experience of early Christians of high and low rank, converted, and betrayed and martyred, or escaping and living happily. The quiet postulate that Christianity is and always has been Romanism, of course, underlies the whole book. The style is precisely what one would expect from a dignified prelate; rather stiff, and more or less disfigured with classicisms and foreign idioms, such as one might acquire by long habituation to the use of Latin and Greek, and of the continental idioms of Europe; not to speak of technical terms from the ecclesiology of the writer. On the whole, therefore, it is greatly inferior to the controversial works and occasional discourses of the Cardinal, which exhibit not only prodigious variety and accuracy of learning, but rare eloquence.

—*Pride and Prejudice*, by JANE AUSTEN. With this respectably printed volume, Messrs. Buncce & Brother commence the republication of Miss Austen's standard novels. To the readers of forty years ago any account of her works would be superfluous; but they are known to comparatively few of the younger patrons of circulating libraries and book-stores. *Pride and Prejudice* is, in respect of style, a conversational novel; in respect of subject, a social novel. It seems to have been intended by the writer to be taken as an exposition of the evils resulting from the faults after which it is named; for the unhappinesses of the story are the consequences of the pride of Darcy and the prejudice of Elizabeth Bennet. But it might, without absurdity,

be maintained that Miss Austen had another purpose at least equal in importance, in her own mind, in its composition; for the book displays the disgusting folly and miserable result of miseducated and misdirected female life very much more fully and forcibly than the nature or operations of either *Pride* or *Prejudice*. Mrs. Bennet is a silly old woman, with four daughters; and her whole foolish energies are devoted to the one purpose of marrying them to husbands; who must, at any rate, be wealthy next respectable, then handsome, and good or bad, as luck may have it. Very much the same is the intention of all the other mothers in the book. Such is the expectation of the daughters, who are represented as wise or foolish virgins, more in proportion to the modesty or immodesty of their conduct in their husband-hunting enterprises, than for any other remarkable qualities. The action of the book is principally carried on by means of conversations, throughout which the individualities of the interlocutors are distinguished and preserved with very considerable skill; and which are quite artistically contrived to hold to each other, throughout the work, the relations usually sustained by adventures or schemes. A very meagre and unskillfully written biographical notice of Miss Austen is prefixed, apparently from some biographical dictionary.

#### THE FINE ARTS.

HORACE VERNET's *Brethren of Joseph*, at Goupil & Co.'s Gallery.

Ary Scheffer's "Temptation of Christ," was removed from the Gallery of the Messrs. Goupil, only to make room for a picture of less size but certainly equal merit, by Horace Vernet. "The Brethren of Joseph" has also left us, to adorn the walls of its English purchaser, but a large and important picture by MacIsaac speedily supplied its place, and renewed, for the third time during the past season, the obligation the public is under to the enterprising gentlemen who compose the firm of Goupil & Co., for the opportunity to study, at leisure, first class works of Art.

There are several things waiting to be said about these Exhibitions of single pictures, and the aid they bring to the formation of a correct public taste, but we leave them until another occasion. At present,

a few words about Horace Vernet himself seem in place before speaking of his picture. Here, in brief, is what we have been able to gather concerning him and his history.

The father and grandfather of Horace Vernet were both distinguished painters. The grandfather's name was Claude Joseph Vernet; he painted marine views, principally sea-coasts; a large picture from his hand is in the Gallery of the Boston Athenæum, and two inferior specimens are to be found in the Bryan Gallery in New York—a collection, by the way, which only needs to be exhibited in more easily accessible rooms and at a less charge for admission, to receive a much greater share of public attention than it does at present.

Horace Vernet's father was Antoine Charles Horace Vernet, a painter of repute; his son, born in the Louvre, in 1789, took the last two of his father's long string of names, and at this day plain "Horace Vernet" on a canvas, commands a host of admirers larger than that which follows any other living artist. He early discovered the particular line in which his genius as a painter was to develop itself. Born an artist, he was also born a soldier, and the titles of some of his earliest pictures will show in what direction his nature led him. "The Taking of a Redoubt," "Dog of the Regiment," "Battle of Tolosa," "Barrier of Clichy," "Defense of Paris,"—these pictures, painted in 1817, when the artist was twenty-eight years old, have been judged worthy of a place in the Luxembourg Palace—in whose Gallery are hung, as in a place of the highest honor, the works of the best living artists of France.

Horace Vernet began to paint in the days when the tide of popular feeling was turning against David, the great master of the classic school—a school, so-called, because, instead of studying living men and their manners, its scholars spent their lives in making historical pictures whose men and women were modeled from the antique statues and the figures on the Greek vases.

It was, on the whole, a poor school. Its pictures were coldly correct, without life, without vigor, without sentiment; but, fostered by Napoleon, or, at least, made the fashion during his reign, it took a high seat in the world and kept it for a long time unchallenged. To this school Horace

Vernet opposed himself with his characteristic energy. He refused to dress honest soldiers of the nineteenth century in sandals and tunics. He refused to paint them in any dress but their own, or to put shields and spears into their hands instead of good guns and swords. With his keen, mental eyes, he saw through the classic farce, and laughed at those who acted in it. The pictures we have named in a previous paragraph, were the first fruits of his determination. He soon found that the people were on his side, if the Academy and the Artists were against him. In 1822 he wished to make a more decided move, and sent his pictures to the Exhibition at the Louvre. He had made enemies by his opposition, and now he felt their power. His pictures were refused admission. Nothing daunted, but confident in their merit, he took them to his studio and exhibited them to the public there. It was a bold stroke, but a fortunate one. His room became the centre of attraction in Paris; the people were wonderfully drawn to these spirited, natural works. Vernet became at once, and forever, a public favorite.

The French battles in Algeria seem to constitute the great era in Vernet's artistic life. A Gallery at Versailles was set apart for the reception of pictures commemorative of the Algerian War—all of which Vernet was commissioned to paint. This Gallery is called the Constantine Gallery, from the name of the town "Constantine," taken by the French during the war. It contains Vernet's greatest works. There is "The Taking of the Smalah," the largest picture in the world—small praise, if it could not also be said that it is crowded with incident, and that the narrative is told with wonderful clearness, a fertility of invention unparalleled, and a truth to nature, we may almost say, never before attempted.

Although Vernet's great power lies in the painting of battles, yet he by no means confines himself to this field. He paints every variety of subject, but always with an evident leaning toward those in which life is stirring and active. His works have a wonderful reality; his execution leaves nothing to desire in truthfulness, yet there is nothing in it that reminds you of Düsseldorf and its artificial school. Like Scheffer and Couture, Vernet is no colorist. He renders with faithfulness the local color

and texture of every object, but he does not know how to harmonize and tone the whole into an agreeable result. Hence his pictures have a spotty, crude appearance—the eye is not soothed and pleased as in looking at a Rubens or a Titian, but it is shocked and dazzled. Afterward, when the mind busies itself with the story and the characterization of the actors, delight begins. But it must never be forgotten, that a picture wanting in color is deficient in an important and noble attribute.

Vernet works with marvelous rapidity. He rarely uses the model, and then only for an instant; he spends little time in studying dresses, arms or accoutrements—so retentive is his memory that once having seen he remembers with distinctness, and then, free from all impediment, he impresses himself upon the canvas with such rapidity that he may almost literally be said to think with his brush.

The picture of "The Brethren of Joseph," which our citizens have had so good an opportunity to study, was a fine specimen of Vernet's work. It was painted in Africa in 1853. The story was remarkably told, and the execution could not be surpassed. Like all his pictures, it was unpleasant in color, but it displayed the utmost perfection in drawing. The botany, the anatomy, the rendering of texture in the materials, were all masterly. It was a work we greatly desired to have made a public possession. Not until our people can see such works freely and at will, shall we be able to congratulate ourselves on a public appreciation of Art; and until we have that appreciation we shall be wanting in a great element of civilized society. To provide such works of Art for the contemplation of the people is as clearly a duty of Government as anything can be, and we can but be ashamed that a city like New York, the third city in the world, has to depend for her opportunities of seeing works of Art, on the courtesy of picture dealers, and in the advantages which she offers for the study of pictures and statues, is not only behind Boston and Philadelphia, but also far behind some of the smallest cities of Europe.

Perfect as was "The Brethren of Joseph," in its drawing, and wonderful as it was in the truth of its rendering, and the clearness of its narrative, it wanted the charm of sentiment and purpose. Each of those men

was a wonder—each had a distinct individuality, but it was not only the fact of their being Arabs, and not Hebrews, that made them appear unrelated to the scene. They seemed as if arranged in a *tableau vivant*, and yet not so, but rather as if some accidental juxtaposition of men in real life had caught the eye of the artist and impressed him with its strange resemblance to the scene acted centuries ago in Palestine by those twelve hard-hearted brethren, and as if he had copied what he saw with literal exactness, making no allowance for the difference between the motives of the two scenes. This want of sentiment—the highest quality in a work of Art, prevented "The Brethren of Joseph" from taking that lofty rank to which, had it been all that we have a right to demand in this respect—its admirable execution, the power of its characterization, and the profound knowledge in many departments it displayed—would have unquestionably entitled it.

—*The Sacrifice of Noah*, by DANIEL MACLISE, R. A., at Goupil & Co.'s Gallery.

This large work by an Irish painter, long resident in England, is undoubtedly a fine specimen of his ability. With great good sense, the Messrs Goupil have thus far selected their pictures for engraving from the works of those men who are not remarkable for excellence in color. Scheffer, Delaroche, Vernet, and Maclise, are none of them colorists, and their works are well represented by engravings. Of the peculiar excellence of such men as Titian, Paul Veronese, Giorgione, Rubens, and Allston, no idea can be formed by prints: through such a medium we only see the beauty of their forms, the excellence of their arrangements, or the naturalness of their expression.

Mr. Maclise has treated his subject with great simplicity and directness. In color, the picture, like all his works, is wholly unsatisfactory. It is cold, gray and inharmonious. It is very much worse in this particular than either the "Temptation" or "The Brethren of Joseph." But in drawing, it is excellent, and the story is told with a clearness wholly admirable. The salient points of the narrative are seized with decision, and the canvas, without being crowded, is full of incident.

In the centre stands Noah—an erect, vigorous figure,—wanting, perhaps, in height; his face is lifted earnestly to heaven—his

left hand, clenched, is pressed firmly upon the rude stone altar from whose victim the smoke of sacrifice rises. In his right hand he holds a golden censer. His whole attitude strongly expresses a manly faith and trust in God. He is really the central figure but not the central thought of the picture. The central thought of the picture, admirably interpreted, is the sublimity of faith in God. Without the clear and full expression of this idea, the picture could be nothing but a piece of posture painting, well done, perhaps, but without purpose, and so without real greatness. As it is, in spite of its crudity and want of sufficient study in some portions, it may, without hesitation, be called a sublime work of Art, full of suggestion, and whose deep inner meaning can never be exhausted.

At the right of the picture are grouped the wives of Noah's sons. They are natural, pleasing figures, but are not characterized sufficiently, as the wives of the men who were to found three great empires, each with its peculiar civilization. They are simply three handsome Irish girls—they might have been made something more. A pretty bit of sentiment is introduced in this portion of the picture. The only plant that can be seen, a delicate vine, has sprung up at the feet of these girls, a lamb lies down beside them, and two snow-white doves have come to pick up food close to them. The signification of these incidents is clearly pronounced, while the incidents themselves are skillfully and naturally managed.

At the left of the picture stand the three sons of Noah. SHEM, a youth of fairer skin than his brothers, dressed in the light garb of a shepherd-huntsman, leans eagerly forward, supported by his spear. He carries at his side a knife with a handle of stag's horn and a gourd water-bottle. He is young and beardless. His countenance expresses reverent faith, and intense interest in the ceremony. JAPHET stands next him, an erect and noble figure, clothed in a long mantle which completely covers him. His hair is black and his beard is thick. His attitude and face express, if not indifference to what is going on, at least an intellectual questioning. He is the philosopher—not denying, not asserting, but waiting with quiet dignity for the proof which he demands as the condition of his assent. HAM kneels on one knee

and rests his arms on the other. He is half draped in a mantle—a rich bracelet circles one arm—his beard is slight, his dark-brown hair falls over his forehead. He looks up at the ascending smoke with a countenance earnest in its action, but too sensuous to be fully sympathetic. He exults in life and is thankful for it, but it is with a languid delight. The sweet savor of the sacrifice is to him its greatest charm.

In front of the picture, at the left hand, Noah's wife is seen kneeling. Even if the rest of the work were poor, the sentiment of this figure would redeem it. The attitude is that of one who is saved from peril after long and anxious watching and inward struggle. A different and perhaps grander mode of treatment would have represented her as triumphing in the fulfillment of her belief in God's power, and in the answer to her prayers. But the action chosen by MacIver brings her nearer to our human sympathies and experience. Her expression is that of tearful thankfulness. She fully joins in the offering of sacrifice, but she is too much prostrated in body and mind to exult. She is looking nowhere—her mind is busied, and absorbed in thought.

The detail of the picture demands a moment's notice. In the background the Ark rests upon Ararat, and the animals are leaving it. The domestic animals remain quietly grouped together, nearest to what is left of mankind. The giraffes, lions, panthers, elephants and camels, take up their march to the East and South; the elk, stags and deer, are on their way to the North—a group of chamois and ibexes stands on a cliff. On the Ark the domestic birds are gathered quietly in one place—the others fly off with multitudinous scream and whirr. This whole arrangement shows careful study and poetic thought. The dead birds and animals in the foreground, with the wonderfully executed silver vase, are almost too well done. They dangerously lure the eye away from the more important statements of the picture, and cause the mind to waver between the contemplation of merely material facts, and those sublime spiritual ideas which underlie and permeate the whole scene.

Both these pictures, "The Brethren of Joseph," and "The Sacrifice of Noah," are to be engraved by Goupil & Co.



## MUSIC.

PARIS stops midway in Lenten mortification, puts off sack-cloth and ashes, dons three-pile and motley, and, during the *mi-carême*, dances and sings with the frantic zest of a schoolboy's play during his fifteen minutes noon recess. But New York is more persistent in its abstinence. It was not so of olden time; for those of us who yet write ourselves young remember when all innocent amusements, public or private, were as openly enjoyed, even among our High Church Gothamites, during Lent (excepting Passion Week, perhaps) as in any other part of the year, sacred or secular. With the advent of Gothic church-architecture, however—real Gothic, wrought in stone, which causes note-shaving, pork-selling churchwardens to talk of naves and transepts, corbels and finials—the gusty forty days which usher in our only month of Spring have attained a new sacredness in the eyes of the Rev. Cream Cheese, and the flock to whom he dispenses the mild curds and whey of doctrine, and Upper-ten-dom now goes the entire Lent.

It is for this reason, in part at least, that the serried ranks of seats in the new Opera House, which we absurdly call the Academy of Music, have been in a great measure vacant during the last month, in spite of Steffanone and Vestvali, Brignoli and Badiali. The Committee of Management boldly lifted the concern out of the mire of the Ole Bull-Maretzek "row," and seemed determined to show the public that the affairs of an opera house could be conducted at once quietly and with vigor, generously and with prudence. But as far as regards the pecuniary result of their labors, they were in vain. They piped unto the people, but they would not dance, they sang unto them, but they would not answer.

Steffanone, whom we all remembered with pleasure, whose great, good-natured, lazy way never offends us, even when she sings sluggishly, and who, when she is finally aroused, which usually happens about the finale of the first act, or the beginning of the second, displays a dramatic force and intensity inferior only to Grisi's of all the *prima donnas* that Fortune and the Collins line of steamers have brought us,—this good Steffanone made a bad impression when she first appeared this season. She sang, as one fair auditor said,

"like a drowning woman," while a blonde-bearded gentleman, who looked as though he had studied, and fought, and drunk, at Heidelberg, thought that her voice sounded as if she were singing in a huge tun. The case was deplorable, and the tenderlings of Gotham ran about the house chirping out, that "Steffanone had been living too fast," coaxing their moustache the while, and looking wicked and knowing, as if they, each one of them, could tell who and what was at the bottom of it all; but—though they did not say so—they were evidently on their honor, and were discreet. But an evening or two extinguished their pretensions; for Steffanone was again Steffanone the Magnificent,—a little coarse, perhaps, and more sensuous than intellectual in style; but still glorious, in a large, full, sympathetic voice, a fine declamatory vocalization, a striking manner, imperturbable good nature, and unflagging faithfulness. She has lost somewhat of her freshness both of voice and person; but we still see in her potential ministrations to more than one season of operatic pleasure.

The change which has taken place in the taste of our musical public during the last ten years, and the exacting demands for which operatic managers are obliged to cater, are in no respect more decidedly shown than in the manner of Signorina Vestvali's reception by the town. Ten years ago, Vestvali, "solitary and alone," would have filled a theatre. She is quite a phenomenon, this fair Slave, (she is a Pole, a Varsovienné,) and, in appearance, at least, is the prominent personage upon the stage whenever she appears. Of almost heroic stature for a woman—she is full half a head taller than Grisi—she is, nevertheless, one of the most beautifully formed creatures that the eyes of happy men ever looked upon. Her voice, a contralto, assigns her to more masculine than feminine characters; and not only does she become the dresses which she wears, but she is splendid in them—radiant. In truth, it is impossible to conceive anything more beautiful than the things which Vestvali uses to walk with. Fully conscious of her beauty, too, and never mincing matters when propriety of costume requires its display, she yet seeks no opportunities to reveal it, seeming to be entirely unconscious about the matter, and, when on the stage,

to take no thought about the conventionalities of this day and generation. And when she is dressed like a man, she walks like a man. No ambling, pacing prettiness; but a good manly stride, at which men smile, and women wonder and despair; for they ask, how can limbs which have lived and moved and had their being under the shadowing embrace of petticoats, swing so clear and free? To all this boldness of manner upon the stage in manly costume, Signorina Vestvali unites a bearing equally womanly in the drawing-room. She came here well introduced, and was made much of in the society of our most estimable and cultivated people for some time before she obtained an opportunity of appearing in public. Her first triumphs were those of her intelligence, pleasing manners, and womanly beauty in the social circle. When to all this we add that she has a fine, rich-toned voice, and sings with great spirit and feeling, it would seem as if Signorina Vestvali must needs have turned the town topsy-turvy. Not a bit of it. The brains of some very young gentlemen, who have pheezed and fretted around her, like little steam-tugs round a splendid clipper ship, which they want to seize and carry off, may have softened under her influence; but the public, although they always welcome her heartily, and take delight in listening to and looking at her, yet keep their senses and their dollars, and will not throng the theatre, even when she and Steffanone and Brignoli sing together. Who is Brignoli? A very nice little tenor, who sings in a very nice little way, and tries to imitate Mario, and succeeds wonderfully, except as regards voice, and vocal skill, and good looks. The three, with Badiali, form an excellent company; and, as we said before, either one of them, ten years ago, would have filled a theatre. But now, we demand one artist, at least, of the very first class; and that artist must be supported by others as good as either of these three, and by a full and well-conducted chorus and orchestra; and we want all this for one dollar. Like a lady of whom we heard, who could not find a nurse to satisfy her; and it proved that she wanted intelligence, good looks, ability to read and write, good judgment, neatness in dress, and propriety of manner—in short, a good person, a good mind, and all the cardinal virtues, for seven dollars a month.

The music which these people have given us has been all old, and of that sort which gets old very quickly—Donizetti's. We have had one new opera, *Rigoletto*, by Verdi, but, with the exception of a pretty romance and a carefully-written trio, it is poor stuff, and fell dead upon the public ear.

A German Opera Company has possession of Niblo's Theatre. The enterprise has been very successful as to money. The house has been full almost nightly, and the audiences have been more fashionable than those at the Academy of Music. The management has been "aristocratic," too, on that very important point—subscribers, and subscribers' seats. There have been three hundred of these; twice as many as there were at Astor Place, and fifty more than there are in Irving Place; yet the public are not disgusted, and a certain press has refrained from personal attacks upon the manager and the audience. Why is this? "For particulars, see small bills."

This German Opera Company has not been intensely German in its performances—the frequent occurrence of words ending in *teht* being the strongest Teutonic trait to be found in them. True, Flotow's *Martha* was pretty well, and Weber's *Frey-schutz* was pretty badly done; but the staple has been the French *Brewer of Preston*, and the Italian *Romeo et Julietta*, done into German. Excepting Miss Caroline Lehman, a very conscientious and well-instructed vocalist, the artists have all been of an inferior grade.

#### THE DRAMA.

THOSE who look up as they pass St. Paul's Chapel—and who does not?—see upon the front of Barnum's Museum, about the time we write, amid huge transparencies of the American Giantess, who looks as if she need only caper a little to shake the house down, and the Mammoth Girl, whose accumulation of feminine fat evidently protects the roof tree from any danger consequent upon her capering, another huge transparency upon which appears a ship, bearing at her mizen peak a black flag with a death's head and crossbones, while a goodly part of the canvas is occupied by a very fierce-looking gentlemen, much larger than the ship, who wears a peaked hat and wide breeches, and carries another black flag with another

death's head and cross-bones. The ship is the Flying Dutchman's Ship, the man is the Flying Dutchman, and the transparency means that Mr. Barnum has been getting up a Great Flying Dutchman-ic Revival in the Theatre—we beg his pardon, the Lecture Room of his Museum. We do not propose to criticise the *Flying Dutchman*,—either the picture or the play: we merely refer to the Great Revival as entitled to notice among the other Great Revivals of the day,—Mr. Wallack being the reviver in the others. We seriously believe that the *Flying Dutchman* is as good a play, as worthy of the careful attention of good actors, and generous stage appointments and costumes, as the majority of the comedies which Mr. Wallack revives. It seems incredible that a gentleman of experience and ability should devote his theatre and a good company to the performance of the smart, feeble, unnatural inanities produced by Congreve and Colley Cibber, and the tribe which followed them. Devoid of humor, devoid of character, without one touch of nature, dependent for the success which they once had upon repartee, grossness and intrigue in a half-century given up to repartee, grossness and intrigue, these comedies have been consigned to the grave, where they should be allowed to lie and rot in peace. Why will Mr. Wallack dig them up and bring their unmannerly corpses before the world! He does his best with them, we are happy to admit. He dresses them unexceptionably, and dazzles us with lace, and velvet, and brocade, perukes and lappets; but it is beyond his skill to put real men and women in all those fine clothes: the author has prevented that, by filling them with conventional puppets. Mr. Wallack tries to purge these plays of their grossness and indecency, and he succeeds pretty well; but such is the nature of the material with which he has to deal, that in eliminating its grossness, he takes away all its little character, and in purifying its indecency he extinguishes all its feeble wit, giving us, perforce, decent dullness instead of prurient smartness. Pray let us have done with this, Mr. Wallack. Give us plays that have kept the stage; do not waste your strength in attempting to lug back those that have been kicked off it. Or if you must "revive," let us have the *Flying Dutchman*.

MR. FORREST has been playing at the Broadway Theatre one of his periodical engagements. His popularity appears to be undiminished. Evening after evening, the capacious house has been filled with people who applauded and cheered Mr. Forrest to the echo. If strenuous endeavors merit success, he certainly deserves all he has attained. His playing is more like hard muscular working; and he earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, as much as any gentleman of the Anti-Know-Nothing party who condescends to come over here and get a living by filling a dirt cart. But the time has passed for criticism upon Mr. Forrest's acting. He has long since made his position and his fortune; and in the former he is firmly fixed. His style is well known, and can exercise no influence upon public taste; for he plays to those who will have such playing from some one, and others cannot be induced to go and see him on any terms. Upon each character in which he has appeared, the *Tribune* has given its readers an elaborate criticism, generally very condemnatory and very just, but in the articles upon Shakespeare's plays, displaying, with a fine appreciation of the poet's thought, a lamentable ignorance of the materials out of which he built his dramas, and of the purpose with which he produced them. In its judgment of Mr. Forrest, the *Tribune* has but reiterated decisions passed by men of taste, before that journal had an existence.

MR. BURTON has brought out a play by MR. BOURCICAULT, *Janet Pride*, in a manner which ought to give complete satisfaction to the author. *Janet Pride* is a mild melodrama, the action of which is so much broken that the author calls its first two Acts, the Prologue. *Janet Pride*, although she gives the play its name, is but a secondary character in it: the principal being *Richard Pride*, her father.

This play is entirely one of incident and situation. It has but one character, *Pride*—remarkably well played by Mr. Burton—or at most two; the second being *Bernard*, the old French watchmaker, which was a very happy effort on the part of Mr. Moore. *Janet Pride* will add nothing to Mr. Bourcicault's reputation as a man of letters, although it may bring him some jobs as a playwright.